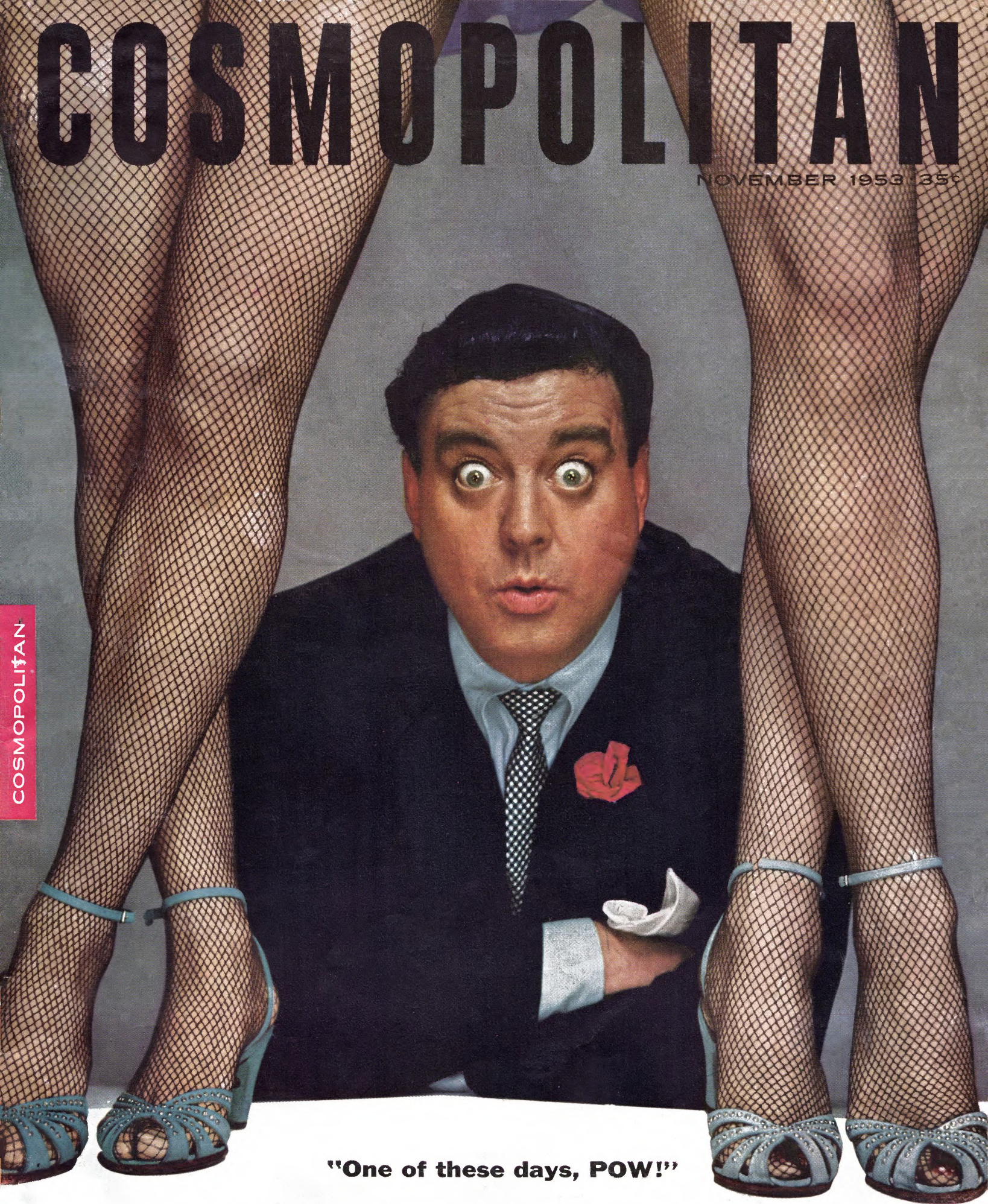


# COSMOPOLITAN

NOVEMBER 1953 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN



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**A Thrilling Novel of Love and Crime in a Big City**



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# Let Listerine help you get through the winter with fewer **COLDS or SORE THROATS**

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At the first sign of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or irritated throat, start the family on that wonderful Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . and keep it up!

You may spare yourself and your family a long siege of colds. That is also true of sore throats due to colds.

## Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine fights infections as an infection should be fought . . . with quick, germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel at right).

These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you. Tests showed that germs on mouth and throat surfaces are reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after gargling . . . as much as 80% even an hour after.

## Fewer Colds for Listerine Users

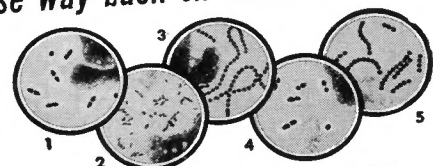
Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine had fewer colds and generally milder ones, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

We repeat, at the first symptom of a cold—a sneeze, cough or throat tickle—gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. It has helped thousands . . . why not you?



**Kills germs like these way back on throat surfaces**

These and other "secondary invaders", as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



- (1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae,
- (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II,
- (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

**At the first symptom . . .**

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . Quick and often!**



**ABOUT THAT  
VERY INTIMATE MATTER**

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# Picture of the Month

"Take The High Ground" is to the training camp what the memorable "Battle-ground" was to the shooting war. It comes to you from the same great studio, M-G-M—and from the same famed producer, Dore Schary. And it is a picture not merely of distinction but of many distinctions.



This is the glorious, frequently uproarious story of the finest weapon ever forged for freedom—the guts, the grin, the gun of America's infantryman. He comes from backwoods and street corners, mill shifts and high schools, shacks and penthouses. And he goes into the ranks and into the hands of such men as Sergeant Ryan whose task it is to toughen him, harden him, make him an unbeatable fighting man.

Once you've seen Richard Widmark as Sergeant Ryan, you'll see why no one else could have so filled this rugged role to the brim. Ryan is a man that many raw recruits yearned to kill but learned to love. How this happened, how one real pro soldier made men from boys, is the blood and sand and magnificence of "Take The High Ground!"—and probably the most astounding story to come out of our times.

"Take The High Ground!" is tense, fierce and full of fight. But it bristles with free and easy fun—and boasts a torrid love scene played in the crimson light of a neon sign that may well be the most inflammable episode ever to appear on the screen. New-star Elaine Stewart is the girl-with-a-past in this smoldering romantic interlude.

Filmed in the realism of Ansco Color and filled with shining youth, "Take The High Ground!" introduces a whole platoon of ingratiating characters to the screen in addition to such dependables as Academy Award winning Karl Malden, Carleton Carpenter and Russ Tamblyn.

To the stirring strains of the theme song that gives its title to the picture, you march with them out of pale-faced, thin-chested boyhood into full fighting manhood. It's all here and you share it with them...the lives, loves and 24-hour leaves, the belly-laughs and brawls, the gripes and glories of the lads who will be America's strength tomorrow!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in color by Ansco "TAKE THE HIGH GROUND!" starring RICHARD WIDMARK, KARL MALDEN, CARLETON CARPENTER, RUSS TAMBLYN and ELAINE STEWART. Story and Screen Play by Millard Kaufman. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Dore Schary.

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NOVEMBER, 1953 Vol. 135, No. 5

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## COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

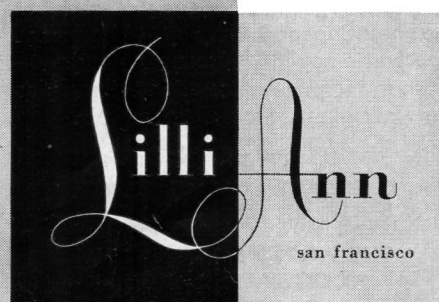
MURDER BY Kyle Robert Kyle 94

**COVER** Jackie Gleason, the "A-waay we go" boy of television, has proved to be CBS's champion rival-destroyer (see the article beginning on page 24). He has the happy distinction of having thoroughly squelched Milton Berle—an achievement much like smothering an atomic explosion with an army blanket. The cover photo is by Erwin Blumenfeld.



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# What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

## A BUCK PRIVATE, ODD HOBBIES, A RED CONVERTIBLE

The tricky and brilliant mystery novel, "A Kiss Before Dying," which appeared in our July issue, has caused as much furor among Hollywood brass as among COSMOPOLITAN readers. Twentieth Century-Fox emerged victorious and will make the movie in CinemaScope, an advent that has alerted other motion-picture companies, since this is the first mystery bought for a wide screen.

When one of our editors dropped in at the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, to tell the young novelist, television scripter, and short-story writer the news, he found raw recruit Private Ira Levin on K.P., wearily peeling potatoes. Private Levin's reaction? He promptly cut his thumb.

### Got a Lobby for Your Hobby?

President Eisenhower does oil paintings, Rosemary Clooney collects records, and a mystery writer who entertained us the other evening has accumulated several hundred bottoms of Coca-Cola bottles. Well, there's all that wall space in the White House for hanging paintings, a girl can always find a record cabinet, and our mystery writer has solved his space problem by embedding his bottle bottoms in the walls of his rumpus room.

This may all be very well. We go so far as to say: each man to his hobby, however strange. But what really puzzles us is the people who go in for collecting really big things. Like one fellow we heard about. He's collecting electric meters. And there's the enthusiast who so far has accumulated two small steam engines of twelve tons each and is only warming up. We shudder to think of the one-room-apartment dweller who built a fourteen-foot sailboat in his living room, bedding himself down nightly in the bathtub, and then had to knock down a wall to get the boat out. This, we feel, is not the answer to how to live with a hobby. Who, we ask, is running whom?

Of course, there's James Melton's solution to his mushrooming collection of ancient automobiles—he moved them to an outsized barn in Connecticut. A wise move, we feel, since by anybody's reckoning a living room would house only a couple of aging automobiles before it

started to crowd the occasional guests.

On the other hand, we know a hobbyist named Henry Kotkins who doesn't have to bother making room for guests to be sure of having company. Anyone dropping in on Kotkins would get a momentary impression of such a crowd that people have to sit on each other's shoulders—



Henry Kotkins and friends

very strange little people, too, grinning from ear to ear. Kotkins collects totem poles.

### The Subway Was Never Like This

After the earthquake in the form of a fifteen-cent subway fare that shook Manhattan, the island rumblings have died down somewhat. But, mysteriously, seven per cent of the subway riders have vanished into thin air. For what it's worth, we can account for at least one of the missing—a decidedly pretty secretary in our fiction department, who is still dizzy over what happened to her.

Seems she answered an ad to join a car pool, sharing expenses for the drive down along the Hudson River to the city. The car pool turned out to be one young bachelor with a red convertible. All went well until the third morning, when two elderly neighbors rose early, witnessed the pair departing, and drew a shocked conclusion: "And she seemed like such a nice girl!"

Our secretary was so crushed that she considered moving, but a much happier solution turned up. Week after next she's marrying the young man with the convertible.

H. La B.



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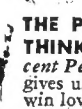
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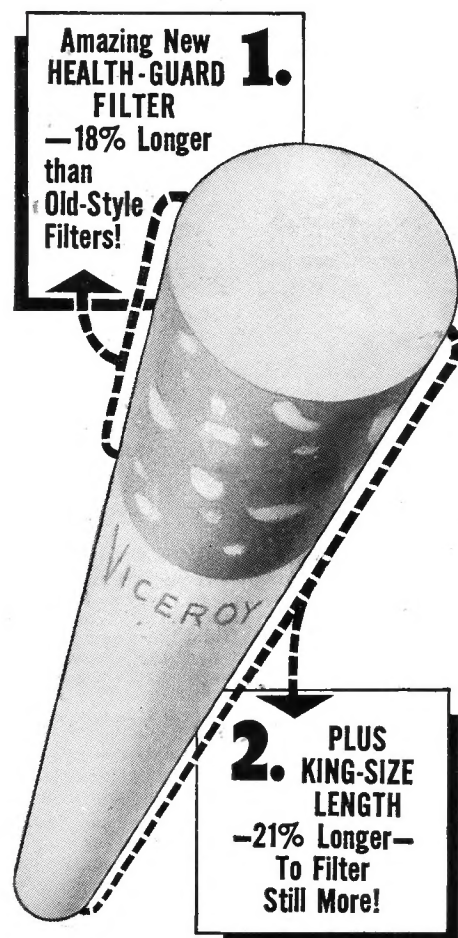
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## WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE

# New Relief for Asthmatics

Here are the latest treatments for this baffling, stubborn ailment

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

**C**oughing, wheezing, and frequently breathing with difficulty, several million people—an estimated three to five per cent of the population—go through life with asthma. The cause is baffling. Allergy has been indicated as a factor. Infection also can cause or complicate the ailment. And in recent years, emotional and endocrine-gland disorders have been added as suspects.

While no specific cure is available, some patients are helped when offending foods or other allergy-producing factors—dogs or cats in the home, certain materials in mattresses and pillows, for example—are removed. Desensitization treatment helps others. Numerous medications relieve symptoms and control acute attacks. Now several new developments promise greater relief for more asthmatics.

- Trypsin, a natural body chemical, has benefited many patients with respiratory infections, including some with asthma. Inhaled through a facial mask, it dissolves thick, sticky sputum that cannot be expectorated naturally and clogs the air passages, impeding breathing.

- A complication that may go unnoticed in many asthmatics is a narrowing of a bronchus or air passage, called bronchostenosis. A cough, usually persistent and at times paroxysmal, is one symptom. There may also be fever, sometimes accompanied by chills. The con-

dition can be detected with a bronchoscope, an instrument for examining the interior of an air passage. If narrowing of the bronchus is discovered, the passage can be dilated immediately and retained secretions withdrawn. At one clinic, when this condition was treated in 327 patients, 60.5 per cent got prompt relief from coughing, reduction of fever, and improvement of the asthma itself.

- Ambodryl, a new antihistamine, was given over a long period of time and proved effective and safe in relieving asthma and other allergic states. Moreover, in some cases, it promises, after long-continued use, to help produce recovery from allergy rather than mere temporary relief of symptoms. In 32 of 38 patients, allergic symptoms were completely controlled and the other 6 showed major improvement after receiving the drug daily for from twelve to thirty-one months. Fifteen of the patients were asthmatics, and Ambodryl alone reduced attacks in 12. In the other 3, attacks were completely prevented with the addition of Benadryl, another antihistamine.

- In severe bronchial asthma, when the condition persists, no cause can be found, and other treatment is unsatisfactory, cortisone may help. Fourteen patients were kept free of trouble for periods up to nineteen months. No serious difficulty was encountered during this time. Treatment must be carefully supervised.

**IN DIABETIC PATIENTS** with advanced disease of the retina of the eye (diabetic retinopathy), X-ray treatment may help. Nineteen of 34 patients reported improved vision.

**NEW EYE DROPS** that take effect and wear off faster can now be used by oculists for eye examinations. Instead of requiring two to five days to wear off, the new drops, when used to put pupillary eye muscles at rest before a thorough examination for glasses, leave vision

blurred for less than twenty-four hours. Patients can go back to work next day.

**UNCONTROLLABLE SHAKING** of Parkinsonism has been relieved by a brain operation in which an artery (the anterior choroidal) is blocked off. Nine of 10 patients who underwent the surgery have improved. In one case, a man so severely palsied for eighteen years that he was unable to stand, feed, or clothe himself, was able to do all those things after surgery. **THE END**

For more information about these items, consult your physician.



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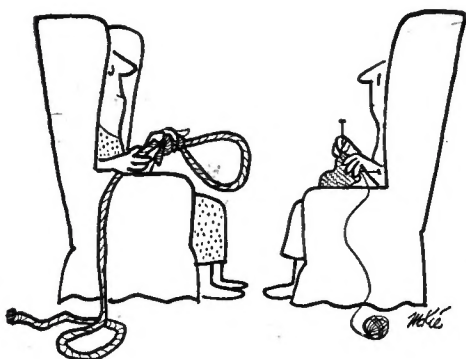
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# Looking into People

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

**Suicide prevention.** The time to be most alert with someone who has threatened or attempted suicide is often just when the person seems to have become all right again, warn Dr. Norman L. Farberow and Dr. Edwin S. Schneidman, of the Veterans Administration. In Los Angeles, the majority of people who carried out their suicide threats did so



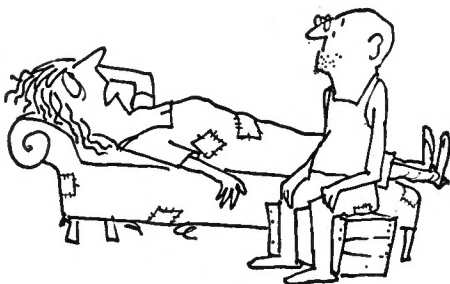
within ninety days after apparent recovery from their emotional crisis. A few months longer in a hospital or sanitarium might have prevented many of these suicides. Generally, individuals who have once attempted suicide with a gun or by hanging are more likely to try again and succeed than are those who resort to drugs or wrist slashing.

**Your index finger.** Take a good look at your left hand. Is the index finger longer than the ring finger? Shorter? Same size? Strangely, the majority of females (57 per cent, compared with only 26 per cent of the males) have index fingers longer than ring fingers, by as much as a half inch, whereas the majority of males (60 per cent, compared with only 30 per cent of the females) have index fingers shorter. Dr. V. Rae Phelps (Michigan State College), who reports this, believes that finger-length differences may be hereditary and that the determining genes may work differently in the two sexes, as do genes for baldness and certain other traits. Try checking the fingers of your family (even infants will show the trait) and friends.

**Parlez zee espagnol?** If you're going to Europe or South America and are worried about foreign-language difficulties, here's a simple indication: the better your English vocabulary, the easier it'll be for you to master Spanish, German, or French (in that order). This is based on various studies, the most recent one by Dr. Harold C. Peters, of Pennsylvania State College.

**College costs.** Having a son at college costs more—by about 25 per cent—than having a daughter there (or do you already know?). University of Washington students kept records for sociologists Maurice D. Van Arsdol and Julius A. Jahn for one ten-week quarter. The males' expenses averaged \$544; coeds', \$435. The men spent about 15 per cent more for room and food, twice as much for recreation, three and a half times as much for transportation, over a third more for medical expenses. Even clothes cost the boys more—by about 8 per cent.

**"Best" families are sanest.** Having social position and financial security helps ward off mental breakdowns, according to Yale sociologists August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich. In New Haven, Connecticut, they found that among members of the best families, with inherited wealth; high social, business, and civic positions; and private-school training, mental afflictions are less



prevalent and less severe than among the poorest groups. Psychiatric cases in the upper-level groups are more frequently in the form of neuroses, whereas in the bottom social classes nine tenths of the listed mental cases are psychotic.

**Popular coeds.** Sex is surprisingly less important for a coed's popularity with college men than are other qualities, a campus poll by sociologist William M. Smith, Jr., (Pennsylvania State College) has revealed. "Smoothness" in manners and appearance rates first with four out of five men; "knowing how to



dance well" is next; "good looks," third. (Coeds, in turn, cite these traits, in about the same order, as those that make a man popular with them.) Only 8 per cent of the males felt that "having sex relations" was necessary to make a girl popular, although petting was important to 21 per cent, and necking (a milder form of petting), to 44 per cent.

**Police brutality.** If you don't want to risk getting beaten up by a cop, first and foremost treat him with due respect. Other rules: don't talk back, don't resist arrest physically (some cops itch for an excuse to get rough), and don't act as if you're hiding important information. These rules evolve from findings by sociologist William A. Westley (McGill University), who interviewed American policemen on why they use violence. Principally, it's because cops believe that other people regard them with hostility or contempt and that they must act tough to command respect. Further, no matter what people say about the third degree, policemen go by their own code, which justifies violence when it helps to make a good case, thus bringing publicity and promotions. The more corrupt a police force, the more its cops use violence, Dr. Westley says. But both corruption and violence are reduced by anything that improves the relationship between the cops and the public.

**Kids ain't rabbits.** Carrots and cabbage and such may be enough for Bugs Bunny, but kids need meat, too, says British nutrition expert Dr. L. Wills. He reports that populations in which the children, after weaning, are fed solely or largely on a vegetable diet, show underdevelopment, poor physique, anemia, liver damage, and various other ills, and often all the symptoms of vitamin-B<sub>2</sub> deficiency. Animal proteins, Dr. Wills warns, are essential for good growth.



**Color warnings.** If you have big feet, don't wear red or yellow shoes; if you've a big head, avoid red or yellow hats; and—well, if there's any other part of you that you don't want to look bigger than it really is, green and blue are safest. Tests by psychologists William Bevan and William F. Dukes (Emory University) show that people overestimate the size of objects colored red or yellow, whereas objects in green and blue are seen in their true sizes.

**Sleep needs.** With longer, darker nights, would you sleep much more? No, says sleep expert Nathaniel Kleitman (University of Chicago). In the Norwegian Arctic, where winter nights last six months, he found much the same sleep habits as among average Americans. Arctic adults snooze about eight hours nightly during the continuously dark winter stretch, and somewhat over seven hours during the light summer months. Challenging the eight-hour sleep prescription for adults, Professor Kleitman concludes that seven hours is plenty for a normal adult. Anything over that represents luxury, indulgence, or escape from boredom.

**Drunkards' wives.** To cure an alcoholic, one should frequently start with the wife, advises psychiatrist Samuel Futterman (University of Southern California). He cites many instances in which the wife helps drive her husband to drink through nagging, humiliation, slatternly



behavior, sexual deprivation, overambitiousness, etc. Often she really wants him to be an alcoholic, because then she can dominate and degrade him and make it appear she is indispensable. Many such women dislike sex and feel that if their husband drinks he won't "bother" them, or, having tolerated him only as needed to start a family, welcome his becoming a drunkard as the means to get him out of the picture. The neurotic need or desire for an alcoholic husband is especially clear, says Dr. Futterman, in cases where the wife becomes greatly disturbed, or even develops psychotic symptoms, after the husband stops drinking.

THE END



This photograph, taken recently, shows Angus Macdonald looking at the famous old painting, "The Spirit of Service," for which he posed after the great blizzard of 1888. Mr. Macdonald, now 88, has been retired on pension for many years.

## Angus Macdonald Broke a Trail

Many telephone men and women have known the test of storm and fire and flood. One of the first was a young line-man named Angus Macdonald.

The year was 1888. The telephone was only twelve years old then, and Long Distance lines had just been placed in service between New York and Boston. Angus Macdonald was working on these lines when the great blizzard of '88 struck.

For three days and nights it snowed, piling drifts as high as houses, blocking roads, stalling trains. The wind and cold kept most folks inside their homes.

But Angus and other telephone men were out on snow-

shoes throughout the storm. Day and night they patrolled the lines, climbing poles and mending wires to keep the service going.

Out of their deeds was born a painting and a name for the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women. Angus Macdonald was asked to pose for this painting, "The Spirit of Service."

Today you will still see this picture in many telephone buildings.

Today, too, you will still see the determination of telephone people, no matter what problems may arise, to get the message through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM







**Kathryn Grayson**, star of M-G-M's "Kiss Me Kate," tried twice for happiness and missed. Both her marriages were washouts. She now belongs to Hollywood's most puzzling group—the lonely glamour girls.

# *Lonely Glamour Girls of Hollywood*

**BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS**

**K**iss Me Kate," the bouncy, bounteous film version of Cole Porter's hit musical, is yours for the viewing any way you want—3-D, wide-screen, or flat. But no matter how you look at it, it's the best film production of the month.

Besides magnificent sound, it has color used with new magic, like bold, vibrant modern paintings. It has Howard Keel, in Vandyke beard, wonderful voice, and de luxe tights, with sharpened vitality.

Ann Miller is the girl who is true to everyone in her fashion, and her sparkling performance should rekindle her film career. The settings, showing Italy's old Verona and modern backstage, are enchanting, in the finest M-G-M tradition, and the direction by George Sidney is properly blithe and subtle. This is truly a great picture.

But topping it all—particularly when she is wearing scarlet tights—is slim-hipped, big-eyed, beautiful-voiced, young

and chesty Kathryn Grayson, completely gay and glamorous.

On screen, that is.

Off screen, this girl who was first married at nineteen, then separated and reconciled and separated and reconciled, twelve times by actual count, before she got a divorce at twenty-four, is one of the lonely glamour girls of Hollywood.

She belongs to a large, beautiful, and unhappy sisterhood. In this remarkable sorority are such diverse—but equally



beautiful—cohorts as Joan Crawford, Debbie Reynolds, Mitzi Gaynor, Diana Lynn, Barbara Stanwyck, and even Ann Miller, who is also in "Kiss Me Kate." I could add a dozen other top stars, ranging from the maturity and sophistication of Crawford to the youth and inexperience of Debbie. They are all in the same wretched boat, particularly on Saturday nights, when every girl wants to be going out.

And it isn't that this dazzling spinsterhood can't attract men. They do. But they don't hold them.

### Bad Marriages and "Good Friends"

Within two years after her divorce from John Shelton, after an extremely erratic five-year marriage, Kathryn wed crooner Johnny Johnston, by whom she had a daughter, Patty Kate. This union followed the same on-again, off-again pattern as her marriage with Shelton, and lasted four years. Now she has custody of her daughter and speaks proudly of her "good friendship" with Johnston.

Is the key to the Hollywood glamour girls' predicament the fact that they are too "friendly"? They can't seem to live with their husbands, but they can—and do—stay pals with them. They go to such lengths as Ida Lupino, who is in a film-producing partnership with her ex-husband, Collier Young, and, in their newest production, is directing his current wife, Joan Fontaine. But during this apparently strictly businesslike interlude, Ida's current husband, Howard Duff, introduced the emotional note. He walked out.

Barbara Stanwyck, who was very bit-

ter at the time of her divorce, now regularly corresponds with her ex, Robert Taylor. Joan Crawford is still sort of mother-confessor to her three former, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Franchot Tone, and Philip Terry. Mitzi Gaynor, engaged for several years to a Los Angeles attorney, Richard Coyle, eventually broke off. But the startling thing was that during her engagement she lived in the same house with Coyle, her mother, and his mother.

Now all this, I suppose, is highly civilized. Every Christmas, Kathryn Grayson entertains Johnston's children by a previous marriage and Patty Kate, the child of their marriage. This is very adult, I guess. But isn't it, also, destructive to the primitive egotism that is man?

On screen, Howard Keel is quite mad for Katie, as Shakespeare's shrew and Cole Porter's actress-divorced-from-but-still-in-love-with-a-ham-actor. But off the screen is he married to a girl like Katie? No, he's not. And neither is Dale Robertson, pitching screen woo at Mitzi Gaynor, married to a celebrity. Nor Bill Holden, nor Alan Ladd, nor Dana Andrews. Nor, in fact, is almost any other man you can name.

Our glamour girls have the most magnificent faces, figures, voices, bank rolls, and personalities. Yet even the youngest of them is lonely. I remember a few months back, when I was planning a party. Two of the newer girls in town, both very pretty and very important, called me and each asked if I would ask Bob Wagner to escort them. They were the pursuers, not the pursued.

I guess it's the old, old law at work, the one that says a man must feel dom-

inant and he will keep on hunting until he finds the girl who makes him feel this way. I shall never forget one afternoon when I called at Joan Crawford's by appointment. She was entertaining two male guests. But at the same time, she was having her hair tinted, her fingernails done, and her toenails pedicured. In a way, it was glamorous, and during all this she continued to look very beautiful. But I felt then, and I still do, that it destroyed some of the illusion of femininity.

And this, too, may be another factor arguing against the feminine happiness of Hollywood's girls: perhaps they are too honest. Also, the majority of them are too maternal toward their husbands. Instead of ignoring them, as outsiders sometimes assume, they overwhelm them with gifts and attentions.

One topflight star gave her boyfriend a Cadillac for Christmas last year. I asked what he had given her. "A bracelet," she said, her eyes shining. I asked what kind.

"Oh, a darling little leather one," she said.

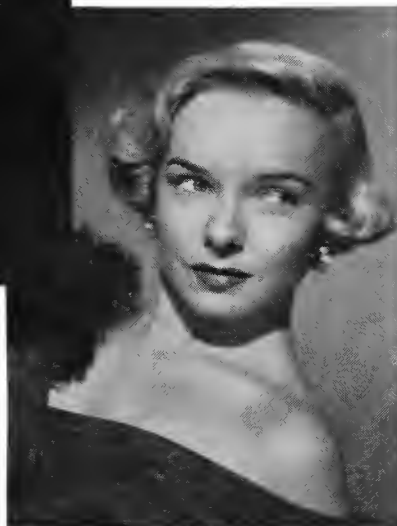
### Maybe This Is the Answer

No woman has ever won that way. And I'll believe the sexes are equal when I see it. At a recent opening, Debbie Reynolds had a date with Dan Dailey. At the last moment, he stood her up. So Debbie came alone.

Personally, I think that was very brave, and very unwise. It showed them both up badly. But on the other hand, Debbie may have thought it was better than spending the evening at home, crying into a pillow. And maybe she was right.



**Glamour** has made Joan Crawford a top star for twenty years. Her glamour won her three husbands, but it wasn't enough to keep her marriages alive.



**The sad sorority** lists the talented and lovely Diana Lynn. John Lindsay, her ex-husband, said her publicity was harmful to his architectural career.

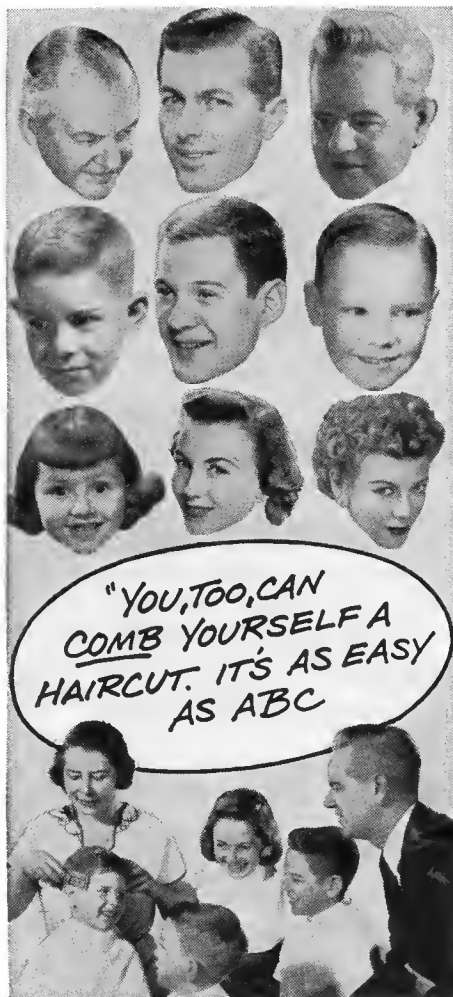


**Ann Miller** doesn't like being the at-home-with-a-good-book type, but actors are wary of romance with a celebrity; other men don't want to be outshone.

**Two big stars** were too many for one family, Barbara Stanwyck found. When the break came with Robert Taylor, Stanwyck became one of the lonely.







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# Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

AS SELECTED BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

**BEST PRODUCTION**—Cole Porter's hit songs, eye-opening color, and bursting vitality make "Kiss Me Kate" musical news. Until she's tamed by Howard Keel, Kathryn Grayson raises Cain. M-G-M has it in 3-D, flat, or wide-screen.



**BEST MALE PERFORMANCE**—As a would-be Southern dictator in "A Lion Is in the Streets" (Warner Bros.), James Cagney packs real dynamite without socking anyone. Barbara Hale is his pathetic wife, Anne Francis his mistress.



**BEST REMAKE**—In Edna Ferber's "So Big," a Warner Bros. picture, Jane Wyman grows to emotional maturity on a Midwestern farm. The American-Dutch background is wonderful. Young Tom: my Rettig and Sterling Hayden are superb.



**BEST FEMALE PERFORMANCE**—Only Joan Crawford's vibrant dancing keeps alive the feeble story of M-G-M's Technicolor "Torch Song." Joan is a spoiled, lonely Broadway star who clashes with a blind pianist, Michael Wilding.

THE END



# An Historic Announcement about Old Crow

## "The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

*To meet the demand for a lighter, milder prestige bourbon,  
the world-famous Old Crow Distillery now offers an 86 Proof bottling of Old Crow,  
lower in price, as a companion to the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond*

As you know, there are hundreds of whiskey brands in America. Yet you can count almost on the fingers of one hand those few select brands that have won for themselves so unique an acceptance that their prestige equals that of the products of *any* American industry.

Such a brand, of course, is Old Crow, "the greatest name in bourbon."



*2½ gallons a day was Crow's original production*

Today, to meet the growing demand for a fine bourbon that is lighter and milder than the world famous 100 Proof Bottled in Bond, the time-honored Old Crow distillery now offers a bottling of celebrated Old Crow at 86 Proof. (Available now in addition to the regular 100 Proof Bonded bottling.)

This means that if you are among those who prefer their bourbon lighter in taste, you can now enjoy the famous brand that was favored by Mark Twain and Henry

Clay — and described by Daniel Webster as "*the finest in the world.*" You can enjoy it at a reasonable price, too. For the resultant savings in taxes and other costs will be passed along to you . . . and you'll be able to get your 86 Proof Old Crow generally for under \$5 for 4/5 qt.

Old Crow has deep and historic roots in America. It's been over a hundred years since Dr. James Crow built his tiny distillery on the Kentucky frontier. Prior to his arrival, distilling was a crude process done after the manner of the old mammy's formula for bread-making by taking "a passel" of meal, "a passel" of malt, about "so much" water, b'iled down until it was done. Dr. Crow, a graduate of the College of Medicine and Surgery in Edinburgh,



*James Crow ships a barrel of his whiskey to Henry Clay*

Scotland, revolutionized this process by introducing scientific methods. He experimented and studied until he at last reached the nice proportions that were

destined to bring world renown to the whiskey that bore his name.

Today this same distinctive Old Crow taste can be shared alike by you who prefer the traditional 100 Proof Bottled in Bond (ask your dealer for the Bond) and by you who have been wanting so fine a bourbon, but milder in taste (ask your dealer for the 86 Proof).

★ ★ ★

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#### **86 PROOF**

#### **Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey**

*Celebrated Old Crow — lighter,  
milder and lower-priced than the  
100 Proof Bottled in Bond*

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#### **BOTTLED IN BOND**

#### **100 PROOF**

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*The most famous of bonded bourbons available as usual*

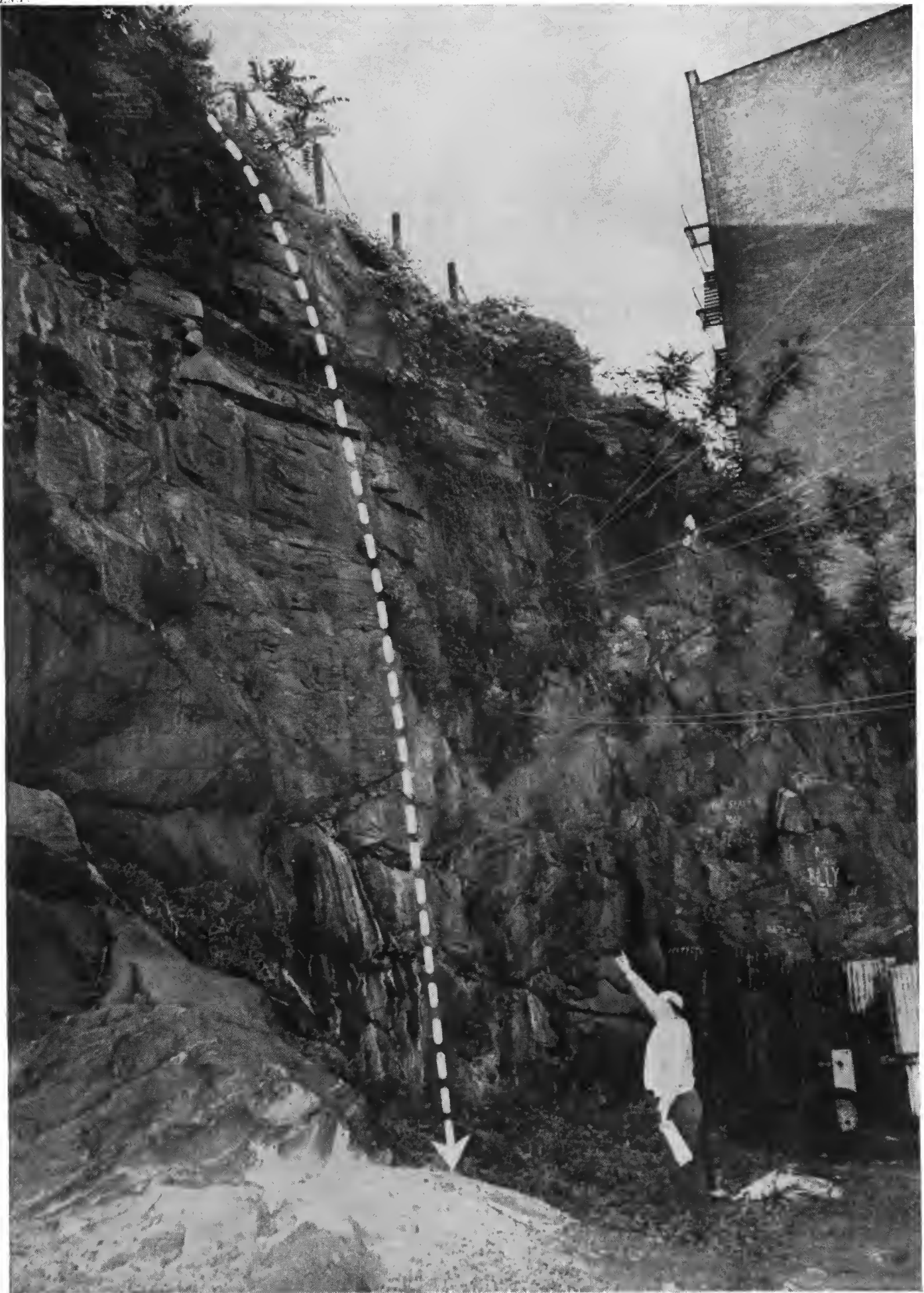
★ ★ ★



The introduction of this 86 Proof bottling will enable many thousands more to join the ranks of celebrated Americans and lovers of fine bourbon everywhere who agree that Old Crow is the finest Kentucky whiskey ever put into glass.

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY





**ONE SIX-YEAR-OLD** was lucky. No fence guarded this fifty-foot cliff, in the Bronx, New York, when Douglas Flick looked over it and tumbled down the side. Luckily, he landed on soft earth and suffered only minor bruises.



# Death Next Door

Your own neighborhood is probably littered with potential deathtraps for your children. Here's what you can do about it

BY DICK REDDY

Chuckie Regenie would have been four years old last December twenty-second. On the twelfth, he crawled under a fence in Hicksville, Long Island, and drowned in fourteen feet of water in a drainage ditch filled by a rain a few days before.

Chuckie's death would not have been sensational news had not seven-year-old Stephen Estrin been suffocated four days earlier in a landslide—in the same drainage ditch.

After the second death, parents demanded that the ditch be filled in. When neither the owner nor the township took any action, the men of the community, using shovels and a borrowed bulldozer, filled in the ditch themselves, working at night under the beams of automobile headlights.

Public anger ran high—for a while. But in a few weeks it died away. Then, on February seventh, three young children drowned in a water-filled sand-and-gravel pit in nearby Elmont. The pit, forty feet deep, was surrounded by a fence, but it was broken.

This time the local town board acted at once. It bought the pit from its owner, and had it filled in. It will claim no more young lives.

Are these isolated cases? Not at all. Over a one-month period, newspaper clippings from ten states showed sixty such accidents. Thirty-four of them were fatal.

It is apparent that few parents are aware of the deathtraps that endanger their children while they're at play. The parents of three-year-old Kathy Fiscus, for example, did not know that there was a ninety-three-foot-deep well, long abandoned, near their San Marino, California, home. But Kathy found it, and half a state fought to save her until, fifty-two hours after she tumbled down the well, she was removed, dead.

In a fifteen-minute walk through my own suburban neighborhood, I recently

found four such deathtraps. Any one of them, I realized, could claim the life of one of my children.

Just three houses away, I found an old icebox in the back yard. It was big, with large, heavy doors, the kind that lock themselves when closed. A small child could fit inside. Five children in Arkansas *did* fit into such an old icebox this year. They suffocated, unheard, huddled together in the dark.

In the next block, I found a house, long vacant and in poor repair, an alluring spot for adventuresome small fry. Inside were dangerous broken stairways and rotting floors covered with splintered glass. Below the crumbling floor boards was a deep, old-fashioned cellar, covered with water, two feet deep in places. The house was isolated.

Third was an old automobile. It belonged to a young neighbor who gave up working on it months ago. Without wheels, it was jacked up on a shaky arrangement of boxes and oil drums. A good push would bring it down. I found that children played in it, on it, and under it.

Farther on, where a new development was being built, I came upon a twenty-foot-deep pit the contractor was digging out for fill. The banks were sheer and deeply undercut by rain. In the pit, I found children's shovels.

## Deathtraps Await Your Children

I felt sure my neighborhood was fairly typical, but as a further check I visited three others. Within a few hours, I found two long-abandoned cesspools; an open, water-filled foundation; two more old iceboxes; a tottering tree to which children had attached a rope swing; and many other lesser hazards. I had no way of knowing how many deathtraps I had missed, but I began to realize that injury and death were waiting for my children every time they went out to play.

The next step was to find out what could be done. First of all, there was little point in warning children. They haven't any real sense of danger, and even if you do impress them with your warning, their memories are short. Also, they tend to do what their friends do, particularly their older, more venturesome friends. Obviously, the only real solution was to remove the hazards.

I asked the advice of the local police and found they knew far more about the problem than I did. They mentioned danger spots I had overlooked. They pointed out, however, that removing them was not U.P. (continued)



**TWO-YEAR-OLD** Marie Payne lay jammed into a well for four hours before firemen could get her out.



## DEATH NEXT DOOR (continued)

I.N.P.



**THREE-YEAR-OLD** Michael Plantemura bit his knuckles and screamed as Bridgeport, Connecticut, police ripped up a section of sidewalk to free him. He had stuck his foot into an exposed drain, then couldn't get it out.

I.N.P.



**THE LIFELESS BODIES** of four Richmond, Virginia, youngsters were found in an abandoned icebox. They had walked in, shut the door, and suffocated.



a police problem. (In some communities, it is a police problem.)

They told me that the best approach was to contact the owners involved and try to persuade them to take action. They hinted this system would work best where no money outlay was involved. Where persuasion failed, the police suggested I should call them, and they would direct me to the local authorities, who would take action if they had jurisdiction.

#### Safety Groups Are Concerned

For background, I called several insurance companies and national safety groups. All told me they were greatly concerned about the problem, and when possible, attempt to correct dangerous situations by publicizing them. These organizations pointed out that the accident-reporting methods now used throughout the country make it impossible for them to gather useful information on this type of accident. When a child dies in a water-filled foundation, for instance, it is listed merely as an accidental drowning, with no explanation of how it happened. One large insurance company showed me a filing cabinet full of news clippings about accidents of this type, a collection being kept in the hope that a comprehensive survey will someday be possible.

Like the police, the insurance companies and safety groups pointed out that, in the final analysis, removing neighborhood deathtraps is essentially a community problem. They suggested working through block associations, service clubs, or church or school organizations.

I acted on their suggestion, and went to the next meeting of our village association. I brought with me a map, with

(continued)

L.N.P.



IN BALTIMORE, Frank Proctor was rescued from an open storm drain.

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sits; stands;  
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AT BETTER DOLL DEPTS.

## DEATH NEXT DOOR (continued)

The hazards are not necessarily  
legal violations, but that doesn't make  
them less dangerous. Safety groups urge  
neighborhoods to take local action

U.P.



**TOO THIN FOR HIS OWN GOOD.** Bob Morine slipped into a seven-inch gap behind a ladder in Troy, New York, and had to be pried out.





**PAUL NELSON**, of Minneapolis, slid down a chute. He got stuck at the second floor, and the firemen came.

the danger spots I had found marked in red, and a few newspaper clippings to back up my case.

I had expected only lukewarm interest, but within minutes the map was surrounded by members. In a short while, they added twelve hazards I had overlooked. Soon a committee was at work, calling on the owners of the properties involved.

My own assignment was to see the owner of the old icebox. He said he had never thought of it as a danger and had simply forgotten about it. He readily agreed it should be removed, but he had no way of doing so immediately. A man of action, he solved the problem quickly by simply breaking the hinges with a crowbar and removing the doors. One danger disposed of.

#### **Vandalism—A Parent's Responsibility**

The vacant house proved to be a tougher problem. The owner could not be reached, and the realtor felt he could not act on his own. The police were consulted, and they suggested calling the health department. Within a week, the house was securely boarded up. It's safe—until vandals open it up again. Here, of course, the parent has a responsibility: to see to it that vandalism by his own children is not one of the causes of neighborhood dangers.

The jacked-up car and other similar hazards were quickly disposed of. One of the village-association members offered the use of his truck to help cart away dangerous material, and within two weeks the community was a safer—and tidier—place.

By far the most difficult problem was

(continued)

The difference  
between this...



and  
this...



is often this...





"Doctors' tests reveal this  
new chlorophyll derivative

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As Nurse Rhoad explains: "Even women scrupulous in hygiene habits suffer from this embarrassing problem. It has defied elimination until now."

**Scientific proof that taking  
"ENNDS" Darotol\* Tablets  
suppresses odors of "difficult days"  
within the body itself!**

"Recently," Nurse Rhoad explains, "a leading medical journal reported tests in which use of a certain chlorophyll derivative exceeded all expectations in suppressing odors associated with menstruation. In my experience, "ENNDS" Darotol\* Chlorophyll Tablets act to prevent such odors as no past method ever did. And they're safe!"

Never before has it been so easy to avoid embarrassing body odors at that "certain time." All you do is take 3 or 4 pleasant-tasting "ENNDS" daily—a few days before and continuing throughout your menstrual period!

You see, "ENNDS" actually reduce the formation in the body of certain odor-producing substances...substances particularly offensive at the time of menstruation. Thus act to keep you free of these odors at this time.

Enjoy this odor protection between your monthly periods, too...by taking 1 or 2 "ENNDS" Tablets every day!

You can get "ENNDS" everywhere. Trial size only 49¢. Larger sizes save even more! Also available in Canada.

For free booklet, "What You Should Know About Menstruation" (mailed in plain envelope), write "ENNDS," Dept. CO, P.O. Box 222, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

\*Darotol is a valuable chlorophyll derivative found in "ENNDS".



## SAFE EYE-GENE EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!



Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief?...

Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 35c, 60c, \$1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!



## DEATH NEXT DOOR (continued)

A.P.



**FIREMEN COVERED A CESSPOOL** in Valley Stream, New York, after Leonard Gaughran fell in and shivered for eight hours before rescue.

I.N.P.



**A SHAKY CLOTHES POLE** fell in a window of Mrs. Blanche Feldman's New York apartment, where she sat with her baby.



the open pit. The contractor shrugged it off as an unavoidable part of development construction. He felt it was up to the parents to keep their children away. Persuasion got us nowhere, so we consulted the local building department. We don't know just what the building inspector said to the contractor, but we do know that it is up to the inspector to issue the necessary building permits. The pit is now securely fenced, and the contractor announced he would fill the pit as soon as the last house is finished.

In my own neighborhood, I learned that most of the lurking hazards stem

**These are the neighborhood death traps that figure most frequently in the deaths of small children. How many of them are there in your community?**

**Abandoned wells**

**Old iceboxes, refrigerators,  
large chests**

**Water-filled pits**

**Steep banks**

**Old houses in poor repair**

**Exposed wires**

**Old automobiles**

**Unprotected stairways and  
ladders**

**Unprotected chemicals**

**Unguarded dumps**

from carelessness or ignorance and that a word to the offender is usually enough to get him to act. If, however, removing the danger spot means trouble or money, the picture changes. Then persuasion may not be enough. At this point you may have to use pressure and seek out official support.

It is out of the question for you to try to clean up your community by yourself. It won't work, and all you'll get for your efforts will be a reputation as a busybody and a crank. This is a community project.

You can act most effectively by starting the ball rolling. Keep your eyes open, and note the neighborhood hazards. Then, armed with this ammunition, you can present your case to your local civic group.

You can start your safety campaigns by checking your own property. You yourself may be an unsuspecting offender. Next, look around where your children play.

Take a walk around the neighborhood with your child. A fifteen-minute stroll may save his life.

**THE END**

# Would you

## save this CHILD?

IF YOU SAW THIS CHILD, would you pick him up and save him as Bill Asbury, CCF representative, did in Korea a few weeks ago? We are sure you would not "pass by on the other side" to leave him die. He is now in a CCF orphanage being decently cared for. He is there with other children—children like the baby whose mother brought him to the superintendent, saying she could not find work and could not care for her baby. The baby was accepted and the mother started away and then fell. When the superintendent reached her, she was dead—of starvation. Some CCF orphanage children were pulled apart from the arms of their mothers—the children just faintly alive, their mothers dead.

Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

He will be glad, if you wish, to pick up a starving boy or girl for you and place him or her in one of the 42 Korean orphanages in which CCF assists children. The cost in Korea and in all countries where CCF operates is ten dollars a month and you will receive your child's name, address, story and picture. You can correspond with your child. Children can be "adopted" in CCF orphanages around the world; in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Korea, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, United States and Western Germany.

"And the Lord took little children into His arms and blessed them." 20,000 Americans have done likewise by "adopting" children through CCF. Gifts of any amount are welcome.



For information write: **Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke**

## CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.

**RICHMOND 4, VIRGINIA**

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐  
☐ girl for one year in

Please send me further information . . . .

(Name country)

I will pay \$10 a month (\$120 a year). Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐ first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture. I understand that I can correspond with the child. Also, that there is no obligation to continue the adoption.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

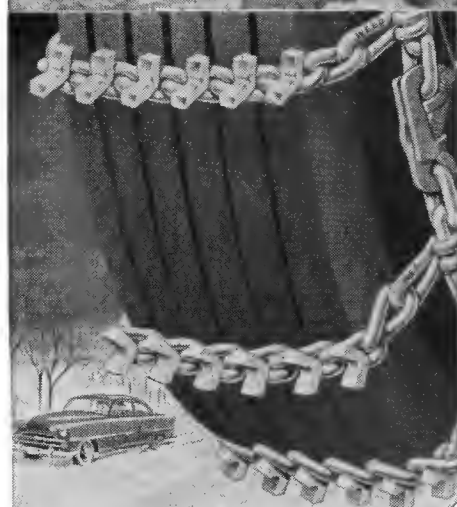
CITY.....ZONE.....

STATE.....

I cannot "adopt" a child but want to help by giving \$.....

Gifts are deductible from income tax.





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**ACCO**



**WEED V-BAR  
TIRE CHAINS**

## PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE

# Pilgrimage to the

BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

**C**hristmas pilgrimages in the Holy Land are simplified for this year's tourist by new roads and modern buses. A new 235-mile highway connects Beersheba and Sodom, traversing the area in which Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob tended their flocks and dipping 1,200 feet below sea level as it goes through the world's lowest gorge. Bus fare for the journey comes to only about \$2 in U.S. currency.

At Sodom, some of the copper mines date back to King Solomon's day, while nearby potash works are ultramodern projects recently developed by the state of Israel.

A day's drive from Tel Aviv—which costs about \$1 by bus or about \$15 for a private car with an English-speaking guide—are Nazareth; the sea of Galilee; Capernaum; Tabgha, site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes; and Mount Beatitude, where Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount.

Tourists are now permitted to cross from the Israel section of Jerusalem via the Mandelbaum Gate to the Arab-held Old City, which has many religious shrines of Christianity. The U.S. Consulate or the Israel Government Tourist Center in Jerusalem issues the necessary pass.

Israel has established three classes of hotels: special class, first class, and second class. The favorable exchange rate for tourists makes the cost of a single special-class-hotel room with private bath and breakfast about \$4.05 a day, plus ten-per-cent service charge and fifteen-per-cent tax. Meal prices in Israel average about \$1.50 to \$1.75 in restaurants permitted to serve ration-free meals to tourists. Round-trip air-tourist fare between New York and Tel Aviv is \$842.80, and round-trip tourist fare by ship is about \$600.

**Organized jungle tours** are now becoming a must for U.S. tourists in South America. A travel agency in Lima, Peru, has set up a four-day journey to Iquitos, last deep-water port on the Amazon. Passengers travel by river steamer and watch a constant parade of brightly colored bird life.

My old friend "Jungle Jim" Price conducts a series of tours into the wild

Darien Jungle of Panama. He tells me some of his most enthusiastic customers are "timid elderly ladies," who get the thrill of a lifetime out of trading with the Choco Indians and going on a mid-night alligator hunt in a dugout canoe.

The Chocos are friendly enough to Jim and his parties, but their appearance alone is enough to scare the permanent wave off an Indiana schoolteacher. They don't wear too many clothes, and they paint themselves in violent red and lavender designs. The Chocos will sell tourists a bow and arrows or a black-palm blowgun and darts for a U.S. dollar. A fetching necklace of jaguar teeth can be had for fifty cents.

**Anyone who enjoys** paying a visit to George Washington's home at Mount Vernon and the history-rich spots in old Alexandria, Virginia, will be enthusiastic about Woodlawn Plantation, just three miles from Mount Vernon.

George Washington presented Woodlawn Plantation to his stepdaughter, Nelly Custis, and her husband, Lawrence Lewis, as a wedding gift. The central section of the mansion has been restored to its original appearance and contains much of its original furniture. The gardens are now being restored.

**United States tourists** still favor the automobile even though they cross an ocean to do their touring. Car-rental rates in Europe vary widely, depending on the model, gasoline consumption, and duration of stay.

Fiat is renting its 1953 models to United States motorists in Italy at \$13 a day. Used Fiats rent for \$11 a day.

Italy is racing to build new highways to take advantage of United States visitors' penchant for motoring. The final link of the seashore highway connecting Rome's lido at Ostia with the beach at Anzio, where Americans battled during World War II, has been finished.

A new superhighway is being built between Palermo and Catania, the two principal cities on the island of Sicily, cutting the distance from 225 kilometers (about 160 miles) to 165 kilometers (a little over 100 miles).

Italy and France have just signed an agreement to build the world's longest



# Holy Land for \$800

tunnel to carry a superhighway through the heart of Mont Blanc, highest peak in the Alps. It will be a toll road and will shorten the distance from Rome to Paris by about a hundred miles.

**Elaborately carved furniture** from the room at Mayerling in which the tragedy of Crown Prince Rudolf and Maria Vetsera occurred now furnishes Room 17 of Sacher's Hotel in Vienna. The room costs \$10 a day, meals included, and any curious tourist sporting a mixture of the macabre and the romantic may rent it.

**Economy may not be the lure** for winter visitors to Florida's platinum-plated neon night resorts, but it is for those who trek to the fifteen state parks. These parks cover some 70,000 acres, and have facilities for swimming, fishing, hiking, camping, and picnicking. Several of the parks contain cabins that accommodate four people and rent for as little as \$25 a week.

**Hawaii, the big island** from which the Hawaiian Islands get their name, is being increasingly "discovered" by tourists. Time was when most visitors were satisfied to ride the outriggers and the surfboards and bask on the soft sands of Waikiki. Now they want to get "off the trail."

Hawaii, a wonderfully relaxing retreat, is the home of orchids, volcanoes, coffee plantations, and cattle ranches, and it's only an hour and fifteen minutes from Honolulu traveling by way of Hawaiian Airlines.

Kona Inn is a surprise and a revelation with its out-of-doors living. What with its tricky sliding screens, the roof is practically the only stationary thing in it. There are a number of smaller inns and hotels, too, all neat, clean, and comfortable. Hotel rates range from about \$2.50 a day (without meals) to \$18 a day (with meals).

Taxis and tour operators make the trip between Kona and Hilo, with a stop at Kilauea Volcano in Hawaii National Park. Visitors staying on the island for several days find it most economical to rent a car for drives over the 228-mile highway, which goes around most of the

island and sprouts innumerable side roads to beaches, coffee and orchid plantations, and lava flows. It costs \$8 a day to rent a car. Bus fare from Hilo to Kilauea is \$2.30, round trip. Kilauea is not so active as when Mark Twain remarked that Vesuvius was a mere "soup kettle" by comparison, but it steams and rumbles constantly as you stand on the rim and look down 600 feet into the crater.

## THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

Interest in the Caribbean is evidenced by many letters, so I have selected a fifteen-day air cruise to four of the most popular islands. Flying takes up only a small part of the time on this happy holiday, which costs a total of about \$485 from New York.

The trip begins with five days in Puerto Rico, during which you take motor tours through the old portions of San Juan, visit El Yunque in the Caribbean National Forest, swim at beautiful Luquillo Beach, and travel inland to the mountain resort of Aguas Buenas, stopping for dinner at the Jagueyes Hotel.

Lovely Charlotte Amalie, capital of the island of St. Thomas, in the Virgin Islands, is only a half hour by air from San Juan. You have two days there at the glamorous Virgin Isle Hotel, with plenty of time for sightseeing and shopping in this free port. Bargains are plentiful in fine quality goods from all over the world, including Danish silver, French perfumes, and Spanish leather.

You have three days in Haiti, with headquarters in the mountain-backed capital city of Port-au-Prince. Auto tours of the city and suburbs are part of the trip, and a forty-minute flight takes you to Cap-Haitien to visit the Citadel, the mountain fortress of King Henri Christophe, and one of the most spectacular structures in all the Caribbean.

You land at the big, modern airport at Kingston, Jamaica, and then drive through the scenic Blue Mountains to the north shore for a four-day visit at the Tower Isle Hotel. A side trip to Port Antonio gives you a chance to take the popular float down the river on a bamboo raft. From Kingston, you fly back to your starting point.

THE END

"My feet  
are killing me!"



## Aching feet can put lines in your face!

● When sore, tired feet make each step a stab of pain, your nerves grow tense . . . your face looks tense! Worse, those painlines may deepen into old-looking wrinkles.

At the first sign of painful foot fatigue, it pays to rub your feet with Absorbine Jr.

Medically recognized for quick, effective help, Absorbine Jr. soothes the sore spots . . . counters the pain-causing irritation . . . brings grand relief in minutes!

When your feet feel better, you feel better . . . and your face shows it! Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold . . . \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle. MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE SAMPLE.

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Fast relief  
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Please send me a Free sample bottle of  
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# Jackie Gleason

## -ten men in one

*The baggy-pants comic with the hair-trigger mind has so completely pulverized his TV opposition that he is known as "Mr. Saturday Night"*

BY JOE McCARTHY

Photo by Zinn Arthur

**I**n the single year since Jackie Gleason burst into big-time TV, he has become video's most relentlessly imitated comedian. Nearly every teen-aged group at an ice-cream parlor and every middle-aged gathering at a company outing has a few Gleason imitators. They shuffle sideways, pumping their elbows up and down, and shout. "And a-waay we go!" or they fly into a rage, swinging an imaginary uppercut and yelling, "One of these days, Alice, so help me—*pow!* Right on the kisser!"

Perhaps Gleason inspires so much imitation because he spends his Saturday-night hour on TV portraying a variety of easily recognized type characters. He is Loudmouth Charlie Bratton, The Poor Soul, The Bachelor, Joe the Bartender, Rudy the Repairman, and Stanley R. Sarg, the announcer who sells Mother Fletcher's products between the reels of Clara Bow and Bessie Love on "The Late Late Late Late Show." Sarg is always making free offers. "For you girls with heavy calves," he says, "a cowbell."

Gleason is also Reggie Van Gleason III, an overbearing society playboy who hired an elephant to take a princess from India to a drive-in movie. Jackie says he got the idea for Reggie from a real social registerite whom he once challenged to a fist fight in Central Park.

"He started giving me orders about when I should swing," Gleason says. "I realized he was so used to having his way

he wanted to run *my* end of the fight, too."

Gleason's most popular character is Ralph Cramden, the husband in a sketch called "The Honeymooners," who comes home to his Alice after a hard day's work as a bus driver. Strangers on the street address Gleason as "Ralph." Audrey Meadows, who plays Alice, gets mail from people who assume she is married to Gleason. Ralph is a hardheaded fellow who usually suspects his wife unjustly. "Aren't you going to kiss me, Ralph?" Alice begged him one Saturday when he was in a surly mood. "I'm all puckered up." "Well, whistle 'Dixie,'" Ralph snapped. In the end, against a background of soft music, Ralph realizes he had Alice all wrong and they make up.

### A Fabulously Expensive Show

On a recent show, Ralph tried to get a handwriting specimen from a neighbor he suspected of sending a gift to Alice.

"Would you mind writing down your address for me?" Ralph asked him.

"Why do you need my address?" the man said. "I live across the hall from you right here in your own building."

"Well," Ralph explained, "someday I might move."

The Gleason formula for TV comedy seems to be effective. Two years ago, when he was still under contract to the Du Mont network, a minor television league, at a mere \$1,500 a week, he was getting \$12,500 for single guest appear-

ances on NBC and CBS. Last year, when Gleason's Du Mont contract lapsed, CBS snapped him up and gave him his own show, a fabulously expensive package that costs its sponsors \$60,000 a week, exclusive of network time charges. CBS also gave Gleason the unenviable mission of competing against NBC's "All Star Revue," which was then dominating the eight- to nine-o'clock (Eastern Standard Time) segment of Saturday-night television with such alternating talent as Jimmy Durante, Tallulah Bankhead, Martha Raye, and Ed Wynn. Gleason knocked the "All Star Revue" out of business and off the air.

This year Gleason will earn from television considerably more than \$500,000. Lately he has blossomed out as a composer and conductor of soulful, romantic music, although he cannot read or write a musical note. This brings him another \$150,000 a year.

His own composition, "Melancholy Serenade," the theme song of his show, became a jukebox favorite when it was recorded by Jackie Gleason and His Orchestra. A record album by Gleason's orchestra, "Music for Lovers Only," is also a big popular success. It has no vocals and no laughs. Gleason designed

(continued)

**A PAINSTAKING PERFORMER HIMSELF,** Gleason is equally exacting in directing his hour-long CBS television program.







# Jackie Gleason (continued)



**IN ONE SKIT,** Gleason as "The Poor Soul," befuddled by machinery at the Automat, gets chewed out by patron he has splashed with coffee.

it purely as background music for love-making. The only word to describe it is "sexy." Gleason is to popular music what Kathleen Winsor is to popular fiction.

At the last count, Gleason's orchestra numbered fifty-one musicians, mostly violinists. It is too big to play anywhere except in a recording studio. Gleason made his debut as an orchestra leader last winter with a two-week engagement at La Vie en Rose, a New York night club. The payroll of the band, then only twenty-seven pieces, was more than the club could afford. Gleason himself went into the red for several hundred dollars to cover it. When he conducts, he has no time for clowning. Customers who came to La Vie en Rose expecting "And a-way we go!" and a few Mother Fletcher gags, were astonished to find Gleason solemnly waving a baton. One of his catty acquaintances said to him, "Jack, you were never funnier."

This is not to imply that Gleason, away from a TV camera, is a quiet man. He stays awake until dawn and likes loud and boisterous parties. A recent

magazine article about Gleason quoted his friend Jimmy Cannon, the New York sports columnist, as saying that Jackie was like the guy next door. Cannon later denied ever having made such a statement. "If Gleason was the guy next door," Cannon said, "I'd sell my house."

Associating with Gleason can be strenuous. William Tabbert, the youthful lead in "South Pacific," owes much of his early experience in the theatre to Gleason's conviviality. During the war, Gleason and Frank Parker, the singer on Arthur Godfrey's shows, played together in Gertrude Niesen's musical comedy "Follow the Girls." Parker tried valiantly to keep up with Gleason's frenetic social life. The morning after such nocturnal efforts, when the time came for Parker to make his entrance onstage, he would wave weakly for Tabbert, his understudy. "I was in the show for three months," Parker says, "and thanks to Gleason, Tabbert played more performances than I did. But Gleason never missed a show. Every morning he was fresh as a daisy."

One day in Philadelphia, Gleason

agreed to have a drink with Paul Douglas, the movie actor. Gleason ordered a triple gin with a bottle of beer as a chaser. Douglas gave him a brief lecture on taking it easy. "Maybe you're right," Gleason said. He turned to the bartender and said, "Hey, pal. Make that a double gin." As a drinker, Gleason is not in a class with the late W. C. Fields, but Toots Shor, the Fifty-first Street saloon-keeper, a student of such talents, admits Gleason holds liquor passably well.

Until he loomed up on TV three years ago, Gleason's mimicry and wit were known only to regular customers at Shor's and a few other New York and Hollywood bars. One night, Gleason watched Shor, a chubby man, running upstairs to his second-floor office. "When Toots hustles up those stairs," Gleason observed, "it looks like two small boys fighting under a blanket." When he drops into Shor's, Gleason often takes over as headwaiter and leads bewildered customers to their table by a long route that courses through the kitchen.

## His Pals Are on His Payroll

One of Gleason's first moves, when he acquired his \$60,000-a-week CBS show, was to put several old friends from his penniless days at Shor's on his payroll. Jack Lescoulie, his announcer, is one of them. Jean Meegan, a television writer who also frequented Shor's ten years ago, recently paid a business visit to a meeting of Gleason's production staff. "The only guy from Shor's who wasn't there was Ziggy, the bartender," Miss Meegan remarked later.

Gleason now pays \$25,000 a year for a ten-room duplex apartment in the Park Sheraton Hotel, overlooking Central Park, hires two managers to handle his business affairs, thinks nothing of spending \$3,000 at a crack on slacks, sport jackets, suits, and cashmere trench coats.

When Gleason was preparing for his opening at La Vie en Rose, he decided he needed a red plaid dinner jacket with a white background. His tailor, Cy Seymour, informed him there was no such material. "I argued with him," Seymour says. "I told him, all right, you and I will take a boat to Plymouth, England, and sit beside the loom while the weavers weave it. But Jackie wanted that red plaid on white. He designs his own clothes, and he doesn't care what the other guys are wearing. Finally we located some after four trips to Boston. We spent twenty-eight dollars up there on taxis alone."

After the jacket was made, Gleason felt it was not quite right for La Vie en Rose. Seymour was downhearted. Gleason sought to cheer him up.

"Never mind, Cy," he said. "I might wear it for breakfast some morning."

People who have known him a long time say Gleason did not develop these expensive tastes after his sudden rise to wealth. "Even when he was broke, he



was a wine buyer," says Jack O'Brian of the New York *Journal-American*. "One time he told me he needed eating money. I offered him twenty bucks. 'Twenty?' he said. 'I need two thousand.'"

Gleason is inclined to be beefy. "If Jackie were a cannibal," Fred Allen has said, "he would eat up the whole neighborhood." Broadway columnists have led their readers to believe that he spends all his time off television in a hospital bed fighting off weight. Actually, Gleason goes up to six months before undergoing reducing treatments. His weight fluctuates so quickly between 185 and 240 pounds that he has his suits made in three sizes, fat, medium, and thin. "And I'll let you in on something," Gleason says mournfully. "No matter what the tailors tell you, there is no such thing as a stylish stout."

His black hair and dark complexion give Gleason a Latin appearance, but he's strictly Brooklyn Irish. He is restless and supercharged with nervous energy, but unlike many big-name comedians, he is generous and considerate to the people who work with him. Art Carney, one of the most skilled comic actors in tele-

vision, prefers secondary billing with Gleason to a show of his own. "He never cramps your style," Carney says.

But Gleason is more than a match for any headliner who tries to steal a scene from him. Milton Berle has a trick of grabbing a person by the arm with apparently friendly intimacy and pushing him out of the spotlight. One night Gleason was to do an act with Berle at a testimonial dinner. When Berle grabbed Gleason's arm, he recoiled, wringing his hand in pain, and saw, too late, a row of pins bristling from Jackie's dinner-jacket sleeve.

Another night, Phil Silvers and Gleason were performing at the Copacabana. Berle began to heckle them from a ring-side table. Gleason pinned Berle to the floor and knelt on his chest, and a friend of Gleason's rushed up with a pitcher of water and poured it on Berle's head.

Gleason has not always been so efficient in silencing hecklers. In his early youth, when he was a master of ceremonies at the Miami Club in Newark, Gleason asked an abusive customer to step outside. The customer readily agreed. He

turned out to be Two-Ton Tony Galento, the heavyweight-title contender.

"I came to in the cellar beside the furnace with a lot of worried faces looking down at me," Gleason recalls.

### He Supervises Every Detail

Saturday is Gleason's busiest day. He supervises and directs every detail of his television show, but he lets everything go until the last minute. On Saturday afternoon, a few hours before he goes on the air, he rehearses his comedy sketches for the first time, gets his first hearing of the guest star's song and his first look at the commercials and at the dance numbers that have been prepared by June Taylor, his choreographer. Gleason then makes hurried changes and substitutions. At seven o'clock, an hour before the show begins, he often does not know what jokes he will use in his opening monologue.

After breakfast on a recent Saturday morning, Gleason was sitting with his two managers, George ("Bullets") Durgom and Jack Philbin, and a visitor in the two-story, Spanish living room of his apartment. Over the fireplace is an

(continued)

**HIS HILARIOUS CHARACTER** Reggie Van Gleason III, the spoiled scion of a society family, is based on a real playboy Gleason challenged to a fight. He was so bossy "he even tried to tell me when I should swing at him," Gleason recalls.





enlarged photograph of Reggie Van Gleason in the uniform of a World War I training-camp buck private with a battered campaign hat. An inscription under the picture says, "Our Beloved Founder."

## Hollywood Typed Him as a Hood

Gleason was reminiscing. He wore a white sport shirt that was decorated, in green lettering, with Gleasonisms—"You're a dan-dan-dan-dandy boy!" "Hey, you kids, get off the roof!" "Mmmm-boy!" "Don't steam me, Alice!" "Good night, Linda! Good night, Geraldine! Good night, Genevieve! Good night, all!" Linda and Geraldine are Gleason's two daughters, aged twelve and fourteen, and Genevieve is his wife, from whom he has been amicably separated for the past few years. He was talking about his experiences as a movie actor in Hollywood in 1941. Jack Warner, of Warner Bros., hired him in New York as a comedian, but when the studio officials saw his black hair, they cast him as a gunman in gangster pictures.

"They paid me two-fifty a week, but I had to provide my own ammunition," Gleason said. "It was awful. The only fun I had on the Coast was hanging around with Phil Silvers and Rags Ragland. We used to register at hotels as Mr. Eberhard, Mr. Faber, and Mr. Ti-conderoga."

"Was Silvers with you when you frightened Bob Brown with the dwarf?" Philbin asked.

"That was something," Gleason said to the visitor. "Brown was trying to sleep off a hangover. It was Christmas, and there was a Santa Claus parade going by outside. This dwarf came marching along, wearing an enormous and very ugly papier-mâché head. We brought him up to the room and sat him at the foot of

Brown's bed. When Brown woke up, he almost jumped out the window."

Gleason mentioned his childhood in Brooklyn. His father, an insurance auditor, went to work one morning and was never seen or heard from again. His mother then took a job making change at a subway station to support Jackie.

"It was a crowded neighborhood," Gleason said. "When we played baseball, I'd get up at five-thirty in the morning and go to the park to hold the field."

The bar that serves as the scene of Gleason's Joe the Bartender sketch is a tavern in his old neighborhood. Mr. Dunnehy, the customer Joe addresses his comments to, lives two doors away from where Gleason lived on Chauncey Street.

"When my mother was working," Gleason said, "Mrs. Dunnehy would come across the roof on her bare feet to see if I was all right. When she stepped on a bottle, her language was fearful. I used to go around with Dunnehy's daughter, Julia. She's coming to the show tonight with her husband, Jim Marshall."

When Gleason was sixteen, his mother died and left him alone. He was then working as a master of ceremonies, at four dollars a night, in amateur shows at Brooklyn movie theatres. A few years later, he made a deal to emcee for a weekend at the Miami Club in Newark. He stayed there for three years, also doing an early morning disc-jockey show.

"I started at eighteen dollars for seven days a week," he said, "but I was getting sixty when I left. The Miami Club was a real bucket of blood. Fights every night. The guy who owned the joint kept it as dark as possible. He hated lights. One night he came in yelling, 'Hey, turn out those lights back there.' It turned out the place was on fire."

Later Gleason performed at various

New Jersey roadhouses. At one point, when he was living in a rooming house near the beach at Asbury Park, he was out of a job and behind in his rent. Gleason stuffed all of his clothes into a suitcase and dropped it from his window into the arms of a waiting friend. Then he walked downstairs, clad only in swimming trunks, explaining to his landlady that he was going to the ocean for a dip. The friend with his suitcase met him on the beach. He dressed and caught the next bus out of town. Three years later, Gleason returned to Asbury Park to pay his bill.

"Oh, my Lord!" the landlady said. "I thought you had drowned."

"After that I toured the carnivals and county fairs as a barker with B. Ward Bean and His International Congress of Daredevils," Gleason said. "That was a fascinating group. Those boys turned over cars at ninety miles an hour and had themselves dragged, on the seat of their pants, around a dirt track behind a motorcycle. There was a rule against letting the audience know about it if you got hurt. One night I saw a guy take a bow and walk off the stage with a broken ankle."

## Club 18 Trained Him in Clowning

In 1940, Gleason finally arrived on the Manhattan scene as one of the clowns at Jack White's Club 18, which was famous for its special brand of fast and rowdy informal humor. White served a glass of bicarbonate of soda with each food order. A dreadful woman soprano would be introduced seriously, and while she tried to sing, a trio of comedians, in a series of tableaux, would be unveiled on a small stage behind her back. Customers were ridiculed. One night Sonja Henie visited the club. Gleason handed the startled skater a

(continued)

*As "Joe the bartender," Gleason demonstrates the reason*







**PREPARING THE SHOW** is a full nervous week's work. Gleason supervises every bit of it, eats in so he can keep an eye on rehearsals.

*his is called the most flexible face on television*







AT THE FINALE, Gleason beams before his cast, one of the largest and most expensive in TV. To produce the elaborate hour

## Jackie Gleason (continued)

cube of ice and said, "Do something."

It was in Club 18 that Gleason was spotted by Jack Warner and signed to the movie contract which he prefers to forget. He was so frustrated in Hollywood that his weight shot up to 275 pounds. He spent the next five years in Broadway musical comedies and night clubs. In 1949, he played William Bendix's role in the television version of "The Life of Riley." Then Bullets Durgom persuaded him to take on a comic revue over the Du Mont network.

"I guess the rest is history," Durgom said. "Two years later, Macy's was asking Jackie to be the grand marshal of the Thanksgiving Day parade."

"Yeah," said Gleason. "And if we don't get over to the theatre and start that rehearsal, the Morris Plan will be asking Jackie to get some cosigners."

During the afternoon rehearsal, Gleason stands before the stage, comparing the scene behind the footlights with its image on a TV monitor screen beside him and yelling suggestions. Nothing escapes him. A few minutes after the rehearsal got under way, Gleason stopped things, shouting, "I said last week I wanted the floor painted with that stuff that shows up only when you put a certain kind of a lens in the camera. Why wasn't it done?"

After some hesitation, a voice came out

of a control booth. "Well, Jack," it said. "it wasn't specified exactly when you wanted it done."

"Yes, it was," Gleason shouted. "I said how about next week. So I'm saying it again now—how about next week?"

"Okay," the voice said.

### Gleason's Last-Minute Frenzy

Gleason decided a Reggie Van Gleason sketch was unsatisfactory and threw it out of the show. He gave his writers one hour to think up a Mother Fletcher sales talk to replace it. The mechanical props for the Rudy the Repairman plumbing scene took so long to set up that there was no time left to rehearse the sketch.





show, the sponsor pays \$60,000 a week.

Gleason looked worried. "You guys will just have to follow me, somehow, tonight," he told the other actors. At six-thirty, he dismissed the cast and went upstairs to his dressing room, where the writers were waiting with the Mother Fletcher jokes. Gleason examined the script, frowning, then nodded approval.

"And now," he said to the writers, "how about the opening?"

"We had a great opening line last year that we didn't use," said Harry Crane, spokesman for the writers. "You come out and ask everybody to say, 'Moo.' Everybody says, 'Moo.' And you say, 'Now that's what I call a contented audience.' We had it last year, but we didn't use it."

"You guys aren't writers," Gleason said. "You're investigators. Anything else?"

He looked over his shoulder at the clock. It was ten minutes to seven.

"How about a race-track joke?" Crane said. "Your horse came in so late he had to tiptoe into the stable."

Gleason ran his fingers through his hair.

"You could find Jack Lescoulie standing in front of a mirror with his eyes closed," Crane said. "He says he wants to see what he looks like when he's asleep."

Gleason remained silent.

"How about having Ray Block write a new song, Jack?" Crane said. "Grandma, don't bother washing your neck. You haven't got a chance with Gregory Peck."

Gleason stared thoughtfully at the wall. The writers suggested a joke about a mother phoning the doctor to say her son swallowed a quarter last week. The doctor asks why she didn't call him last week. "We didn't need the money then," the mother says.

"You get it, Jack?" Crane said. "We didn't need the money then. It's great."

"It's a great joke, Jack," another writer said. "It's really great."

At ten minutes past seven, Gleason fin-

ished with his opening monologue. Then Audrey Meadows, Art Carney, and the other actors came into the dressing room, and Gleason read the lines of the sketches with them. As they filed out of the room, Gleason began to change hurriedly into a blue suit and a blue shirt, which looks white on television. Crane approached him with a suggestion about another joke. Gleason pointed at the door.

"Out, out, out, out, OUT!" he roared.

### Gleason's On-the-nose Timing

A few minutes before eight, he ran downstairs and elbowed his way through the crowd of chorus girls, stagehands, and technicians milling around backstage. Stanley Poss, the coordinator of production, touched Gleason's arm. "If you can make the opening go for eight minutes, it'll be a big help," Poss said. Gleason nodded. A man dressed as a bear and wearing a baseball cap was standing in the wings. A stagehand looked him over.

"I suppose Gleason will introduce him as the manager of the Chicago Cubs," the stagehand said.

Gleason walked out on the stage behind the closed curtain, where the girls were taking their places for the opening dance number, and listened through the curtain to the noise of the audience. He

(continued)



JERRY BERGEN serves as plumber's helper to Gleason's bumbling "Rudy the Repairman," a slapstick character resembling a vocal Buster Keaton.



# Jackie Gleason (continued)



**GLEASON WATCHES REHEARSAL** with choreographer June Taylor, whose fresh and appealing dances are an important part of the program.

put his face against the curtain and bel-lowed, "Oh, I *love* you fel-lows out there-ah!" The audience roared with laughter. Then Ray Block's orchestra struck up "Melancholy Serenade" and the "Jackie Gleason Show" came on the air.

## His Opening Patter Gets Howls

As the girls danced, Gleason stood in the wings watching them, tapping his foot and snapping his fingers. Then he marched briskly out to the center of the stage and advanced down to the foot-lights, bowing and smiling. "Would you do me a favor?" he said when the applause stopped. "When I give the signal would everybody say, 'Moo!'?"

Everybody mooed.

"Mmmm-boy, but this is a contented audience!" Gleason said.

He told the joke about the swallowed quarter, making the boy Ray Block's son, and said, "I have a surprise for you. Tonight we have with us the manager of the Chicago Cubs." The bear with the baseball cap came out on the stage and took a bow. The audience howled.

"Gee," the stagehand said. "They used my joke."

Gleason told the story about Jack Les-coulie and the mirror and did a few imi-

tations of how various types of people look at themselves in the mirror. When he made his exit, he turned and ran for his dressing room. "How did I do?" he yelled as he went by Stanley Poss. "Beautiful, Jack!" Poss called after him. "Eight fifty-five. On the nose!"

The show went well. When it was over, Gleason sat in his dressing room, wearing a silk robe with a towel around his neck. He looked like a boxer who had fought ten rounds. He was breathing hard and his face was dripping with perspiration, but he was pleased and exhilarated. Jack Hurdle, the producer of the show, came in and pointed his finger at Gleason.

"Can I say one thing?" Hurdle said. "You were never sharper."

Harry Crane and the other writers edged into the dressing room, which was getting crowded. Crane told Gleason that he was great.

"I want to tell you 'The Honeymooners' was terrific," he said. "You were great."

"Great, Jack," another writer said.

"Great, Jack," a third writer said.

"Somebody got a cigarette?" Gleason asked.

Several more people told Gleason he was great. A CBS publicity man introduced him to a newspaper correspondent

from Portugal who was making a tour of America. "If I'd known you were here," Gleason told him, "I'd have had the band play 'April in Portugal.'" Julia and Jim Marshall, Gleason's boyhood neighbors in Brooklyn, came into the room, and Gleason asked them to sit down. He introduced them to Hurdle.

"Julia is Dunnehy's daughter," he said.

"Jack, I've got something to show you," Mrs. Marshall said.

Gleason had sent Mrs. Dunnehy five dozen roses the previous week, and her daughter had taken a snapshot of her with the flowers.

"Five dozen, Jack!" Mrs. Marshall said as he looked at the picture. "From you, one rose would have made her happy."

Mrs. Marshall turned to Hurdle.

## Gleason Never Forgets Anything

"And you know what this guy did?" she said. "With the flowers for my mother, he sent a dollar bill pinned to a note that said, 'And this is for the Old Man's beer.' I'm telling you, he forgets nothing."

Gleason talked with the Marshalls for a few minutes and then went into a small room where he keeps his clothes to take a shower and get dressed.

"Does your father watch the show?" Hurdle asked Mrs. Marshall. "Does he get a kick out of it when Jackie mentions him in the Joe the Bartender sketch?"

"My father can't get over Jackie," Mrs. Marshall said, laughing. "When Jackie was growing up, my father thought he was a crazy kid. My father says he can't understand how anybody with the brains Jackie has could ever get where he is today. You know, Jackie's mother used to make change in the subway. All the other kids in the gang used to duck under the turnstiles in the subway without paying. Not Jackie. He always paid his nickel. He said it was a matter of principle because his mother was connected with the company."

When Gleason came back into the room, Hurdle said, "We've been discussing Brooklyn, Jack. Wouldn't you like to go back to those good old days?"

Gleason buttoned the collar of his custom-made shirt and knotted his red-and-blue regimental-striped tie.

"Good old days—nuts," he said. "I'll take it the way it is right now. Income tax and all."

THE END

Color photo by Irwin Blumenfeld

**"THE HONEYMOONERS,"** Gleason and Audrey Meadows, quarrel bitterly, then, to soft strains of music, kiss and make up.










Fun  
in the Sun





She was cute as a Persian kitten,  
with the temper of a Killkenny cat.  
Naturally, he loathed her on sight

BY WILLIAM BRUCKNER

**D**r. Andy Nellis arrived in Palm Springs, California, at five o'clock of a beautiful Saturday afternoon. He turned left off the main drag and headed for the Cactus Motel, which according to a roadside billboard, guaranteed a relaxed atmosphere, luxurious beds, and spotless cabins, all at reasonable rates.

He parked his car in the place marked "Parking Area," followed the direction of the "To Office" arrow, and dutifully rang a bell that was captioned "Ring Bell for Manageress." An extremely tiny blonde in an extremely tiny sun suit opened the door. "Sorry," she said. "All filled up."

Young Dr. Nellis had finished a grueling internship the previous day, and he had celebrated the occasion

ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

*Andy was shocked at his  
unprofessional emotions.*



"Your bedside manner," she said miserably, "is

## *Fun in the Sun* (continued)

until dawn. He was scheduled to have dinner with Ellen Whittaker and her family at seven o'clock. In his depleted condition, he did not take kindly to disappointment. "Your sign says there is a vacancy," he said, indicating the "Vacancy" placard that adorned one corner of a neon monstrosity overhead.

Unaware of the bitterness in his heart, the Manageress smiled cheerfully. "The placard is too high for me to reach," she explained. She half-closed her eyes and looked up at him with unrestrained admiration. "You're very tall," she murmured. "I wonder if you'd mind taking it down for me."

Andy, used to the tranquil self-sufficiency of Ellen, had little patience with the clinging-vine type of female. For some unaccountable reason, he found this particular specimen especially irritating. "If you stood on a chair," he pointed out, "you'd be even taller than I am."

Her eyelids flew open all the way. "Nuts to you."

"And nuts to you, too," Andy rejoined, and without further ado he ambled dispiritedly back to his parked car. As he reached for the door handle, he heard a shrill scream followed by a crash. Returning to the motel office, he found the Manageress stretched out on the ground, the "Vacancy" placard clutched in her hand. Beside her lay an overturned chair. "Now look what you've done," she said, rubbing her ankle.

Andy knelt down beside her and took her leg in his hands. She promptly jerked it away, and they stared at each other. "I'm a doctor," Andy said at last.

"Oh," she said, a new respect in her tone. She let him resume the examination. "You look young to be a doctor."

"I haven't been at it long," Andy admitted. "In a way, you're my first patient."

"That's awfully good news," she said, and edged her leg away from him.

He met her distrustful glance coldly. "My first *private* patient," he said. "I've treated any number of people as an intern. But if you'd prefer a physician with more experience, that's perfectly all right with me." Annoyance and fatigue were gnawing at his temper. "For all I care, you can lie here until Louis Pasteur rises from the grave."

Her brown eyes became enormous, and Andy himself was shocked at his own unprofessional and uncharacteristic display of emotion. The Manageress winced in pain, making him even more ashamed of his outburst, and once again he took her ankle in his strong hands. "Nothing broken," he told her. "Just a very bad sprain."

She submitted meekly as he picked her up and carried her through the motel office and into the adjoining bedroom. Then he fetched the black medical kit from his car and wrapped a roll bandage around the injured ankle. "Tomorrow you'll be able to hobble around on it," he said, "but in the meanwhile you'd better stay in bed."

The Manageress bit her lip. Tears welled in her eyes. "But I'm hungry."

"Look," he said, blinking with exhaustion, "I'd gladly fix you something to eat if I had the time. But I have a dinner engagement at seven and in the meanwhile I have to find a place to sleep tonight."

"A fine doctor you are," she whimpered. "A patient could starve to death, for all you care. A patient could—"

"Oh, shut up!" he was startled to hear himself shout, and so venomous was his tone that the Manageress cowered on the far side of the bed, her chin quivering under his glare. "Very well," he said suddenly, and stalked toward the kitchen.

The kitchen was small, but it boasted a well-stocked refrigerator. Aware of his limitations as a cook, Andy decided on bacon, eggs, and toast. He did not whistle as he worked, and the Manageress eyed him warily when he re-entered the bedroom. "Eat!" he said, thrusting the tray of food at her.

"I—I can't eat."

It annoyed him that his entire body tensed like a bowstring every time he met her eyes. "Why not?"

"Your bedside manner," she said miserably. "It's kind of unusual. It—it scared the appetite right out of me."

"You've got to keep your strength up," he said, his professional detachment vying with his exasperation. When she made no move toward the tray, exasperation suddenly booted professional detachment into the middle of next week. "I'm coming back here in ten minutes," he told her firmly. "Whatever is left on your plate I'll rub into your hair."

He went into the office, sat down on the couch, and waited precisely ten minutes. Then he returned to the sickroom and observed with satisfaction that his patient had scrupulously followed his orders. Her plate was scraped clean. "I'm sorry I lost my temper," Andy said.

"It wasn't your fault," she said. "I guess I've been an awful pest."

"I can't imagine what got into me. As a rule, I'm fairly even-tempered and—" His eyes widened. "Did you growl at me?"

The Manageress flushed. "It was my tummy," she apologized. "Nervous indigestion—if I eat when I'm upset it makes my tummy growl."

"You should have said so."

"In the mood *you* were in?" she asked. "You'd have strangled me with your stethoscope."

"Don't be absurd," he said stiffly. "I'm not an ogre."

He carried her tray to the kitchen. He washed and dried the dishes. He unrolled his shirt-sleeves, put on his suit coat, and picked up the little black medical bag. "Well," he said as he approached the bedroom. "I'd better be on my way. —*Holy Sweet Moira*," he added as he reached the open door.

The Manageress, sitting up in bed, was holding a revolver in her tiny hand. "I'm sure there isn't a vacancy left in all of Palm Springs," she said. She wagged the gun scoldingly. "It always makes me mad when people don't have enough sense to make a reservation in the busy season."

Andy had stopped dead in his tracks. "Mad enough," he asked incredulously. "to shoot them?"

"Certainly not." She placed the revolver on the bedside table. "I just thought you'd better know I have a gun."

"I don't care if you keep a mortar in the broom closet. All I want is to get out of here and—"

"What I'm trying to tell you," she said between thinned lips, "the couch in the office makes up into a bed. You can sleep on it tonight."

"Oh." His disconcerted glance studied the carpet for a moment before he continued. "Thank you. You're being very kind."

The Manageress gave the revolver a meaningful tap. "Just remember—no funny business."

"You need have no worry on that



kind of unusual.”

score,” he said with crisp dignity. “After all, I’m a doctor.”

“Doctors are different?” she asked. Without waiting for a reply, she told him where the extra sheets and blankets were. Pinpoints of weariness were stabbing into his head as he set about making the couch up into a bed, and a desire for conversation was totally absent. The Manageress, however, did not share his mood. Leaning on one elbow, she addressed him through the open door. “You can have my extra key,” she said.

“Fine.”

“Who are you having dinner with?”

“Friends.”

“I’ll bet you’re a killer diller with the ladies,” she said appraisingly. “Is one of the friends a girl?”

“Yes.”

“Local talent?”

“No.”

“Windy cuss, aren’t you?” she said irritably.

He dropped the pillow he’d been plumping and planted himself in the doorway. “I’m having dinner with the Whittaker family,” he said. “Mr. Whittaker is a retired contractor. Mrs. Whittaker is a housewife. Ellen Whittaker is their unmarried daughter. The Whittaker home is in Los Angeles, but this year they are spending the winter months in Palm Springs. The apartment they have taken doesn’t have a spare room. Ellen and I have known each other since childhood, but I have not seen her in nearly three months.” He paused for breath. “Are there any more questions?”

“Yes,” the Manageress replied hotly. “Every time I open my mouth, you foam over like warm beer. Why?”

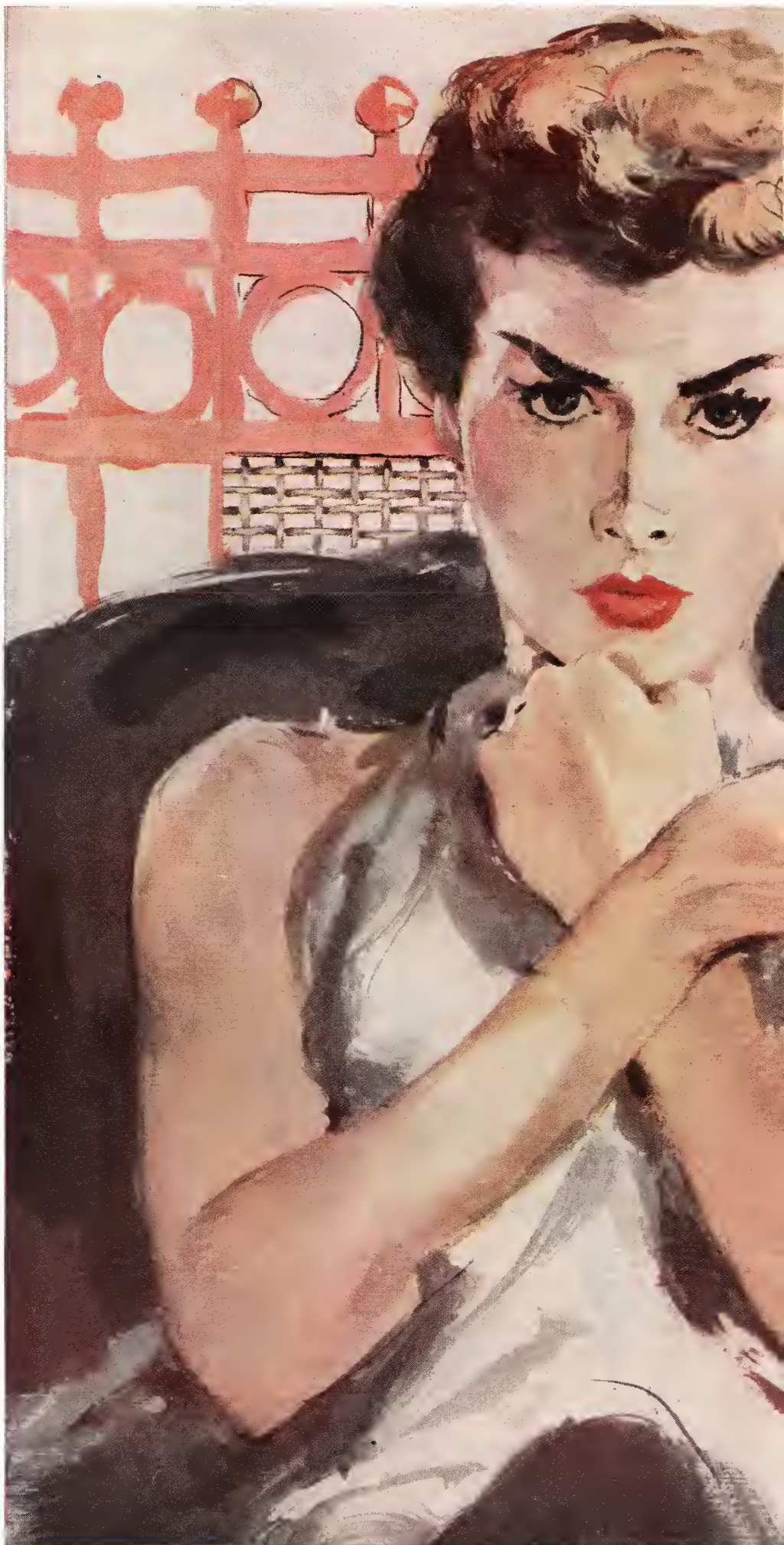
It was a query Andy had already put to himself. Certainly there was no rational reason for his frenzied reaction to her every chance remark. In the light of her generosity in the matter of sleeping quarters, fatigue seemed a very poor excuse. “I don’t know,” he said with a distraught shrug. “It’s not like me to be so quarrelsome. Ellen and I never fight.”

“Never?”

He resolved not to let himself become enraged by the unveiled disbelief in her eyes. “Never,” he said firmly.

“Never?”

Fighting for control, he glanced at his





He undressed quietly in  
vain hope his patient  
would stay peacefully asleep.



## *Fun in the Sun* (continued)

watch. "I'd better leave now," he said tightly. "Ellen is expecting me at seven."

The moment Andy entered the Whitaker apartment, the nervous tension oozed away. Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker had known him all his life and treated him as one of the family. Ellen was her usual undemanding, warm-hearted self. She asked just the right questions about his internship. She put just the right note of sincerity into her congratulations on his new appointment at the hospital. She tsksked at the proper intervals when Andy related his difficulties with the Manageress.

Dinner—prepared by Ellen—was excellent, and as always she remembered not to put gravy on Andy's mashed potatoes. He had further cause for gratitude when, promptly at ten o'clock, Ellen put away the cards with which they had been playing four-handed canasta. "Andy needs sleep," she informed her parents. "He looks terribly tired."

Ellen accompanied Andy out to the car, where they paused for an affectionate good-night kiss. As they broke apart, Andy was stricken to discover that a mental picture of the Manageress had flickered briefly across his mind. "You're exactly the type of wife a doctor needs, Ellen," he said firmly, "I'm a lucky man."

Ellen disturbed the driveway gravel with a toeless shoe. "Are you proposing?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Now that I'm sure of the hospital appointment, there's no longer any need to delay." He saw she was frowning. "Is anything wrong?"

"No," Ellen said slowly. "It's just that it isn't exactly the kind of proposal a girl dreams about."

"I suppose it doesn't sound very dashing," Andy apologized, "but you and I have always adopted a practical approach to such matters and—"

"Of course," Ellen said. She patted his cheek. "I'll think it over."

"You'll have plenty of time," Andy said. He climbed behind the wheel of his car. "I'm not due back at the hospital until Monday afternoon."

He drove back to the Cactus Motel, parked his car, and sighed in weary relief when he saw the light was out in the cabin's bedroom. He entered the office quietly, changed into pajamas, and crawled between the sheets on the couch.

"Doctor," the Manageress called softly from her room, "I'm sorry I threatened to shoot you."

"That's all right," Andy said. "I shouldn't have lost my temper the way I did. Good night."



"Good night," the Manageress said. "What did you and your girlfriend do this evening?"

"Nothing much."

"Necking, I suppose," the Manageress said tolerantly. "Well, I don't blame you."

With an effort of will, Andy forced his fingers, clawing at the top sheet, to relax their grip. "We were not necking," he said with determined calm. "For your information, we played canasta."

"What?"

"Please," he begged, "I'm extremely tired and—"

"But canasta!" she said in bewilderment. "You told me you hadn't seen her in nearly three months."

"Believe it or not," he said, involuntarily sitting up, "there is more to love than mere physical attraction."

"But canasta!" she muttered again.

"Ellen and I have a relationship based on deep understanding and mutual respect. We—"

"Deep understanding and mutual respect," the Manageress said. "Oh, boy!"

"I'd like to borrow your gun," Andy said wildly. "The only way to get any peace around here is to kill myself and I'm—"

"What makes you so mean?" she inquired in furious tone. "A person can't even express an opinion without your gobbling away like an insane turkey."

"I—"

"Good night!"

Andy fell back upon the pillow. He gnawed on his lower lip and stared sightlessly into the dark. After a while, he drifted off into a restless sleep.

The long arm of habit tugged him awake promptly at seven. In the dim hope that a cup of coffee might lessen the fatigue pains around his eyes, he repaired to the kitchen. Later, hearing signs of life in the bedroom, he fixed up a tray for the Manageress.

She was lying in bed, arms folded, her eyes burning holes in the ceiling. She looked beautiful. "I brought you some coffee," Andy told her.

"Thank you," she said, not glancing at him.

"If you will be so kind as to remove your artillery from the bedside table," he said, "I'll—"

"Of course," she said with an icy politeness that matched his own.

She tucked the revolver into a drawer, making room for the tray. "And now," Andy murmured, "I'd better have another look at that ankle."

The ankle was still very sore and swollen. "You can move around on it a little

today," he said when he had rewrapped the roll bandage. "Just enough to keep it from stiffening up. But under no circumstances are you to put any strain on it."

The Manageress laughed without humor. "Sure."

"If you attempt too much the first day, it may have very serious consequences."

"Sure."

He straightened up slowly. "Why do you keep saying 'sure' in that maddening manner?"

"Look, Doc," she said in a grimly patient tone. "I operate an eight-unit motel. That means there are beds to be made, carpets to be vacuumed, tile to be scrubbed, wastebaskets—"

"Can't you hire someone?"

"On a Sunday?" she asked. "The employment agencies are all closed."

"Nevertheless," Andy said sternly, "as your physician I forbid you to do the work."

"Sure," she said again, and Andy's jaw muscles twitched. "Let's not get into another beef," she pleaded. "Either I clean the cabins or I lose my job. That's all there is to it."

"Not necessarily," Andy said. "I'll do the work for you."

He went into the office, telephoned Ellen and said he would be unable to take her to church. He described the predicament of the Manageress and dwelt lengthily on the Hippocratic Oath. "I'd hate to have my first case end up in an amputation," he finished.

"Do whatever you think best," Ellen said soothingly, and for the thousandth time Andy admired her unfailing composure. After promising to come to dinner, he hung up, walked back to the bedroom, and froze in the doorway. The Manageress was sobbing her heart out. "I can't help it," she wailed in answer to the question in his eyes. "You upset me so."

He studied her curiously. "I upset you?"

As if in answer, her tummy growled. "You see?" she said tearfully "Indigestion—and it's all your fault."

He left the bedroom briefly and returned with soda tablets and water. "You're always doing nice things," she said after she had swallowed the pills. "But you do them in such a hateful way it upsets me."

Andy reflected for a long moment. "You make me terribly nervous, too," he said finally, employing the preoccupied tone of one thinking aloud. "Perhaps it's because you're so unlike Ellen," he went

on. "Ellen is sweet-tempered and sympathetic and thoughtful. She—" He glanced at the Manageress' face and broke off. "But I'm boring you."

"Not at all," she said tightly. "I could listen for hours."

Andy sighed. "Where do you keep the vacuum?" he asked.

As the day progressed, Andy made beds and scrubbed tile and vacuumed what seemed like ten square miles of carpet. Having discovered that his tension increased in direct proportion to the Manageress' proximity, Andy maneuvered constantly to keep a safe distance between them. The sandwiches she served at noon were quite good. Her anecdotes about the trials and tribulations of a motel manageress were unexpectedly amusing, and on at least two occasions he caught himself laughing in a boisterous manner surprising in a levelheaded man of science.

Andy finished doing the last cabin late in the afternoon. The Manageress held open the door of the office's broom closet, and he tucked away the tools of her trade. "You're having a terrible weekend," she said guiltily as she closed the door. "You haven't had a moment's peace."

They were standing very close to each other. The Manageress was wearing her work clothes, an old denim halter and frayed bluejeans that might have been Salvation Army rejects. She looked like a million dollars. Every muscle in Andy's body seemed to constrict at the same time, and all at once he was kissing her.

When he dropped his arms, they stared at each other bewilderedly. Then, after a moment's hesitation, the Manageress slapped his face. "I'm terribly sorry," Andy said abjectly. "I can't imagine what got into me." His glance seemed almost frightened as it moved around the office. "It must have something to do with this motel," he went on. "It's been like living in a lunatic asylum and—"

The Manageress slapped him again, harder this time. "I had no such complaints before you arrived," she informed him. "I wonder if there's any connection." Then she about-faced and stalked into the bedroom with as much hauteur as her injured ankle would permit.

Andy had already moved his suitcases into a cabin that had been vacated during the day. He proceeded there at once and hurriedly shaved, showered, and donned fresh clothes. He got into his car and sped to the Whittaker apartment. Not until he had taken a long, thirsty look at Ellen's serene countenance did





He hadn't the faintest idea how he'd happened to kiss her.

### *Fun in the Sun* (continued)

the jagged lump of panic in his chest began to dissolve.

Fortunately her mother and father were out for the afternoon. "I've been thinking things over, Ellen," Andy said without preliminaries. "If it's all right with you, I'd like to get married as soon as possible."

Ellen's smile of welcome faded. She studied the fingers in her lap before answering. "No," she said at last.

"What?" Andy sat down heavily. "Is there someone else?"

She shook her head.

"But *why*?" he asked dazedly. "We've been sweethearts since we were four years old. I always assumed—"

"I'm enormously fond of you," Ellen said in a tone of reluctant finality, "but it's not enough." She looked away from him. "I'm also enormously fond of Great Uncle Amos," she went on unhappily, "and in almost exactly the same way."

"But you've always been so sensible about these things, so practical, so—"

"Very true," Ellen said. "And I'm damn sick and tired of it." She gave his arm a comforting, sisterly pat. "A girl

wants some fireworks in her life," she said. "So you see."

Andy nodded dumbly. "My heart is broken, I think," he said. As he stood up, a sensation of ensnarement blanketed him like a shroud. "The only way out is to drive right back to Los Angeles."

Puzzlement rippled Ellen's normally unlined forehead. "The only way out?"

"Just an expression," Andy muttered nervously. "Give your mother and father my best regards."

Returning to the Cactus Motel, Andy presented himself at the office and informed the Manageress coldly that he was leaving Palm Springs at once and therefore would not occupy a cabin that night. In turn the Manageress informed him, just as coldly, that she had already turned down several prospective tenants for the cabin and that she was not operating the motel to suit the whims of an indecisive pill roller. A brief malevolent squabble ensued, but it became apparent Andy's heart was not in it. "What's wrong, Doc?" the Manageress asked worriedly. "You're acting almost human."

"Nothing's wrong," he replied stiffly.

Her glance was shrewd and penetrat-

ing. "Did you have a fight with your girl?"

"Ellen and I never fight," Andy said. He tried, unsuccessfully, to meet her gaze. "However," he went on, "we have decided not to get married."

The Manageress evinced no surprise. "I kind of thought it would turn out this way," she told him. "I didn't want to say anything before, but this Ellen babe sounds about as exciting as oatmeal."

Andy could feel the heat coming up from his toes. "There is no need to criticize Ellen."

"I wasn't criticizing," the Manageress said hastily. "I—"

"As a matter of fact, it is Ellen who finds *me* a little dull."

The Manageress' eyebrows rose. "Ellen must be hard to please," she said. "In my book, you're a one-man Fourth of July." Color flooded her cheeks. "What I mean to say," she went on, "don't take it so hard. There are plenty of other girls in the world."

"Not like Ellen," Andy said inflexibly. "Medicine is an exhausting profession, and a doctor must choose his wife with care." Other girls, he mused, did not





Perhaps the recent, hectic events had unhinged his reason.

seem to have Ellen's soothing personality, her thoughtfulness, her way with a meat loaf. "It's been a terrible blow," he said, and sighed piteously.

The Manageress patted his hand in sympathy. Andy shivered slightly and edged toward the door. "I have some packing to do," he said, and with an effort, resisted the impulse to run.

As he emerged from his cabin shortly after, he noted warily, that the Manageress was in the parking area. She held open the door to the back seat of his car while he loaded his suitcases and the black medical kit. Then she closed the door, and once again they were face to face.

"Well . . ." she said.

"Well . . ." he replied.

He kissed her. Again they stared at each other when they broke apart. The Manageress was the first to recover. "Good-by, Doc," she said in a tiny voice. "Don't take any wooden tonsils."

"I won't," he said. "Good-by."

He got behind the wheel and inserted the ignition key. Before turning it, he glanced again at the Manageress. "It

would never work," he announced in a decisive tone.

Her chin moved forward a perceptible fraction of an inch. "Never in a million years," she agreed.

"We're not the right types for each other."

"Certainly not."

"If only you were more like Ellen, we might—"

"I'd like to remind you," the Manageress interrupted viciously, "that your friend Ellen considers you the granddaddy of all deadheads. If I were more like her—"

"Good-by," Andy said, "forever." He turned the ignition key, started the car, and moved rapidly out of Palm Springs. He passed through Banning, San Bernardino, and Monrovia. In Pasadena, he halted for a sandwich. He returned to his car and passed through Monrovia, San Bernardino, and Banning. He arrived at the Cactus Motel at about ten that night.

The light was still on in the office, and the Manageress appeared in answer to his finger on the bell. She looked pale and wan and somehow tinier than ever. "I had to come back," Andy said.

"I'm glad you did," she said. "My nervous indigestion is killing me." She looked up at him wistfully. "Have you got any more of those pills?"

He got his medical kit from the car and gave her the tablets. "If we're going to be married," she said sadly between swallows, "you'd better lay in a supply of these things. From here on in my tummy will be roaring like a cement mixer."

"We'll work it out somehow," he assured her. He kissed her, and then they sat down on the office steps and gazed up at the star-freckled desert night. "You'll be able to get a good night's sleep," the Manageress said. "I saved your cabin for you."

He stifled a yawn and kissed her again. "How did you know I'd come back?"

Even as he waited for her answer, Andy's eyelids descended, slowly, like twin theatre curtains, and he drifted off into a deep, untroubled sleep. The Manageress studied him and smiled a small, mysterious smile.

"Doctors are different?" the Manageress asked softly. THE END





SERGE MARRIED AN EX-MODEL, Laurette Kilbourne, with an eye on U.S. citizenship. She divorced him while he was in prison.

# Portrait of a Million-Dollar Rogue

BY ROBERT SHAPLEN

**F**ew men have lived by their wits as profitably as forty-five-year-old Serge Rubinstein, an ostentatious little millionaire with a mechanical-calculator brain and the ability to smell money a hemisphere away.

Rubinstein has a remarkably simple view of his fabulous ventures in oil, gold, real estate, and other valuables. "To make \$250 a week is terribly hard," he says, "but the million-dollar-a-year bracket is easy. Most of the men go to Palm Beach, and you can beat them at their own game while they're away."

Serge has beaten the best of them, at all weights and at all games, and in the process garnered some six or seven million dollars. But his biggest battle, against Uncle Sam, is still unsettled. For ten years, the Government has been trying to get rid of this plump, dapper tycoon with the smooth skin, the unctuous air, and the carnation in the buttonhole. It's not easy. If half a million dollars of the taxpayers' money has been spent, Serge has spent at least as much in his fight to stay here. Rubinstein likes America, even if America doesn't like Rubinstein.

The Government is trying to deport him on a charge of moral turpitude stemming from his conviction for wartime draft dodging. But even if it wins its case, Rubinstein might remain here on indefinite sufferance, because he is a stateless person.

Rubinstein, scarcely five and a half feet tall, is a sort of lubricated version of Peter Lorre. His smooth, flat features are too ill-defined to make him handsome, and his dark, liquid eyes, alternately darting and probing, are his chief attraction. Because of his slangy accent and



# *Swindler, draft dodger, Don Juan, and financial wizard, Serge Rubinstein has cost American taxpayers a fortune—just trying to get rid of him*

often boorish manners. Rubinstein is not exactly in the tradition of the great international money manipulators. But if he lacks their stature, he has some of their calculated ruthlessness and sometime charm. And like them, Rubinstein has never been able to buy peace.

## **Making Money on the Run**

Ever since he fled czarist Russia as a boy, Rubinstein has been making money and having fun on the run. Serge "cases" a country the way someone else might "case a joint." His fortune has been variously accumulated in dollars, pounds, yen, francs, and other currencies, but he values the American dollar—as well as the American dame—most highly.

"Eighty per cent of everything the world has to offer is in the United States, including the good-looking women," he says. "For anyone who has gone through the struggle to exist elsewhere, the opportunities here are just baffling."

Rubinstein attributes all his troubles to persecution. His draft conviction, which resulted in his serving two years of a two-and-a-half-year sentence, and his deportation headaches, are the product of "continual harassment by my financial enemies," he maintains.

Rubinstein offers a display of letter and telegram photostats to prove how eagerly he offered his services to the Government after Pearl Harbor. When they weren't accepted, he went to astonishing extremes to stay out of the trenches. He tried to establish his indispensability to the aviation and petroleum industries, where he had holdings. Pulling strings all over Washington and New York, he even managed to get two draft directors summoned before a Congressional committee dealing specially with his case.

The reason behind his draft-evasion efforts was undoubtedly his pathological fear of death. He could have made more money simply by sitting in a foxhole and hanging on to his stocks. He managed, instead, to hang himself.

In his bitter-end efforts to avoid being deported, Rubinstein always cites his two daughters, Diana Elizabeth, eight, and Alexandra, seven. Although divorced, he is crazy about his kids, who live with their mother in California. Rubinstein and his ex-wife, the former Laurette Kilbourne, a blonde model and occasional

sculptress, broke up in 1949. She has since remarried. There are signs that Serge didn't marry Laurette for love alone. He provided her with a fabulous house; in return, he received her American hand and a permanent American home. With a less flamboyant man, Serge's scheme would doubtless have worked.

But flamboyance has too long been a Rubinstein trade-mark. He was born in 1908 in St. Petersburg, Russia, in a czarist castle. His father, Dmitri, was an officer of two government banks and an adviser to the famous monk Rasputin.

Young Serge's first ambition was to be a grand duke. In a moment of temporary despair, he once said, "As a boy I noticed they had the longest, blackest limousines, and the blondest women. Both, I find, are disappointing."

Serge and his older brother, André, were indoctrinated early into good living. Lobsters from the North Sea, delicacies from Paris, and flowers from the French Riviera came regularly into the castle. But the revolutionary handwriting was on the wall, and father Dmitri saw it.

One morning, Dmitri lined his coat with money and fled to Stockholm. There he obtained false papers for his family and smuggled them back to Russia. And another cold morning, Mrs. Rubinstein, who still lives in New York with Serge today, took him, then aged ten, and André, sixteen, off to Sweden. Serge had some of the family jewels pinned and taped to his undershirt, and a big sapphire swung coldly around his neck.

The Rubinsteins stayed in Sweden two years, and moved successively to Vienna, Paris, and England. There Serge enrolled at Cambridge. By 1928, having completed his course in economics with honors, he was back in Paris, ready to roll.

With André, he rented a small theatre, which he incongruously named *The Broadway*. It was a failure. Years later, when someone asked Rubinstein what had prompted that venture, he replied: "Where there is theatre, there are beautiful women; where there are beautiful women, there are rich, foolish men; where there are rich, foolish men, Rubinstein can make a fortune."

Serge's next venture was much more successful. Armed with a letter from a Cambridge professor that established him as a student-researcher, Rubinstein

went to Switzerland, where he knew there were scores of dormant bank accounts. For his pains in unraveling the complicated affairs of one Nicholas Chakhoff, an anti-Bolshevik Russian, eleven heirs rewarded him with \$17,000. Swiss banks then got wind of what the "student" was up to and closed their doors to him.

Rubinstein went back to Paris, richer and cockier. There he met André Massenot, a nephew of the composer of the opera "Manon." They hit it off at once, and decided to form a holding company, even though they had nothing to hold. In a few months of maneuvering, they got control of the Banque Franco Asiatique, a small countinghouse with "branches" in Istanbul, Harbin, Mukden, and Shanghai.

If you had a bank in those days, you were a businessman per se. Serge quickly bought a hotel and a chain of low-price restaurants. "If you don't control, you can't liquidate," has always been his maxim, and when he had siphoned off the restaurants' assets, he got out. Next he went into buying and selling francs.

## **Of Mistresses and Francs**

In his mid-twenties, beginning to put on weight and talk big, Serge boasted that he knew "the changing moods of politicians' mistresses as minutely as the exchange fluctuations." He financed the salon of the Marquise Maria Louise Crusol, who had been romanced by Pierre Laval, then premier and subsequently executed traitor. Later Laval threw Rubinstein out of France, ostensibly on a charge of selling the franc short. Serge by then had made \$210,000 from his franc speculations, but he has always insisted Laval's pique was the result of jealousy.

In London, he began to build the real base of his fabulous pyramid of wealth. The vehicle was a British investment firm called the Chosen Corporation, which listed among its properties some valuable gold fields in Korea. When one of its major stockholders went to jail for fraud, Serge got control. Then he went to work.

First, he switched the assets of Chosen's gold properties to two dummy outfits with no assets of their own. Then, late in 1935, Rubinstein heard that the Japanese were about to expropriate all foreign-owned mines, including Chosen's in Korea, and hastily took off for Japan.

In Tokyo, employing such prominent



# Million-Dollar Rogue (continued)

fronts as Prince Ito and Viscount Inouye, he created the semblance of Japanese ownership by "selling" Chosen's gold mines to a new Japanese holding company for about 15,000,000 yen, or some \$3,600,000. The problem was to get the money out of Japan, and here began what is probably the most fantastic episode of Rubinstein's financial career.

## His Fantastic Coup in Japan

Step number one was a deal he made with the Japanese to transfer 6,000,000 of the yen to London, legally. In buttering up the Japanese, Serge praised the "fighting discipline and valor" of Nippon's troops and even donated 140,000 yen to the governor of Korea—for health defense and a labor bonus. With this accomplished, he returned to Europe.

Step number two was a daring bit of illegality executed by a close-lipped Polish friend named Konrad Szytkgold. A year after Serge's visit, Szytkgold went to Japan, posing as an importer. He set himself up at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo and began purchasing lightweight obis, the traditional silk sashes worn by Japanese women. He also bought a lot of obi tubes, narrow aluminum containers.

Acting under Rubinstein's instructions, he then made a gift of 300,000 yen to an officer of the Yokohama Species Bank in return for permission to withdraw most of the remaining yen Serge still held but wasn't supposed to take out of Japan. In short hauls, Szytkgold brought the money back to his hotel room. He and his secretary sat up nights for weeks stuffing the yen bills into the obi tubes, among the folds of fancy silk, until they had 2,500,000 yen stashed away.

Szytkgold booked passage on the *Empress of Japan*. He feigned illness, even putting salve on his face to make himself look ghastly, and stayed in his royal suite all the way to Hawaii. There an armored car met him and his yen-saturated obis. The coup, on top of the 6,000,000 yen Rubinstein had already got out legitimately, drove the yen way down on the world money marts.

"It was a financial Pearl Harbor in reverse," Serge still chortles.

Years later, after Rubinstein had siphoned off nearly \$6,000,000 of Chosen money, British minority stockholders of the company sued him. Harry T. Zucker, their attorney, traveled to South America, Canada, and France to unravel the Chosen skein and trace the profits Rubinstein had made and reinvested. "It was a gigantic jigsaw puzzle," he commented grimly. Rubinstein finally settled the case and returned some \$2,000,000 to English investors in Chosen, but he ended by profiting personally by as much, if not more—all on an initial shoestring.

Rubinstein's trip to the Orient paid him an extra dividend. It enabled him

to acquire a nationality; he became a Portuguese.

Rubinstein's citizenship history is as fabulous as the rest of his story. About 1930, he claimed Austrian papers. Then, like many other stateless persons, he traveled for a time on a League of Nations passport. In January, 1936, he showed up at the Portuguese consulate in Shanghai with a certificate saying he had been baptized in Hankow, China, in 1908. He now claimed he had been adopted in China by a Portuguese family named De Rovello. Subsequently, in 1938, and again in 1940, in order to have his certificate of Portuguese citizenship renewed, Rubinstein swore, or had others swear for him, that he was the illegitimate son of a Portuguese woman and her Russian lover. Presumably he figured illegitimacy would be harder to trace than adoption.

When he entered the United States in April, 1938, for what he hoped was for good, Rubinstein arrived via Canada. On his declaration of citizenship that June, he used the name of Serge Manuel Rubinstein de Rovello.

During these days Rubinstein was doing a lot of night-clubbing and a lot of tab-grabbing, picking the town's main glamour spots, places like El Morocco, until he was told he was no longer persona grata there. He was frequently seen with a beauteous Scandinavian film star named Agnes Petersen. After Agnes came a nineteen-year-old Powers model.

Rubinstein and his model stayed together at two plush park-front hotels. They took several trips to Miami and weekend excursions in winter at Lake Placid, where Serge hired his own ski instructors. "He was a lousy skier," an acquaintance said, years later. "He'd just hire these guys so he'd have someone to holler at."

Serge and his girl caused a few flurries. The assistant manager of one hotel testified at a private hearing that he had to come to her rescue on one occasion, when she was heard shouting, "You ruined my soul and reputation, and now you're trying to throw me out." Rubinstein had "an uncouth personality," the manager added.

After the teen-ager came the girl he married, Laurette Kilbourne, also a model. At their Washington wedding party in 1941, the guest list included nine Latin American ambassadors (Serge was doing a lot of business down there) and a dozen senators and representatives.

He and Laurette came back to New York and set up housekeeping in the five-story, gray-stone Julcs Bache mansion on upper Fifth Avenue, which Rubinstein had bought for a relative song from a mortgage company. The parties the Rubinsteins gave were continuous and gay. Some were described as a bit wild. His globe-trotting background and his free board and bottle attracted a motley

group of wartime strays, including dispossessed royalty and the usual assortment of free-loading solons, diplomats, ex-diplomats, and promoter-operators.

"I had the feeling that if they let their hair down, they'd all be selling each other gold bricks," said one guest.

Rubinstein's troubles started in earnest in April, 1943, when the Government began its long fight to deport him. It charged that he had obtained his Portuguese passport by fraud, but the Board of Immigration Appeals reversed the deportation order. Now the Government is awaiting a Supreme Court ruling in its suit to deport him because of moral turpitude, a charge based on his wartime draft dodging.

Rubinstein was indicted in January, 1946, for conspiring to avoid the draft by making false statements that he was the sole support of his wife and mother, that he had exhausted his resources to meet financial deficiencies, and that he was indispensable to two industrial firms involved in war production.

Rubinstein had been put in Class 1-A eight times and served with four separate induction orders. To bolster his indispensability claim, he furnished witnesses at the trial to swear he had been seen in the Texas oil fields "dressed like a roughneck around the drills." According to the U.S. attorney who prosecuted him, Irving Saypol, Rubinstein set up a series of witnesses all over the world to back him up or at least delay action. Saypol flew to Rio, London, and Paris to take depositions. A witness in France, Saypol said, double-crossed Rubinstein because he was angry at being rewarded at the official instead of the black-market rate in francs.

Rubinstein was convicted and sent to Lewisburg Penitentiary, in Pennsylvania.

There, his fellow inmates said, he lived better than anyone else. He always had extra cigarettes, and he strolled around with two "protectors," whom he hired to shield him from the other toughs.

While he was still in jail, Laurette sued him for alimony. Serge professed to be deeply shocked. He said he had lived only "for the love which I had assumed existed between us," and cited her letters to prove his point. Laurette replied in court. "He told me he would hang himself in his cell if I didn't write and say nice things to him," she said.

## While in Jail, He Lost His Wife

Laurette was awarded \$1,500 a month for herself and their two children, and is now friendly again with Serge. But her unceremonious departure from him brought protests from even his perennial enemies. Cholly Knickerbocker, the society columnist, spluttered: "Even hardened criminals have got some people who remain loyal to them."

Even while in jail, Rubinstein went on making money. His business deals in this country have easily doubled his



fortune. He thinks American businessmen are lazy.

"My technique in finance is to figure out how much a company is worth dead—not living," Serge says. "I don't pay much attention to figures on a company's earning power. I'm most interested in finding out if the liquidation price of a company's assets is more than the price of the stock. There's only room for me in a corporation if the management is poor and doesn't see the possibilities."

Serge made a profit of \$1,000,000 out of the merger of Postal Telegraph and Western Union by obtaining control of Postal's preferred stock just before they joined. Transit unification in New York City netted him another million in a similar bond transaction. He bought a bankrupt Boston contracting firm, Warren Bros., and within a few years retired the company's \$8,000,000 debt and had it humming.

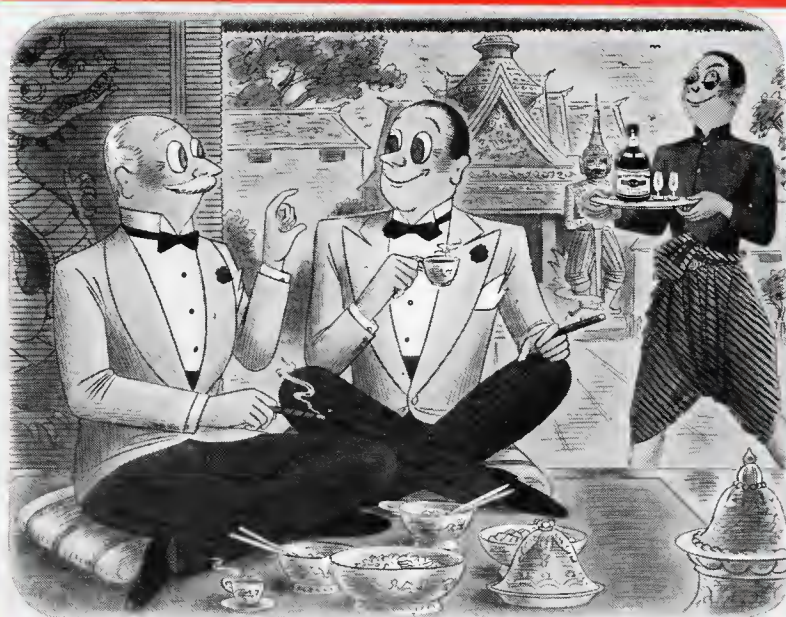
He purchased another building concern, James Stewart & Co., with which he planned to set himself up as a one-man rehabilitation agency in the Philippines after the war. His kingpin transaction here involved his control of the Panhandle Producing and Refining Company. Rubinstein bought shares of the firm at a Government distress sale for \$1 a share and ended by selling out at \$14 a share, for a personal profit of \$3,000,000. Panhandle became the holding company for his other interests. Charged with mail fraud in an alleged stock-rigging maneuver, Rubinstein again hired top legal talent. His lawyer practically pleaded that Rubinstein was a fool who had made bad business judgments. The jury acquitted him.

Rubinstein has recently led, for him, a relatively unspectacular life, though he has figured in a couple of night-club brawls and been linked romantically with Barbara Payton.

In New York, Serge stays away from the larger night spots, where columnists would spy him out, and now prefers cozy little places. Despite his troubles, he is as roly-poly and ebullient as ever, and he still loves to spend.

The latter-day Rubinstein has developed a Pygmalion complex. He likes his girls young and unvarnished, and if they're pliant he gives them music lessons at his mansion, employing his own professors, naturally. Then come musicales, and the guests have to listen patiently if they want to eat and drink. Serge's mother, a pleasant woman with true Continental charm, has to suffer along. "Wieder musik (more music)," she sighs.

Mother Rubinstein's son has steadfastly refused to face the music of his own mistakes. He still oozes confidence, and recently boasted that he could beat any rap. But if Uncle Sam can find some place for him to go, not even Rubinstein's millions will be enough to keep him in this country. THE END



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# Night Fright

A man was trying to  
kill her, and yet he made  
no threat, just a soft,  
irresistible suggestion



She lived the scene over and over—

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER

She knew all the early-morning sounds of the city. The clink of bottles in the grayness, the rubbery snuffle of the patient horse that pulled the silent cart, the hoarse hooting of the early river tugs, and the first rustling of traffic that would deepen to a daylong roar. These were sounds she welcomed after the night silences, after the long, slow terror of the night, and when the hot summer days were well started, she could then fall asleep. It was not good sleep, though, and her weight was going down and her nerves shrilled and crawled along her body.

The summer had been planned for so long and so carefully, and now it was nightmare. The deposit on the cottage was lost, as were the days of mountain coolness and the frog sounds in the Adirondack night. She was a schoolteacher, and during other summers she had worked and she was tired, and this was to have been a summer of laziness, bought with the dollars that could have gone instead for clothes and books and plays and music.

She was a woman in her early thirties. Her bones were good, but she was too thin and she did not carry herself well.

She saw herself clearly. In the beginning, she had been too young and too clever and too shy. It was a bad combination. Out of shyness and youth, she had learned to simulate a false arrogance. Cleverness gave her sharpness of tongue. And the combination had driven away those few men who had once been attracted by the curve of lip, the coltlike awkwardness. So arrogance had dried into austerity, and she knew that all the warm dreams had been false.

She had no knack of friendship. When she tried to be warm, it degenerated into nervous laughter and embarrassingly





the girl's startled face, her own foot on the brake, then the sickening impact that made her a killer.

awkward gestures. But she was practical, and she saw herself clearly and saw that she could make a life out of the little satisfactions of books and music and drama and loneliness. Sometimes she was wryly amused at the tidiness of her apartment, at her cold domination of her students, at all the obsessive little routines of spinsterhood. She had contented herself with being Miss Renken of Room 612 and of Apartment 7B a mile from the school. Miss Renken, whose chill anger could awe and subdue the rebellious. And the rebellious never suspected that behind the mask of anger, there was another

face, timid, shy, and sourly amused at the deception.

**I**t started three days after school had closed. She had packed efficiently, consulted road maps, charted a course that would take her through points of historical interest, closed the apartment, and started north out of the city in her staid and aged coupe, fresh from its final checkup at the garage where she kept it. She wore a sensible traveling dress that would not wrinkle, and she held the wheel firmly.

She never got out of the city. She was

seven blocks north of her apartment when she struck and killed the young woman. She saw the quick flash of the green sweater as the girl hurried out, screened until the last moment by parked cars. Miss Renken stepped hard on the brake pedal and saw for a moment the girl's startled face turned toward her before it went down and out of sight beyond the hood, while a cheap purse was flung high and seemed to hang for too many long moments in the morning sunlight before it also fell out of sight in front of the stalled and motionless car. There were shouts and people running and horns



# Night Fright (continued)

blowing, while Miss Renken sat and still saw the afterimage of the young face, a startled and pretty face. The girl will now get up, she thought, and there will be a scene and confusion, and I should get witnesses at once, because it was certainly not my fault. I stopped the car within eight or ten feet, and no one could possibly have avoided her. But she knew her knees would not hold her up, so she sat there, still holding the wheel firmly.

The police arrived quickly, and they were efficient. They cleared a way for the ambulance, and took down names and addresses of witnesses, and spoke with firm courtesy to Miss Renken. She gave her name and address and said that she was on her way out of the city. She described how it happened, and they scribbled in notebooks, and she was asked to delay her trip until the investigation was complete and the girl's condition was ascertained.

So Miss Renken drove back to the apartment and carried her bags upstairs. She wondered if the look of the girl's face would ever fade completely from her mind. It seemed to remain there, like the bright spot that comes from looking at a naked bulb.

At noon she had to go out and get a light lunch, because she had emptied her small refrigerator and unplugged it the night before. She hurried back and waited. Had she known where they had taken the girl, she would have phoned the hospital.

The man came to the apartment at four o'clock. He looked big in every dimension, and he wore a wilted gray suit. He had tired, mild eyes, and he showed his credentials and introduced himself as Sergeant Moyer. He looked hot and tired, and she wished she could offer him iced tea, but, of course, there was no ice.

He thumbed at his notebook and said, "It looks like you're all the way in the clear, Miss Renken. The cab behind you says you were doing maybe twenty. Your brakes are in good shape. You stopped within nine feet. Two witnesses saw her run out of a bar and across the sidewalk and right into traffic. The bartender said she and her boyfriend came in the first thing when he opened this morning and they were yammering at each other, and finally she slapped him and ran out, so it looks like she was too sore to look where she was going, besides having taken on three fast shots of liquor. The bartender said she was a little high when she came in. It all adds up to what should have been a simple knockdown, with her getting up and yelling your ears off, but her luck wasn't so good."

Miss Renken heard herself asking, "How is she?"

"It was a bad skull fracture. You see, she went down backward because she

turned toward the car, and she couldn't break the fall. She died about five minutes after they got her to the hospital. Doreen Brock, her name was, and she did waitress work and store clerking and things like that. She had been living with the fellow she was with for a couple of weeks, and he says he doesn't think she had any folks, and I went all through her stuff and couldn't find any addresses. Say, do you feel okay?"

Miss Renken took her hand from her eyes. "I'm all right."

"It was one of those things. Don't think about it too much. The inquest will be routine." He stood up and said, "You're sure you're all right?"

"Killing someone. It's hard to . . . I saw her face, you know, when she turned toward the car just as I . . . hit her. She was pretty."

"You got anybody who can stay with you tonight?"

"I'll be all right."

She went with him to the door. He looked around the room for a moment. "Teach school, you said?"

"The seventh grade."

"A tough racket, I guess."

"It isn't bad."

He coughed and looked uncertain for a moment. "Look, you want anything, you call me."

After he left, she sat for a long time, knowing there were things she should do, yet feeling trapped in this stasis of inactivity. There were all sorts and degrees of rationalizations she could make to prove it had not been her fault. And there were also the long, cold, philosophic thoughts of death and the responsibility of taking life and the validity of life itself. Yet it all came down to a pretty and frightened face and the slow arc of the cheap purse, and the brittle impact of skull on blue-gray sunlit asphalt.

She plugged in the refrigerator, filled the cube trays, remade her bed, and hurried down to buy supplies. There was no one to say, "Oh, I thought you had gone. Miss Renken! What happened?" It gave her a curious feeling of invisibility, as though she had already gone to the mountains.

She came back with the brown sack of groceries, and put them away and went to the phone and sent a wire to the owner of the cottage, saying she would be delayed a few days.

The death was reported in four lines in the paper she usually read. She had stopped delivery and had to go to a newsstand the next morning to buy it. After she read the paper, she had a second cup of coffee. She felt displaced, and she did not know why. Finally, she realized that for fourteen years there had been a plan for each day, for nearly every hour of every day. Every Sunday had its ritu-

alistic schedule. And now she was adrift. She tried reading, tried music, took a short walk. It made her think of the long, rainy Saturdays of her childhood. "What will I do. Mother?"

The inquest was on the third day. A droning affair, with voices like tired houseflies against dusty windows. A stilted, barely audible report by Moyer, another by a young medical examiner, some bored questions and her own soft-voiced answers, and an official verdict, so that now the pretty face was officially and legally at rest. When she looked for Moyer, he had left, and so she walked out of the dust and varnish smell while behind her the buzzing voices began on another case.

When she got back to the apartment, she knew she should plan to leave in the morning. But it seemed too vast an effort. Tomorrow she would pack again and leave on Saturday.

The shrill phone awakened her, and she clicked on her bed lamp and went to the phone, feeling puffed and blinded by sleep, her fingers clumsy on the phone. "Yes?"

There was no answer. There was no dial tone. There was a presence on the other end of the line, someone who had listened to her voice and now waited in silence. She listened hard, and she heard the soft, slow breathing.

"Hello! This is Miss Renken." Some of the sleep was dispelled, and she said this in the tart classroom voice, with the acid of authority.

A breathing silence. Someone was there.

And then a husky, whispering voice said a single word. "Killer," it said, and there was a muted click.

"Hello!" she said again, but she knew the person had hung up. She pressed the button on the top of the cradle, and the dial tone began. She hung up and sat in the darkness in her nightgown, knees pressed tight together. Light from her bedroom patterned the living-room floor. One drop of perspiration traced a slow, cold line from her armpit to her narrow waist.

"How ridiculous!" she said aloud, and her own voice startled her. She went back to bed. She lay in the darkness with her thin fists shut tightly, pressing against her thighs. She smiled into the darkness and thought: How ridiculously theatrical. For a long time she did not sleep.

When she awakened in the morning, she did not feel rested. She mixed the frozen orange juice, put the coffee on, plugged in the toaster, and then, out of habit, started toward the door to get the paper. A triangle of white showed under the door. She pulled it through and picked it up. It was cheap white typing paper. The single whispered word she



had heard over the phone was lettered in pencil on the paper. In the morning sunlight, the midnight voice had seemed dreamlike. But the paper was real. And it changed the look of the apartment. Someone had been out there in the hall during the night. Someone had stood there with that same soft breathing and had slid the bit of paper under the door while she slept.

She did not move again until she heard the angry boiling of the abandoned coffee. I will not allow myself to be frightened by this nonsense, she told herself firmly. I am not one of those sniveling and helpless women. She made fresh coffee. She ate an extra slice of toast to prove to herself that she was in good health and unconcerned. She cleaned up and dressed for her trip and walked to the neighborhood garage and brought her car around and parked it in front. She packed, took a last look around, and told herself firmly that she had merely changed her mind in eagerness to get to the mountains sooner. It had nothing to do with not wanting to spend another night in the apartment. She carried her things down, stowed them in the car, got behind the wheel, put her map beside her. She turned the key and pressed the starter button. There was no response. She tried again and again and realized that she was breathing too quickly. She went back upstairs and phoned.

The man who came opened the hood and looked in. He whistled softly.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Somebody fixed you good, lady. Kids, maybe. See here? They ripped the whole ignition system out of her."

"Can you fix it quickly?"

"There's a lot of work there, lady. I'll call a tow truck. I'd figure you can pick it up Tuesday. No sooner."

She watched when the tow truck hooked on and lifted the front wheels off the street. As it started away, she saw the word written with a finger in the dust of the car door. *Killer*. She looked up and down the street. It looked as it always did. She hurried upstairs and when she was inside, she chained the door. Her bags were in the middle of the living-room floor. She carried them into the bedroom and unpacked.

Friday night she got two calls. She did not sleep that night. She found another note in the morning. Always that one word. She slept that afternoon and woke up feeling stale and sick, her head aching in a dull way, her mouth furred. Saturday night she placed a straight chair close to the door. The chain was on. She would wait, and when he came with the note, she would open the door as far as the chain would allow and look at him and tell him to leave her alone.

There was a call at eleven, and another at three. It was a little after four when she heard the heavy, slow steps coming down the hall. They stopped in front of her door. She reached out to touch the knob and pulled her hand back. There was no sound. There was a faint light in the room, the night light of the city sky, hued by neon. She backed away from the door, moving with great stealth. She heard the whisper of the paper, saw the pale triangle. Long minutes passed. And then the footsteps moved away, with no pretense at stealthiness. A long time after she could no longer hear the footsteps, she took the paper and took it to the window and read it in the pale light. *You killed her*. Three words this time.

It was true, of course. She saw clearly how she could have swerved the car, using brakes and horn simultaneously. She saw how the startled girl would have jumped back, made angry by fear, yelling something as the car passed her. *I killed her*. It was unnecessary.

When Tuesday came, she did not get the car. Her fear had become obsessive, and she knew that, and yet it seemed in some strange way to be necessary, this night ritual of fear and approach, and the silences on the phone and the silence beyond the door. Some nights he did not come, did not phone. And those were the worst nights of all. She slept poorly by day. When she had to leave the apartment for food, she walked in a wild, quick way and sensed that people had begun to look at her and that clerks had begun to treat her strangely. She avoided looking at her gaunted face in the single mirror in the apartment over the bathroom sink. When she ran her fingers through her hair, it felt matted and coarse, and she remembered she had forgotten to brush it.

When she hurried along the street, she would look at men and wonder whether she looked at any time into the eyes of the one who was doing this. He was right. She had killed the girl. The wire from the owner of the cottage went unanswered. The letter from him told her the deposit was forfeited. It seemed a faraway and unimportant thing. The city grew hotter in July. There was dust on the record albums, on the books, on the dials of the FM radio, and the dishes were crusted in the sink. She felt that her soul and her body had soured with the clear knowledge of her guilt.

For two nights he did not come. He had never stayed away so long before. She felt abandoned in her fear. The next night he did not phone. And it was nearly dawn when he came. She stood flattened against the varnished panel of the door, pressing against it, knowing he stood out there, as silent as she. The bit of paper whispered its way under the door. They stood inches apart in the four-o'clock city, and at last he went away. The mo-

ment she could no longer hear his footsteps, she snatched the paper and hurried to the window. In the faint light she read the single word—*Jump*.

It was a grotesque word, and it made no sense to her. Bump, gump, jump. It was a lover's code and the encastled maiden could not interpret it. And she looked down at the street below, at the beetle gleam of a car roof that went by forty feet below her, and she knew what the strange word meant and knew, at last, how perfectly logical it was. It had the perfection of a chord of music, of a line from a great poem.

When the sun came up, she began to clean the apartment. She scrubbed and washed and waxed and dusted with frenzied effort, and it was early afternoon before she was at last satisfied that she had brought it back to the gleaming brightness of over a month ago. She took a long hot tub, and scrubbed herself pink, and washed her hair and set it. She put on careful make-up and her prettiest dress and a few discreet touches of the



On the street, she hurried  
as if she feared each passerby.



# Night Fright (continued)

perfume she had gotten one time from a class at Christmas. This, too, was a trip, and demanded careful preparation.

When her hair was completely dry and it was five o'clock in the heat of a late afternoon in that month of July, she opened the window wider and carefully dusted the sill again so as not to soil her dress. She put one thin leg over the sill and sat there for a moment, her eyes closed. She wanted to go out with her eyes closed during the fall to the stone floor of the city. She opened her eyes and looked down.

She was a woman in her early thirties, and her bones were good, but she was too thin, and she had always seen herself clearly. In this moment she saw herself clearly. She saw all of the deadly charade, and it was like awakening from a nightmare. It was a moment of clarity, as though cold water were dashed in the face of someone in hysteria. She felt faint, and she scrambled awkwardly back into the room, knowing in panic that this time of clarity might not last long enough for her to do what could save her, knowing that it was only a tiny time of freedom from the ritual of fear and atonement.

Moyer was in, and she said panting, dissonant words to him, and he at last understood who it was and remembered her and said he would be over at once. She went to the window and banged it down. She bit the inside of her lip until blood came. She was walking slowly toward the window again when he knocked on the door. She stood very still. He knocked again. She turned toward the door. She opened it and saw his face as she tipped forward wildly and awkwardly into an echo chamber of darkness.

Awakening was long and slow. The senses reached out and interpreted. The thin, sour spice of hospital air. A soft bell that called a doctor's code. Chrome and canvas of the screens around the bed. Oblique light of the bedside lamp. Her own thin hand and a call button pinned to the sheet near it. She turned her enormously heavy head and saw Moyer sitting beside the bed with wise, heavy, expressionless face, sitting with endless, silent patience.

"How do you feel?" he asked softly.

"I'm very tired."

"They said I could wait. They said it was malnutrition and acute anxiety. Glucose for the malnutrition and a sedative for the anxiety. That's all, so don't worry, and the screens are here so we can talk. Do you feel like it? If you're too tired, just say so, and it can be another time, but I thought I would like to know. This is on my own time. Not official. I was going to stop in and see how you were getting along, because I knew that busi-

ness about the girl hit you hard, but I never did stop in. I told myself you'd gone on your vacation."

"I'm not too tired."

"I found a couple of notes there. You better tell me about it."

She told him about it. How it started, and about the car, and about the last note, not sparing herself in his eyes. He listened very gravely.

"So you got to where you thought it was your fault."

"Yes."

"But you know it wasn't."

"I know. I think my mind was . . ."

"Don't say that!" he said, his voice changing from the dead level tone of the other things he had said. "You starve yourself, and it does funny things to the way you think. And a woman like you . . . I mean alone and thinking too much and killing that girl, you don't want to start talking about your mind."

"But I was going to . . ."

"And you didn't. That is the thing to remember. That you didn't. My Lord, I know about fear, and I know about being alone. I wondered about you, and I should have stopped in. I'll pick him up."

She frowned, not quite understanding. "Him?"

"Isn't it obvious? She didn't have anybody else. Just that one she was living with. He fights with her, and she charges out into traffic and gets killed, so he killed her. I mean that was the answer, but he didn't want to face that. Maybe he loved her. Maybe sometimes the things that look cheap are not cheap at all. He couldn't face blaming himself, so it had to be you, and so he made himself believe you were at fault, and the police had let you go and it was up to him to take it into his own hands. Play God and keep after you, because nobody could get away with killing his girl. He was at the inquest. Maybe he followed you back to your place. He could watch you when you had to leave your apartment, and he could tell how it was wearing you down and tell by your voice when you answered the phone. Don't talk to me about *your* mind. It's *his* mind we should talk about. I'll pick him up. You should sleep now. Can you?"

"Oh, yes!"

"The intern says three days will be enough. I'll take you back to your place. My sister will stay with you there a couple of days. As long as you want her. She's a practical nurse."

"Why are you . . . doing all this?"

He stood up and frowned down at her. "Have a good sleep, Miss Renken."

When they released her, she leaned heavily on his arm on the way out to his car. His strength felt safe and good to her. His sister was in the car. Her name

was Ruth, and she had quiet eyes like his, and they drove back to the apartment. They ate together there in the apartment, and Ellen Renken learned the shy use of his first name, David, and heard the strange, good sound of Ellen on his lips.

While they were having coffee, David handed her the picture. She looked at the young face incredulously, at the weak, slightly vicious mouth. "This is . . . the one?"

"That's the one, Ellen."

"But I imagined he would be . . . very different." She felt strange. The picture had done what the reassurance of David's presence could not do. The apartment no longer looked alien and fearful to her, and she suddenly no longer dreaded the time when she would be alone in the apartment. This young boy was no one to fear.

Ruth said, "I better get these dishes done."

"I'll help."

"Tomorrow maybe I'll let you start to help, Ellen."

David Moyer said he had to report for duty. Ellen Renken went to the door with him. Ruth was rattling dishes briskly and humming to herself in the kitchen. David Moyer stood by the open door. Ellen looked at him, and she did not feel strained and shrill and awkward with this man. She felt no need to call upon a false arrogance with this man. He took her wrist, and he was the awkward one. She sensed the shyness in him, and the uncertainty. She moved into his arms with a quick grace that was new to her, lifting her mouth to his. She felt as if her blood moved warmer and faster, breaking a thousand brittle little dams, swirling away the crisp bits of those dams. His arms were warm and steady and safe. He looked at her for a moment, and she sensed that he had no words, not yet. He left. She went in and closed the door and leaned against it a moment. Her body felt alive, and she felt for the first time in her life that at this moment she must look beautiful, because he had told her in a wordless way that she was, and she felt that way at this moment.

Ruth came to the kitchen doorway with a dish towel in her hand. She looked at Ellen for several moments and then smiled in a quick, satisfied, conspiratorial way and went back into the kitchen, humming a hit louder than before.

THE END

**She put one leg over and hung  
poised while the whispered  
word echoed inside her head.**













# Wait for George

Sweet and gentle, she  
knew nothing about murder.  
She only waited

**BY ROBERT ABERNATHY**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

**W**e said Lyddie Hampton was queer in the head, that the shock of her husband's death had unbalanced her mind. But sometimes we wondered. Especially later on.

Everybody said, too, that what killed George Hampton was too much faith in human nature. Any fool could have seen the man called Bert was bad clean through, like a vicious kicked dog that will bite somebody the minute it thinks it's safe.

George used to keep the grocery store. People came there not only to buy staple groceries, patent remedies, and sundry household goods, but also to meet people, talk gossip or politics, or just talk. Mostly George ran the store by himself but Saturdays, when the farmers came in to trade,

*It was very still in the gloom. "Don't say anything to George when he gets home," she whispered to us.*



## Wait for George (continued)

"Lyddie's solved her problem," Doc said, "and

Lyddie came down to help him. If her husband had his hands full, she was brisk and efficient at taking care of customers, but if George was unoccupied, she would hesitate, murmuring, "I don't rightly know," and refer important questions about brands and prices to George's masculine knowledge. They were a happy couple.

That is not to say they never fell out. At intervals—once every two or three years, I guess—Lyddie neatly packed a suitcase for George, and George took a train for the city. Neither of them ever explained; but I think it was an arrangement they had worked out when they were first married. George would be gone a couple of days or a week; then a wire would come, and Lyddie would go down to the station. When George got off the train, carrying some extravagant tinsel-wrapped package, they would kiss right out on the platform, and walk home arm in arm.

Whenever George left town, we kids were delighted. We liked George all right. But while he was gone, Lyddie managed the store. The grownups said they couldn't see it made any difference, but we always found excuses to drop in. About this time Lyddie would discover that she had some candy or cookies or the like that weren't ever going to sell and might just as well be thrown out; and we were happy to lend a hand. That this was a secret from George made it the more interesting.

Being so young, I don't think we ever clearly understood why we were so welcome. Lyddie and George had no children of their own.

The man called Bert wandered in from he didn't say where—closemouthed, mean-eyed, and unfriendly; but it was a season when most young fellows were busy with farm work, so George hired him as summer help.

Two weeks later, in a warm August twilight, Bert pried the back door of the store open. When George came in the front way, gone back after closing for something he'd forgotten, Bert was trying to unlock the old-fashioned safe with a clumsy, homemade key he had made. They found the key, and they found the gun, too, with two shots fired from it. But they didn't find the killer.

In fact, they never did catch Bert.

When Dr. Barlow straightened up from examining the body, the sheriff, standing at his elbow,

said, "Somebody's going to have to tell her." The doctor felt them looking at him. He nodded, the lines around his mouth deepening, and turned up the darkening street to the rambling old house. The sheriff went with him, and Mrs. Whart, who went everywhere anything happened.

When she had heard, Lyddie went briefly white. She swayed, as if about to faint for the first time in her life. Then her back stiffened, and she turned swiftly from them, saying in a strained, strange voice, "Excuse me a minute. . . ."

They heard clinking noises from the kitchen, and then she reappeared, carrying a tray with a steaming teapot and cups.

She said in her own voice, "If it's anything important, you'd better talk to George. He's at the store, I guess, working late."

Mrs. Whart opened her eyes wide and then her mouth; but a look from the doctor froze her to the bone. They all sat and watched while Lyddie poured tea for them.

The next morning, Lyddie opened the store at the usual hour. It must have been very quiet there, in the gloom of the dusky, laden shelves. Finally, three of us youngsters plucked up courage enough to venture inside.

She said, "Hello, boys." Though we listened with awful intentness, we couldn't detect anything witchlike in her tone or in the way she looked at us, head a little on one side, as her habit was. We clutched one another's hands as she hustled past us to slide open a glass case. "You know, I've got some cupcakes here that nobody seems to want. They're just going to wrack and ruin. . . ."

Within easy reach of the door, I made a hero's effort and said, "ThankyouMrs.Hampton."

She put a finger on her lips in a familiar gesture. "Don't say anything to George when he gets home, will you now?"

We promised. Right then we were half-convinced George was on one of his trips to the city and would be coming in on the evening train.

Later I heard how Mrs. Whart and her church ladies descended on Dr. Barlow. "Doctor, we've talked it over ["I don't doubt it," said the doctor] and we think you're the one to do something. About Lydia Hampton. The poor woman's raving mad!"

"Has she bitten somebody?"



## I don't want anyone making trouble for her"

"It's nothing to joke about. It's a disgrace. She wouldn't listen to a word about the funeral, even. Why, when Mr. Whart passed away. I—"

"I know," the doctor grunted. "Poor Ed. He always hated being a public spectacle." He eyed the women thoughtfully. "Can't you see what Lyddie's done? She's solved her problem by just going on as if nothing had happened. Her make-believe world isn't the same as the one that most of us call the one and only real world, but maybe it's no worse for being different."

"You're shocked because instead of grieving she prefers to believe that George has only gone away for a while and she'll see him again soon. Well, what do *you* believe?"

The church ladies looked abashedly at one another. But Mrs. Whart returned to the attack. "All the same," she declared stoutly, "the people of this town owe it to themselves—"

"Would you say," inquired the doctor mildly, "that the people of this town also owe it to themselves to—ah—inform themselves as thoroughly as possible about their civic leaders?"

Mrs. Whart got red. "Doctor! You wouldn't—"

"Of course not," said the doctor. "But I certainly wouldn't want to hear of anybody making trouble for Lyddie."

Some thought the murderer, Bert, had lit out for the Far West. Others argued that he was hiding out in the country and might show up again. As it turned out, much later, they were right.

What happened when Bert came back nobody ever knew exactly—but I think I can picture how it must have been.

When Lyddie came home that evening there was dusk in the front hall. She didn't see the crouching figure until it was between her and the door. She drew in a sharp breath, but didn't waste it on screaming that wouldn't be heard outside the solid old house.

He jerked her purse out of her hand and spilled it open, searching. He smelled of the barns where he'd been sleeping; a dirty handkerchief hid the lower half of his face, but it was no disguise. He flung the purse down, scattering its contents.

"Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"The key. To the store safe."

"George," Lyddie said breathlessly. "He has it."

The man blinked at her. He wasn't surprised, though; the same bravado with which he'd entered the house by daylight must have enabled him to make inquiries in town, so he'd known something of Lyddie's story. Certainly he knew she was still running the store and keeping receipts, against the sheriff's cautiously worded advice, in the old safe at the store.

The eyes above the handkerchief turned sly. He said, "George sent me to get the key, Miz Hampton. He forgot it."

"He did no such thing!" Lyddie blazed scornfully. "And when he comes home, he'll fire you and run you out of town!"

"George ain't coming home." He took a step toward her, but she neither shrank back nor answered, seeming not to see him. His cunning sensed that he held a weapon. He repeated flatly, "George ain't coming home. He's dead. You hear me? *Dea—*"

"Stop it!" said Lyddie in a quaking voice. "The key—it's upstairs, in George's room. Take it and go away."

He grinned triumphantly. "Show me!"

Up the stairs, she led the murderer, to the bedroom that had been George's. The bed was fresh-made and the windows open to the western sun. She pointed to the roomy closet where George's suits hung, neatly pressed.

"It's in the pocket of the blue suit . . . no, the gray . . . one of them."

"Don't try and run," he growled. Clothes hangers protested tinnily as he began hunting.

Lyddie slammed the door hard. There was a racket of falling hangers and a crash against the panels. While he groped for the knob, Lyddie had already turned the key. She backed off a little and listened, her heart fluttering. Heavy thuds came from the closet. The door scarcely shook; it was solid oak, the kind you don't break down without an ax.

The noises stopped, and a shaken voice panted, "Miz Hampton?"

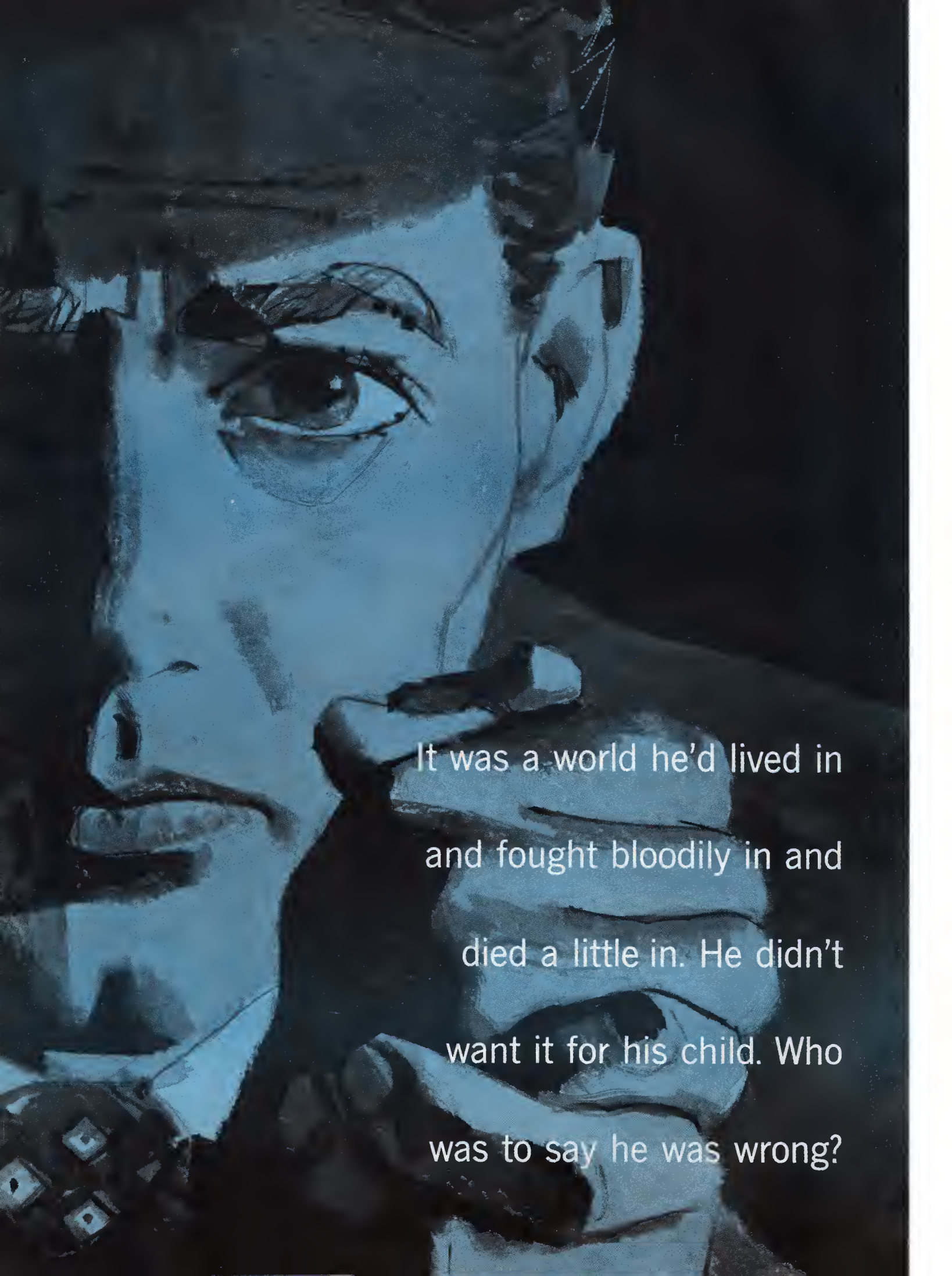
"Yes?" said Lyddie.

"What you going to do?"

"I . . . I don't rightly know," said Lyddie helplessly; then she brightened with confidence. "But George will know what's best. You can just stay there till George comes home."

THE END





It was a world he'd lived in  
and fought bloodily in and  
died a little in. He didn't  
want it for his child. Who  
was to say he was wrong?





# THE LAST BABY

BY KEN W. PURDY ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

Jack Crosby walked down the long hospital corridor toward the door. He was very tired, and that was all he could think about. He was tired right down to the floor.

He let the hospital door sigh quietly shut behind him. It was five o'clock, and the sky over the woods across the town was beginning to pink. He could hear a car coming up the hill. That would be the old man. The old man was one of those people you could count on.

Young Crosby grinned in spite of himself as the beat-up car shuddered to a stop at the hospital steps. The old man had a heavy foot. He opened the door and got in. His father had a pipe going, and the car reeked with the pungent stuff he smoked.

"Let me be the first of the five hundred

who'll say it," the old man said, grinning. "How does it feel to be a father?"

Jack shook his head. He didn't answer. Crosby senior looked at him for a minute, then shoved the car into gear.

"Let's go get some coffee," he said. "You look like you could use it, and I know I could."

"You made good time coming up."

"I did at that, didn't I? I kicked it right along." He grinned. "I sure like to drive on empty roads. I opened the cutout and tromped down on the gas, and the old boiler came right along. Showed seventy, once."

"There's a place on the next corner. Where that sign is."

They drank their coffee, and the old man ordered wheatcakes and sausage.

"You ought to eat something, Jack," he





"I know what's gnawing on you," the old man said.  
 "You're wondering when some joker will push the  
 wrong button and blow the whole thing to a cinder."

said solicitously. "Keep your strength up." He spilled more sugar in his coffee and stirred it energetically. "Since I retired, I eat more than ever. Hunting and fishing all the time, way I do, liable to sap a fellow's vitality." He drank noisily. "I went out with old Martinson yesterday. He had his new dog along, and he bragged about him all the way to Bell's Woods. So five minutes after we put him to work, he cut a rabbit trail, and it took Marty an hour to catch him. Time he came back, I had two cocks and a hen. Can't think when I enjoyed myself more."

Jack didn't smile.

"You haven't answered my question yet, you know," his father said. "Remember? I asked you how you felt about it all."

Jack smiled slowly. "I didn't answer because I didn't know," he said. "Of course, I was thinking mostly about Helen last night. I didn't think much about myself, or even about the baby."

"Odd it happened that way, when everything had been so fine all along," the senior Crosby said.

"Everything was just the way it should be, up till midnight. It happened just at midnight, and until two in the morning, it was fifty-fifty whether Helen would live, or the baby, either. Of course, they're both all right now, but it sure was close."

"Well, you ought to be happy about the whole thing, Jack," the old man said. "You have a son. Say it over to yourself a couple of times. 'I have a son.' Surprising, what it will come to mean to you. Having a son is one of the happiest things that ever come a man's way."

"That's the thing. . . . I don't feel happy about it. Now that it's over, now that they're both out of danger and I should feel great about everything . . . well, I just don't, that's all."

The old man waved his pipe impatiently. "Oh, that'll pass," he said. "You're just wrought up some, that's all. You're still shocked by the bad time you had last night. Almost losing Helen, and all, naturally you wouldn't be yourself right away."

Jack shook his head. "No, it isn't that. Sure, when they told me what had happened and how things might turn out, I was scared stiff. I wished to God we'd never decided to have a baby. But there was nothing I could do then, and it turned out all right, anyway."

Crosby senior put another match to his pipe. "Look, son," he said, "I wouldn't want this to come as a blow to you, but you aren't the first man to go through labor. And you aren't the first to feel let down afterward. You aren't even in the first billion. So, relax." He looked around for the waiter. "Where in blazes are those wheatcakes?" he muttered. "I'm sitting



here starving to death. Ah, here they come! About time, too."

The waiter set the heavy white dish before him piled up with six big flapjacks and put the platter of sausage beside it. The old man sniffed ecstatically.

"Waiter," he said, "bring another order of these, more sausage, too, and two more cups of coffee. My son here wants some, too."

"No, thanks, Dad, I'm not hungry, honest."

"You will be," the old man said. "Go ahead, waiter, bring another order." He doused syrup over the wheatcakes and reached for the butter.

"It just came over me, Jack," he said, "that I know what's gnawing on you. Like you say, it isn't the business last night. That's just in the ordinary way of things. What's got you down is this: you've been thinking that it's a hell of a world to bring a child into. You've been wondering if a man has a right to bring another baby into a world that's all fouled up with the atom bomb, and the Russians and us making faces at each other, and people shooting each other up in places you can't pronounce—just like they always have—and everybody wondering when some big-domed joker in a white coat will press the wrong button and blow the whole thing into a cinder. That's what's got you down, now isn't it?"

Jack Crosby nodded. "I guess so," he said. "Something like that. I never thought I'd feel that way. I remember Shorty McDonald—he was on the Sara with me, a good guy, too—he used to talk like that. He was never going to have any kids, he said. He said the human race should resign and let the insects take a crack at running the world."

"I wonder what he'd say now," the old man replied.

"He isn't around now," Jack told him. "He didn't quite make it back from a strike at Rabaul."

The old man sighed philosophically. "Too bad," he said. "Too bad." He looked up. "But you never felt that way, did you?"

"Not me. I was all for getting back, marrying Helen, and having five kids in a row."

"Sure. And now, just because a few long-hairs have discovered that uranium, or balonium, or whatever, makes more noise than TNT, you're ready to quit and resign from the human race."

Jack Crosby shook his head feebly. "It isn't just the damned atom bomb," he said. "That's just part of it. Everything is loused up—but everything. Look around. Where does it look good?"

"Looks good right here to me," the old man told him. "Nothing looks better to me than two wheatcakes about ready

to join four more inside me. They can blow it up when ready, as far as I'm concerned—only I'll tell you something, and this is a real secret, Jack: they aren't going to blow it up. That joker in the white coat *isn't* going to press the wrong button and turn all this real estate into a piece of burnt toast."

Jack Crosby grinned at his father. "Where do you get your dope?" he asked.

"Out of my head," the old man told him. "Where you ought to get yours. Don't mistake me, now. I'm not saying the atom bomb is a firecracker, something for boys to play with. I'm not saying that. I can read. I know what another war would be like, and I don't want any part of it. But I'm not going to hold my breath waiting for the first bomb. I got other things to do: birds to shoot, for one, and fish to catch, and sky to look at. And grandsons to see." He looked up. "Here's our friend with your wheatcakes. Here, you can have the rest of my butter. They need a lot of butter."

He watched his son eat for a bit. "You know, Jack," he said, "I was thinking: you've had a pretty fair time for thirty-six years, haven't you?"

"Sure. I've got no kicks coming. Why?"

"And you'd live those thirty-six years over again, wouldn't you? You'd just as

soon go back over that ground: the first fish you caught, the time you snagged that pass in the Dartmouth game, your first girl, the first time you found out how good a good book can be, and all the rest of it? You wouldn't want anybody to take that away from you?"

"I certainly wouldn't."

"Of course, you wouldn't, and nobody has the right—including you. You haven't the right to take it away from anybody else. You see what I mean?"

"I see what you mean," Jack said. "I get it."

"Feel better now?"

"Sure, I feel okay now. I guess I was stretched out a little thin before."

"Wheatcakes taste all right?"

"Sure, they taste fine. Just right."

"The fact that you were born on April 6, 1917, the day we went into World War I—that doesn't spoil the taste any? Doesn't make it seem kind of futile to eat 'em?" The old man was grinning now.

Jack grinned back. "Strange," he said, "but it doesn't seem to have any effect on the way they taste. They're still good."

The old man reached for the check. "Finish 'em up, then," he said, "and let's go back to the hospital. I want to get a look at that kid myself." THE END

Jack Crosby nodded. "I guess so," he said. "Something like that. I never thought I'd feel that way. I remember Shorty McDonald—he was on the Sara with me, a good guy, too—he used to talk like that. He was never going to have any kids, he said. He said the human race should resign and let the insects take a crack at running the world."

"I wonder what he'd say now," the old man replied.

"He isn't around now," Jack told him. "He didn't quite make it back from a strike at Rabaul."

The old man sighed philosophically. "Too bad," he said. "Too bad." He looked up. "But you never felt that way, did you?"

"Not me. I was all for getting back, marrying Helen, and having five kids in a row."

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**MONICA LANE**





for whitcomb

# TALENT SCOUT

**S**ensational new entertainers don't grow on trees, but here are five youngsters who have a good grip on the lower branches. They're all young, attractive, and cocky, and at a stage in their careers beyond The First Break but short of The Grand Slam. They've tackled their first audiences, have tux, and will travel. This is the time for people to love them in Waukegan, Topeka, and Spokane, the anxious, searching, exciting time before they're tapped for network television, New York musicals, movies for the sixty-foot screen.

Meanwhile, before the lightning strikes, the suspense is killing them. They realize, in a remote sort of way, that success may

not be all fun. They've heard about the fiends with fountain pens, the nervous breakdowns, the psychiatrists' couches, the vanishing paychecks in the upper-tax-bracket echelons. They've listened to the Old Stars' motto: It's Easier To Get There Than Stay There. But they're not paying much attention. All five are too busy Getting There. There are lines to study, scores to memorize, and agents to cultivate.

Show business, they have learned, is a battle of wits. As in war and love, no holds are barred. One girl told me it was no field for a lady-type lady. "All those knives sticking out of all those backs," she said, "make you stop and think. I

used the word *unfair* the other day in a phone call to my agent. He burst out laughing and guffawed for five minutes. I didn't dig it. So he explained—said it was a quaint, unheard-of word in this business." She looked serious. "Maybe I'll come to that eventually. But I wonder. . . . Do you *have* to knife them before they knife you?"

Whatever faces this quintet in the way of future bloodshed, they are full of ideals at this moment. Life is fascinating, and they're on the way up. We thought you'd like to meet them now, while they still have the stars in their eyes, and before it costs you \$7.20 for an orchestra seat.

**BLONDE FROM BOGOTA.** Foremost among the Lane assets, which are all spectacular, I'd rate her smile. This kind of grin is always described as "dazzling." Seen under the blazing spotlights of New York's Latin Quarter, where Monica is working, the smile and the adjective stand out on a stage full of other beautiful women. Like the smile, the rest of Monica is opulent. Miss Lane enjoys a shape with curves, also dazzling, and an appropriate soprano voice, round and fully packed. Her eyes are blue, her hair just misses being platinum-blonde, and she got the name Monica Lane by signing a contract.

Monica was born June Reimer in Bogota, New Jersey, population 7,000. After high school, she sang for Mr. Shubert, who liked blondes. He put her into a company of "The Student Prince," sing-

ing the second lead. Then she got a job in a Sigmund Romberg operetta, "My Romance," which lasted only ninety-five performances. After that, she sang in "Kiss Me Kate" for almost two years in New York and Chicago. When "Kate" closed, she went into "Three Wishes for Jamie." At this point, Miss Lane was still Miss Reimer. Then she met a successful singer whose act was billed as Cass Franklin and Monica Lane. Mr. Franklin had lost several partners in a row, and yearned for a stable arrangement. Two hundred girls turned up for the auditions. June got the job (she says she resembles a previous Monica) and signed for a three-year hitch. With his newest and most secure Monica, Franklin's act has been a smash hit since the merger. Although she hates housework, June-Monica is a recent bride. She mar-

ried a rising young RKO publicity man named John Springer, whose working day does not fit his wife's two shows a night. This situation is common in show business; Monica hasn't let it bother her. Occasionally she yearns to be thin like the clotheshorses in *Harper's Bazaar*, but her decisions to diet have never been more than halfhearted. "It's fun to eat, and singing makes you hungry," she explains. "I hate the word *lettuce*."

Monica's voice has been compared to Jeanette MacDonald's, which does not displease her. She would like to do more musical comedies. I asked her whether she signs her name *Lane* or *Reimer* for autograph hunters. "They expect *Lane*," she said, "so they get *Lane*. One of these days I'm going to haul off and write *Mrs. Springer*. Then watch their happy faces!"





**BILL MASSELOS**

**MASSELOS AND THE 33.** It was about nine in the evening, and most of the cocktail-party guests had left. Late stragglers, of which I was one, sat on a midtown penthouse terrace admiring the view. Lights were going out in the UN building, but the Chrysler tower and the Empire State Building still glowed to the south. Except for Debussy being played in the living room behind us, the night seventeen floors up was quiet. I turned to look at the pianist. I could see only his back, but I was struck by the powerful, caressing way he treated the piano, almost an attitude of worship. Then I realized that this was playing of the first rank, and the musician no casual cocktail-party hunt-and-peck performer. He finished "*La Cathédrale Engloutie*" and got up to say good night to the host. By sprinting to the door, I managed to wangle an introduction, and that was my first meeting with Bill Masseelos.

Since then I have heard him on radio

over CBS and on some records he has made for Columbia. For so young a man, his playing is sensationnally mature. Here's what one network executive thinks of his ability, an opinion by Oliver Daniel, producer-director in the music division of CBS radio: "Masseelos is no mere product of technical exuberance. Instead, he is one of the most subtle and perceptive pianists playing in public today."

Bill's full name is Aristovoulos Constantinos Masseelos. He was born in Niagara Falls to a Dutch girl, maiden name of Blankvoort, and a Greek father. Until he was nine, the family lived in Colorado Springs, where Bill gave his first public concert at the age of seven. In New York, he played for Dr. Frank Damrosch, who prescribed a musical education. For the next fourteen years, he attended Juilliard School of Music, making his Town Hall debut at eighteen. He's five feet eight and a half, has blue eyes and dark, curly

hair. His Greek friends think he looks Dutch, and his Dutch friends think he looks Greek. He has no interests outside of a concentrated passion for music. He has three Town Hall and two Carnegie Hall concerts under his belt, and he's played with Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. This month he has a date with Otto Klemperer and the Montreal Symphony in Canada.

He likes best modern composers like Ives, Weber, Hovhaness, and Cage. "A piano is more than just eighty-eight black and white keys," he points out. "It has strings to be whacked and plucked." As an example, he sent over a copy of "Achtamar," a composition for emancipated piano by Alan Hovhaness. On page five of this work the printed instructions read "*Allegro* (imitating the kanoon and oud)." Bill promised to show me how to play it. You reach over the music rack and whack the strings with a stick.



**CANNY CANARY.** The Felicia Sanders story starts with what she calls "the dress bit." When she began work at the Blue Angel night club in New York, she had twenty-four hours' notice, no time to get clothes. She worked in her only dress, severe and black with a plain white collar. The critics liked her, compared her to Piaf. They all mentioned the dress—so simple, so unaffected. Said management: the dress stays. So for six months Felicia sang in it, alternating with a spare run up to look like the first one.

Her Blue Angel job was the direct result of one of those baffling surprises in show business. Last winter Felicia sang the vocal in a Percy Faith recording for Columbia of "The Song from Moulin Rouge." By midsummer, sales passed the million mark. Felicia was in demand. She was also in doubt, with no idea of what type of singing she wanted to do. When she went to work in the black dress she had no act ready, no

style of her own, no special aims. After her run at the club, she decided to analyze the market, find out what people would like to hear, then let them have it.

She went home to California and took inventory. Assets: a rich, warm voice, crystal-clear diction, dark hair, and a sultry, South Mediterranean beauty. What would an audience expect of that combination? An emotion, obviously; it would like to be deeply moved. Suddenly Felicia began concentrating on song lyrics as well as the music. She felt that words might be as important as the tune in creating emotion. With new emphasis on the story part of her songs, Felicia made more recordings and played an encore at the Blue Angel. It was a new edition of Sanders, far more exciting, and sexier. I have been playing a couple of her new records as I write this, "People in Love Can Be Lonely" and "How Did He Look?" an old torch ballad that

comes to life the way Felicia does it. Her voice flows out of the loud-speaker and sits on your lap. A record executive told me, "That girl has discovered the secrets of the top colored singers. It's amazing to hear a white woman sing with that kind of wallop." I see what he means. She has a quality that leaves no man within earshot unmoved.

A singer whose voice requires no amplification by mike, Felicia knows she could conquer a Broadway show. In the meantime, Mitch Miller, talent impresario at Columbia Records, has big plans for her. He feels that she is going to be a big star for The Long Pull rather than the Flash in Pan-type of career. Watch for her recording of "Melancholie" and "Embrassez-moi." She says, "Those lyrics bug me." Married to an ex-actor, Felicia has a six-year-old son and a happy home life. But her love affairs with millions of other males, by way of those plastic platters, promise to burn indefinitely.

*(continued)*

**FELICIA SANDERS**





## TALENT SCOUT (continued)



**JO HURT**

**TURBO-JET BLONDE.** When Jo Hurt came up to pose for her picture, she was limping. "Tangled with an Indian last night, final performance of 'Annie Get Your Gun.' Not sure just how, but I landed in the orchestra pit all fouled up in a blanket. Broke the lamp on the piano when I lit. Nothing like these summer theatres to cripple a girl all up." She sank into a chair. "And this isn't the first time. Guess what happened when I did 'Best Foot Forward.' Broke my foot. Dance partner, apprentice, dropped me in a lift. I sure gave him hell. Why can't people be professionals? If you can't do it right, don't do it—that's my position."

I asked her if she preferred working in night clubs. "I like everything but the smoke," she said. "Ever try to sing in a thick smog? I've been in the Blue Angel and the Ruban Bleu. Both smoky. But wonderful experience, if you want to be

a comedienne. I sang old off-beat show tunes—I'm not a current pop-hit chan-toozy. I write my own special material, parodies and stuff." I told her I admired her singing of "Zip!" for an LP recording of the "Pal Joey" score.

Then we did a little serious digging into the Hurt past, beginning with New York City, where she was born Josephine Dignes to Irish-Norwegian parents. She grew up in Provincetown, Massachusetts. At three, she did a dance onstage at the Wharf Theatre, a building no longer visible since the hurricane of 1938. Her voice developed into a powerful contralto, which landed her in the wartime New Guinea-Philippines company of "Oklahoma!" Jo auditioned for the role in New York, and she suspects now that the Theatre Guild was fetched not so much by her winning ways as by her strategy in the wardrobe department—she wore a red dress, red hat, and red

boots. "That floored 'em," she says. Then the Pacific floored her. She came back with jungle rot, which does nothing dandy for a girl's complexion.

Since then, she has been learning her business in night clubs and on the stage. She had a part called Sister Mister as Shirley Booth's daughter in "The Cradle Will Rock"; took over for Elaine Stritch in "Angel in the Wings"; understudied Pamela Britton in "Brigadoon," and got a chance to step in for a month when Miss Britton went on vacation. Recently she has appeared in musicals for the St. Louis Municipal Opera, the Lambertville Music Circus, the Berkshire Playhouse, and the Washington Festival. She has eyes the color of Lake Louise, stands five-feet-eight in her nylons, and has a close-fitting cap of blonde hair. I asked her what she wanted from Heaven and she said, "A musical on Broadway, silly—I'll slay 'em!" Any bets?



**TACOMA BARITONE.** My first encounter with Washington's contribution to the musical stage was brief. Friends dropped in at my place in Connecticut for a Sunday call, and with them was a tall sandy-haired young man who shook hands and promptly vanished. Somebody said, "He's poking around the woods." He was. An hour later, Bob Shaver reappeared in the living room with a load of unfamiliar-looking blossoms. "Bet you didn't know you have orchids," he said. Well, they're almost orchids, if you consider the lady's-slipper a cousin. I had never seen them before, but then I never had the advantage of growing up among the educational flora of the Northwest. (The Shaver interests include practically anything sponsored by Mother Nature, from wild flowers to horses, of which he owns two, both eating hay back in Tacoma.)

By the Sunday he found orchids in Connecticut, Bob had spent a season singing with Tex Beneke's band. He prepped for this by snagging a B.A. in music at Washington State College. In

the two years since, he has been polishing up some sturdy vocal cords and clipping some flattering notices. Like Jo Hurt, his early trials have been run in summer theatres. For eight weeks, he sang the lead opposite Carol Bruce in "One Touch of Venus." He worked out in "Best Foot Forward" with Joan Bennett and Debbie Reynolds, followed by the lead in a citronella-circuit production of "Allegro."

For a comparative beginner, the Shaver personality is already hypnotizing the press. Sample reviews—Chicago *Herald-American*: "Bob Shaver gave a magnificent interpretation in 'Allegro.'" Binghamton *Sun*: "Bob Shaver is as likable as the guy next door and much more interesting." Baltimore *News-Post*: "Bob Shaver is a blond boy who makes all the girls' hearts go pitter-pat."

Matinee idols, junior grade, have to be prepared for this sort of thing. And when working in barns, arenas, and other quaint repositories of the drama, you have to be prepared for other hazards,

too. In order of malevolence, Shaver says, these are dogs, moths, and bats. Patrons can be peculiar, too. Once, waiting for a cue at the head of a circular-arena aisle, he was startled by a woman who rushed out of the powder room and grabbed him by the arm. "Be careful!" she hissed. "I think you're swell, but look out for that girl you just married. She's going to get you into lots of trouble!"

Statistics for debutantes: Bob is six feet tall, with brown eyes and freckles. Under the Walden label, an album of Cole Porter songs is available with Shaver vocals, including "I've Got You on My Mind" and "After You, Who?" (Mr. Porter's favorite song), neither of which has been recorded before. Mr. Porter's opinion of Bob's singing: "Great style."

Bob has modest plans. Merely wants to star in his own Broadway show. After making this announcement, he looked thoughtful. "Or should I mention my *real* ambition?" he asked. "In that case, put down farming. I want Arabian horses and a herd of Jersey cows." **THE END**



**BOB SHAVER**





**D**ining in or dining out, wine makes the meal—if you know how to choose the *right* one! Behind all the snobbish double talk and baffling labels is a simple key to buying the best wines and knowing in advance just how each one will taste



# THE FACTS ABOUT ENJOYING WINE

BY S. S. FIELD

Ask any one of our citizens if he has ever heard of Cyd Charisse, Marilyn Monroe, or a boy known as Eddie, last name Fisher. He will look at you as though you were wearing mashed potatoes on your head. Everyone knows all about women and song. But what about wine? Ask the same citizen if he has ever heard of Cabernet, and he will probably reply that Hazel's Drive-In is the only night club he knows of in these parts. Yet Cabernet is a celebrated name in the aristocracy of wines.

Our ignorance about wines and the art of enjoying them is one of the secret scandals of the civilized world. If what follows succeeds in lifting a few spirits toward the Olympus of artful living, we may rightfully raise a glass to the lyrical qualities of fine wines.

Our objective is simple—to give you the fundamental facts about wine. Once you have mastered them, you will be able to walk into a store and buy a first-class wine, asking for it by name and anticipating its individual qualities. In a restaurant, you will be able to select the perfect wine to complement your meal. Since, among civilized peoples, most wine is consumed with food, we will concern ourselves with table wines. They are usually dry, to accompany main-course dishes.

## Best-Known Types of Table Wines

The five best-known table-wine types are Claret and Burgundy (red wines) and Sauterne, Rhine wine, and Chablis (white wines). They are known as *generic* wines. Most red and white table wines are simply variations on these five main themes. But because of the differences in the grapes used and in the vint-

ners' blending methods, skill, and standards of quality, they differ widely in character and merit.

Since the taste of a wine is largely determined by the grape, the practiced wine buyer is interested in knowing what grapes were used in making the wine he is about to purchase.

If more than fifty-one per cent of the wine's volume is derived from a single type of grape, the label will bear the name of that grape. For example, a label may bear the name *Cabernet*, indicating the wine was made principally from the Cabernet grape, which is used in making an excellent Claret. But how will you know just by the grape name on the label what type you are buying—Claret? Burgundy? or what? And how will it taste—sweet? tart? And how good is it? And what about the fact that even some medal-winning wines are labeled simply with one of the five *type* names. Read on. You're on your way to becoming a connoisseur.

## The Red Table Wines

Most of the red table wines are completely dry. They have a rich, sometimes tart or even astringent flavor that blends admirably with red meats, game, and highly seasoned food. The most popular dry red table wines are Burgundy and Claret. Other dry red types worthy of your table are simply subtle variations of these two. All red table wines should be served at room temperature.

*Claret* wines are the world's leading mealtime wines. They are dry, tart, light- or medium-bodied wines, a ruby-red color. Order simply "a glass of red wine" with your meal in the smallest of civilized bistros, and you will be served Claret—

clean, fragrant, wryly titillating. The most notable Claret is made from the famous Cabernet grape. Next in fame is the Zinfandel grape; third, the Mourestel grape. Any one of these grape names on a bottle indicates Claret.

*Burgundy* is the name attached to a family of generous, full-bodied, dry red table wines. They are stronger in flavor, body, and bouquet and of a deeper red color than Clarets. The best Burgundy is made principally from a grape called the Pinot Noir. Next is the Gamay grape, and the Petit Sirah grape is ranked third. Take your time studying the labels. You now know that any of these three grape names on a bottle means a fine Burgundy. And don't neglect to try a bottle labeled simply *Burgundy*. Do a little tasting on your own, and you'll discover some delicious wines.

## The White Table Wines

These wines range from dry and tart to sweet and full-bodied. Their delicate flavor blends best with white meats, fowl, and sea foods. They should always be served nicely chilled, though never frigid. White wines differ from red wines in a very significant way. Most white wines are fermented from the juice alone, which is drawn off from the grapes immediately after they are crushed. Because of this, white wines have little of the astringency that red wines get from the tannin contained in the grapes' skins and seeds.

*Sauterne* is traditionally a blend of three great grapes—Semillon, Sauvignon Blanc, and Muscadelle. For a very sweet Sauterne, the grapes are allowed to get overripe, producing a secondary mold, and this results in a higher sugar content.



# WINE (continued)

lending Sauternes distinctive character. Sauterne is produced here in variations of dry and sweet.

*Rhine wine* is the popular type name applied to a variety of thoroughly dry, light-bodied white table wines of pale golden color or slightly greenish hue. The noblest of all Rhine wines is made from a grape called the Johannisberger Riesling or White Riesling. A good second choice is the Sylvaner grape; third is the Traminer grape. One of these names on a bottle means Rhine wine. Fine imported and domestic wines labeled simply "Rhine wine" are abundant and worthy of a connoisseur's note.

*Chablis* superficially resembles Rhine wine, but it is more delicate and less tart and has a fruitier flavor and body. The greatest of Chablis wines are traditionally made from Pinot Chardonnay and Pinot Blanc grapes. A good third choice is the Folle Blanche grape. Fine Chablis are also sold simply under the type name Chablis. The distinguishing characteristic of a good Chablis is a much prized flinty flavor known in France as *pierre à fusil*: gunmetal.

Most of the table wines you will buy are made from two leading families of grape variations. One is of European origin. The other is native American.

Nearly all our California and other western-state wines are made from the European grape varieties. Nearly all of our Eastern wines are made from a relatively few strains of native American grapes and some newly developed hybrids. Some of the New York State wines are labeled by the type names *Chablis* or *Rhine* or *Sauterne*, but there is a growing tendency to drop these Old World type names and label these fine wines by grape names.

Eastern *red* wines, identified by the name of their principal grape, rank in the following order: Isabella, Norton, Baco, and Ives.

Eastern *white* wines, identified by the name of their principal grape, rank in this order: Delaware, Elvira, Diana, Catawba, Dutchess, Iona, Vergennes, and Niagara. Wines with these grape names are grown almost exclusively in the eastern United States.

Each one of these truly distinctive Eastern wines has its individual and special flavor. Keep a "cellar notebook." Try these wines and write down sweet, dry, light, or tart, or whatever.

Other popular and highly drinkable table wines that cannot be fairly classified as one of the five basic types are: Chianti, Charbono, Grignolino, Rose,

Muscat Frontignan, Muscat light, and White Chianti. Here, too, the cellar notebook is valuable. As you experience each wine, carefully note its characteristics and quality. Enter this information, together with its price, the name of the winery, etc., in your notebook.

## Storing Your Wine

The most important requirement of a good wine cellar or storage place is an even temperature. The ideal is between 55 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Extremes of cold or heat are equally injurious to table wines, and they should never be stored in a place where the temperature may go above 70 degrees or below 45.

Your wines should rest in a clean, reasonably dry, ventilated place that is free from vibration. You can store your bottles on ready-made metal racks, which are obtainable in honeycomb sections. Built-in wooden shelves, with crosspieces in front to cradle the bottlenecks, are equally satisfactory.

White wines should be stored in the lowest bins of a wine rack, because it is coolest there, and the red wines stored above them.

One of the virtues of a wine cellar is that wines improve as they age in the bottle. But if you keep your wines a very long time, there are a few things you ought to know.

How long will wine improve? Most table wines are best when consumed fairly young, and they may even lose quality when stored longer. They reach their peak of maturity when several months old. But some fine table wines improve steadily when stored for years. The reds are generally much longer-lived than the white table wines. And each individual wine ages differently, another reason for your keeping a cellar notebook.

When you keep wines for years, you should expect a sediment, crust, or film to deposit on the sides or bottoms of the bottles. The deposit is harmless, but for appearance' sake, the wine should be poured slowly and steadily to avoid disturbing the sediment.

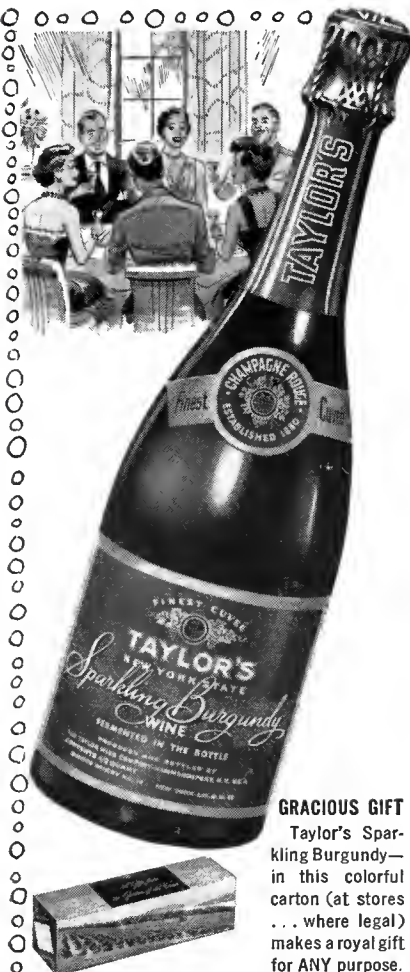
## Which Wines with What Food

The rules that prescribe what wine to serve with what food are simple and based entirely on taste, not form.

Red table wines go best with red meat or game, because their strong, tart flavors give the savor of perfection to roast or steak or chop. The more delicate dry white wines go best with white meats and fish. In greater detail and with plenty of latitude:

*With oysters:* Chablis is the long-recognized wine of wines with oysters. Any of the good Chablis-type varieties are excellent here—Pinot Blanc, Folle Blanche. Also a dry Rhine wine.

*With soups:* Dry Sherry or Madeira, preferably with a clear soup—meat stock or turtle—which may be seasoned with



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the same wine that is being served.

*With fish:* Almost any dry white wine. Rhine wine is especially excellent. Also Chablis or Sauterne. Almost anything goes, but not too sweet.

*With red meat or game:* Burgundy or Claret. Any dry red table wine is appropriate.

*With fowl:* For white meat, the same wines as with fish. For dark meat, either white or red wine.

*With desserts:* Any sweet dessert wine, Sauterne or Champagne. The sweetness of the wine should always exceed that of the dessert.

*With cheeses:* Port or Burgundy.

*With nuts:* Port.

*With coffee:* Brandy in balloon glasses; sweet liqueurs for the ladies.

*After dinner:* Brandy or Port. In Colonial days, it was Madeira.

Good wine is sensitive. It loves tranquillity. It should be disturbed as little as possible in storage and in transit from cellar to wineglass. This is particularly true of red wines and of all old wines.

Do not decant a good wine: its bottle, too, has character, and decanting smacks of ostentation.

A red wine should be uncorked a few minutes before serving. Wipe the lip of the bottle with a napkin, pour slowly. The wineglass for table wines should be stemmed and full-bellied. It should be half- or less than half-filled, to allow room for the spirit of the wine.

When more than one wine is served, the glasses are arranged to the right of one's place, with the water goblet on the left, the large glass for the principal wine coming next, and so on in descending order. Sweet dessert wines are served in moderate-sized glasses.

There are three simple rules covering the service of more than one wine with a meal:

*Never serve a red wine before a white wine.*

*Never serve a Burgundy before a Claret.*

*Never serve a sweet wine before a dry wine.*

"White ere red, steady head; red ere white, one hell of a night."

To truly enjoy a deserving table wine, go light on the cocktails, or serve a dry Sherry or a dry Vermouth with a drop of bitters.

Do not serve hors d'oeuvres that have a vinegar base. Vinegar is the mortal enemy of wine.

And no wine with salad, if vinegar is used in the dressing. Substitute lemon juice for vinegar, if there is likely to be a conflict.

Jelly and mint sauce are ruinous to the flavor of any wine.

And finally, forgo smoking, if you can, until after the meal.

Remember, your wine has waited long for its solitary hour of justification. And the justification is your own ability to appreciate it.

THE END

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# *Has Science Found*

In the strange world of the enzyme, a chemical substance in the body, may lie the answer to the mystery of tooth decay, cancer—and even life itself

BY ROBERT L. HEILBRONER

Several months ago in a Boston hospital, a rather astonishing birth took place. No one who was not in the know would have found it especially dramatic: the baby was healthy, the delivery was uneventful, the mother was immediately reported as doing fine. The real astonishment attached to the father. For the father of the baby was sterile—at least by the harsh dictates of nature, he was doomed to childlessness.

Harold C. had a rare condition that made him inherently incapable of fertilizing the ovum. Though he was a perfectly normal husband otherwise, his sperm cells lacked a vital ingredient necessary to enter the thin membrane that surrounds the egg. And then a substance named hyaluronidase gave to Harold C. the power of fertility.

About the same time as the miracle in Boston, a spindly, sickly little girl named Dorothy was brought into a city hospital in New York. Dorothy suffered from a painful leg, swollen and infected, which was seemingly intractable to home medication. The doctors understood why: this was osteomyelitis, a dread bone disease that all too often called for operation after operation, after which it would again stubbornly reappear. The trouble with osteomyelitis was that surgeons could never be sure they had removed all the infected bone. There was always another center

of infection that escaped the cleansing knife. The outlook for Dorothy was summed up in the grim remark: "Once osteomyelitis, always osteomyelitis."

And then a substance with the unpronounceable double name of streptokinase streptodornase gave Dorothy substantial hope that her osteomyelitis had been removed once and for all.

And even before the Boston and the New York health stories came to light, an odd experiment was going on out at Northwestern University's Dental College. Students who came in for free dental treatment were given a tooth paste with a new ingredient in it. They were told to brush their teeth with it every morning and evening in the regular way and then to report back for examination in a week. When they returned, they were given a sugar solution and told to rinse their mouths with it, after which an odd-looking electrical apparatus measured the acidity on the surfaces of their teeth. Those students who had not used the new tooth paste watched as a dial showed a high degree of acidity on the enamel surfaces of their teeth; those who had used the new dentifrice saw the dial swing to a low acidity rating.

Not very exciting after the sterility cure and the banishment of osteomyelitis? Well, due to that new tooth paste ingredient, we mortals may finally be freed

of that most ubiquitous and most bothersome of civilized man's ills, tooth decay.

All these seemingly unrelated bits of good news are highlights of a new miracle in medicine. It is not a wonder drug, not a medicine, not a cure. Rather, it is the applied use of a group of substances called enzymes, whose amazing properties point to such visionary but not impossible future medical achievements as:

A cure for cancer.

The ability to change one's skin color.

A brand-new attack on schizophrenia.

A brake on that universal disease called "growing old."

## **Enzymes Control Our Lives**

Fantastic? Not necessarily. For while enzymes have been known for a hundred years, only recently have scientists fully recognized the many-faceted role they play in human life. One biochemist gave an idea of their influence on our lives. "How important are enzymes?" he said. "Well, we can't draw a breath, we can't move a muscle, we can't think—we can't even die—without calling on one, ten, or a thousand enzymes. In fact, life itself seems to be best described (I don't say *explained*) by calling it a series of enzyme-controlled reactions."

What are these astonishing enzymes?

They are substances that exist in every living being, from man to mushroom.



# *a New Miracle?*

They are chemical substances—huge protein molecules, actually—and they can be found within every living cell in your body, from the hair on your arm to the cells of your heart. Their special role in the functioning of a living organism is to accelerate chemical change. Call to mind *any* process that occurs in life—breathing, moving, digesting, growing, even thinking—and biochemists will tell you it is triggered and controlled by enzyme molecules.

How, for example, does a firefly light up? By means of an enzyme, called luciferase, that makes it possible for the firefly to convert his food into light. Take away the luciferase, and the firefly goes out like a disconnected lamp. How does a snake kill a man? By means of enzymes in its venom. Take the enzymes out of the snake venom, and you could safely apply it to an open cut. How does an electric eel hurl its charge? By means of enzymes packed into its tail (we have traces of the same enzyme in our own nerve cells) that convert the eel's food into electrical energy.

Or take something a good deal closer to home. How do you change the sandwich you eat for lunch into muscle, bone, eyes, brains, and all the other parts of your body, which are constantly being renewed? Again, enzymes do the trick. An enzyme in your mouth converts the starch of the bread into sugar (that's why dry bread sweetens in the mouth). Enzymes in your stomach break down the proteins into simpler chemicals that can be used by your body. Enzymes in your intestines work still further on digesting your sandwich—and then, once your ham on rye has been turned into very unappetizing chemicals called peptones and peptides and amino acids and has entered your blood stream in this form, other enzymes, in your muscles, your nerves, your toenails, and everywhere else, take these simple chemicals out of the blood stream

and rapidly recombine them into living matter.

Exactly how the enzyme molecules perform this dismantling and reconstruction job we do not clearly understand. We only know that we are close to the frontiers—the chemical frontiers—of life itself, and that something about the enzyme molecule makes the chemistry of life take place. Just to give you an idea of the enormous chemical efficiency they wield, compare these facts: in a laboratory, when a chemist wants to break down the protein in ordinary egg white, he has to boil the egg white in concentrated acid for *twenty* hours; in your stomach, a group of enzymes do the same thing at body temperature in the short space of time between meals!

## **How They Work Is a Mystery**

But while we are still far from comprehending exactly how enzymes perform their miracles of life, we have begun to apply their magical powers to problems of human health. Take that universal human ill called "growing old." Why do we grow old? Microbes don't. There is absolutely no way of telling the great-great-grandfather of a brood of microbes from his latest offspring, and if its food were plentiful, there is reason to think that a single microbe would be immortal. Then why aren't humans?

The answer lies in the outcome of a macabre race that is run in the tissues of our bodies, a race between the enzymes that carry on the process of life and those that work toward death. Every single part of us is built of cells, and every single cell is constantly in the process of being torn down and then rebuilt. When we finally do die, no matter what the cause of death, the breaking-down enzymes finally gain the upper hand over the building enzymes. *Rigor mortis* is nothing but an enzyme reaction in the muscles after death, and even the

slow decomposition of a corpse could not take place if there were not enzymes to produce it. The strange fact is that we harbor within ourselves the seeds of our own destruction.

Microbes, like human beings, wage this internal race between life-enzymes and death-enzymes. But microbes are much simpler in structure. Our more complicated bodies tend to get out of balance and to run downhill. If we could learn to control our own enzyme processes—to bolster the building-up enzymes and retard the breaking-down ones—we might look forward, if not to immortality, at least to a longer, revitalized span of later years.

And we know that we *can* control our enzyme processes.

Let's turn back from the exciting but still distant prospect of slowing down old age to the less glamorous but highly annoying fact that every year or so your dentist is likely to straighten up and give you the unpleasant news that you have acquired a new cavity in your upper left bicuspid. Why do we get cavities? Most dental researchers believe cavities are formed by the action of acid on the enamel surfaces of your teeth. But how does the cavity-forming acid get there in the first place?

Out at Northwestern University, a bald, mild-spoken professor of dental chemistry named Leonard S. Fosdick decided to look into this question. What he found was this: in every normal mouth there are billions of bacteria, living on the food we eat and doing us no harm. But Dr. Fosdick found a strange thing. The bacteria produce an enzyme that turns part of the starches and sugars we eat into an acid that attacks the teeth. Dr. Fosdick knew that the American public wasn't going to change its eating habits, and he realized it was fruitless to try to get rid of the bacteria in the mouth when virtually every breath we draw brings in a fresh batch. So he decided to attack





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## Has Science Found a New Miracle? (continued)

the acid-forming process at its weakest link—the acid producing enzyme itself.

If he could find an antienzyme, Dr. Fosdick reasoned, he could halt the complicated chemical chain that began with harmless sugar and ended with corrosive acid. A call went out for enzyme inhibitors, and over four hundred compounds were tried. What Dr. Fosdick was looking for was something nonpoisonous, colorless, and tasteless that would nip an enzyme reaction in the bud.

### Antienzymes Halt Tooth Decay

And he found it. In fact, he found a number of compounds that would do the trick. Two were particularly successful: sodium dehydroacetate and sodium-N-lauroyl sarcosinate. Dr. Fosdick made up a tooth paste with these substances incorporated in it and gave it to his guinea-pig students to brush their teeth with. Lo and behold, when these students rinsed their mouths with a sugar solution, the corrosive acid failed to form! The acid-producing enzyme had been blocked. The final results of a mass research program are still incomplete, but after nine months of testing on several thousand mouths it was found that fewer than ten per cent of subjects using antienzyme tooth paste developed a dangerous acidity level, compared with over half of those not using the antienzyme tooth paste. Already, two pharmaceutical companies, Lambert Pharmacal Company and Colgate's, are putting Dr. Fosdick's antienzyme substances into their dentifrices. Thus, blocking an enzyme reaction may well send a practically universal ailment of mankind the way of such other one-time ills as diphtheria and typhoid fever.

But tooth-decay prevention is only a minor segment of the medical vistas opened up by enzyme research. Remember the substance called hyaluronidase that was used to give fertility to Harold C.? That, too, is a result of our growing knowledge of enzymes. Hyaluronidase—or HYA, as it is called—is an enzyme with the peculiar property of being able to permeate tissue, such as the surface of a human ovum. It has been called the "spreading enzyme" because of this property. Applied to the thin arm of a sick child, for example, it allows huge quantities of intravenously fed nutrients to spread rapidly without causing swellings or painful blockages near the point of entry. Introduced into certain anesthetics, it causes them to spread out with amazing rapidity, so that a smaller quantity of anesthetic will go to work sooner and last longer. Injected into patients with excruciating kidney stones, HYA helps dissolve the gluey substances that bind the

stones together and helps prevent new stones from forming. In one hospital test, twenty-one out of twenty-four "hopeless" sufferers from kidney stones were put on their feet after HYA treatment.

Still another enzyme discovery went to work in the case of Dorothy, who had osteomyelitis. Streptokinase and streptodornase, called SK and SD for short, are enzymes produced by medical magic from one of the most dangerous germs we know: the streptococcus germ. But far from being lethal themselves, they have another of those odd properties of enzymes. They dissolve pus and clotted blood!

Hence they can be used to *clean* wounds. In the case of Dorothy, SK-SD literally liquefied the tiny almost invisible specks of pus and blood that prevented antibiotics from reaching her infected bone. For the first time it was possible to achieve a truly clean bone and thus to eliminate the hidden centers of infection that had hitherto made osteomyelitis so intractable to total cure.

Note that SK-SD is not a healing medicine. Rather it is a cleanser, an organic liquefier, that dissolves the debris interfering with the healing process. But when the body has a clear field in which to carry out its own reconstruction operations, healing is vastly speeded up.

In the case of operations that necessarily left large wounds, it often took three to six months to effect a proper wound closure. With SK-SD to clear the decks, the healing period has been reduced, in some cases, to as little as two weeks. A patient was recently admitted to a hospital with a knife wound that had penetrated to his lung. Most of the cavity of one lung was filled with a clotted mass of blood. Under normal conditions, it would have taken months for the body to absorb the blood and by this time the lung might have been permanently impaired. An injection of SK-SD liquefied the mass in a matter of *hours* and allowed it to be drained away easily.

Among the hopes for the near future are enzymes that will liquefy burnt tissue while leaving healthy tissue unharmed. This is already in the laboratory testing stage. Researchers are working, too, with enzymes that will attack such ailments as poison ivy, high blood pressure, tuberculosis, rheumatic ills, pneumonia. And in the back of their minds are even more grandiose goals.

Cancer, for example, is today regarded by many as an enzyme disturbance. In cancer, the life forces rather than the death forces get out of hand. Cancer cells go on wildly multiplying. Somewhere in this murderous expansion there must be



an enzyme reaction, and cancer researchers are turning in large numbers to the tracking down of such a process. In Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles, Dr. Henry H. Henstell believes cancer cells lack an enzyme brake, and he is experimenting with substances that might provide such a brake. At the University of Utah, Dr. Stanley Marcus is following a different tack: he believes cancer cells may secrete a spreading enzyme that enables them to invade other body cells with ease, and he is working with an antienzyme to block this spreading process. At the Brooklyn Veterans' Hospital, Dr. Ernest Borek, an authority on body chemistry, will tell you, "There is really no such single thing as 'cancer research.' There are only dozens of separate investigations into the central problem of why some cells—the cancerous ones—run amuck. Obviously, something is wrong with their enzyme balance. A good many of us feel the road to a complete understanding of cancer lies in the study of these vital enzyme processes."

All this is still in the experimental stage. Scientists have not yet isolated a cancer enzyme or enzymes. But there is hope that they will, and that we will then be able to check, or even cure, cancer with an antienzyme. And beyond the cancer problem lie even more enticing goals. One researcher, Dr. Winifred Ashby, has determined that an enzyme called carbonic anhydrase appears in significantly greater quantities in normal individuals than in schizophrenics. Perhaps someday schizophrenics will go to an enzymanalyst rather than a psychoanalyst! Another researcher has determined that production of melanin, the skin-coloring agent of our bodies, is also dependent on an enzyme reaction. Will enzyme research someday answer the color problem?

#### The Answer to Life Itself?

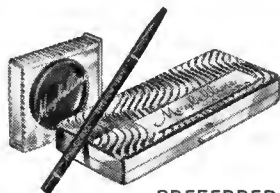
All this lies well into the future. In the meantime, enzymes will be applied to smaller problems of health—tooth decay, the cleansing of infection, the relief of kidney stones, and many other such ills. But these "smaller" problems loom large enough to excite most of us and to make enzymes here and now one of the most important advances medicine has made in the last decade. And for the long run, we might listen to the words of Dr. David Green, one of the great authorities in the field. "How long the study of enzymes will take, where it will take us, we cannot know. But among all the substances isolated in this quest for the fundamental substances of life, none show hope of being more rewarding than the enzymes."

THE END

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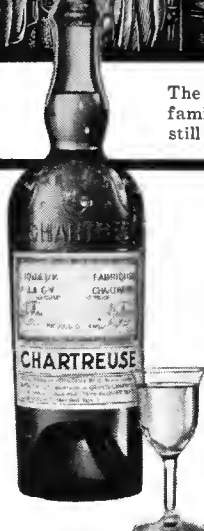
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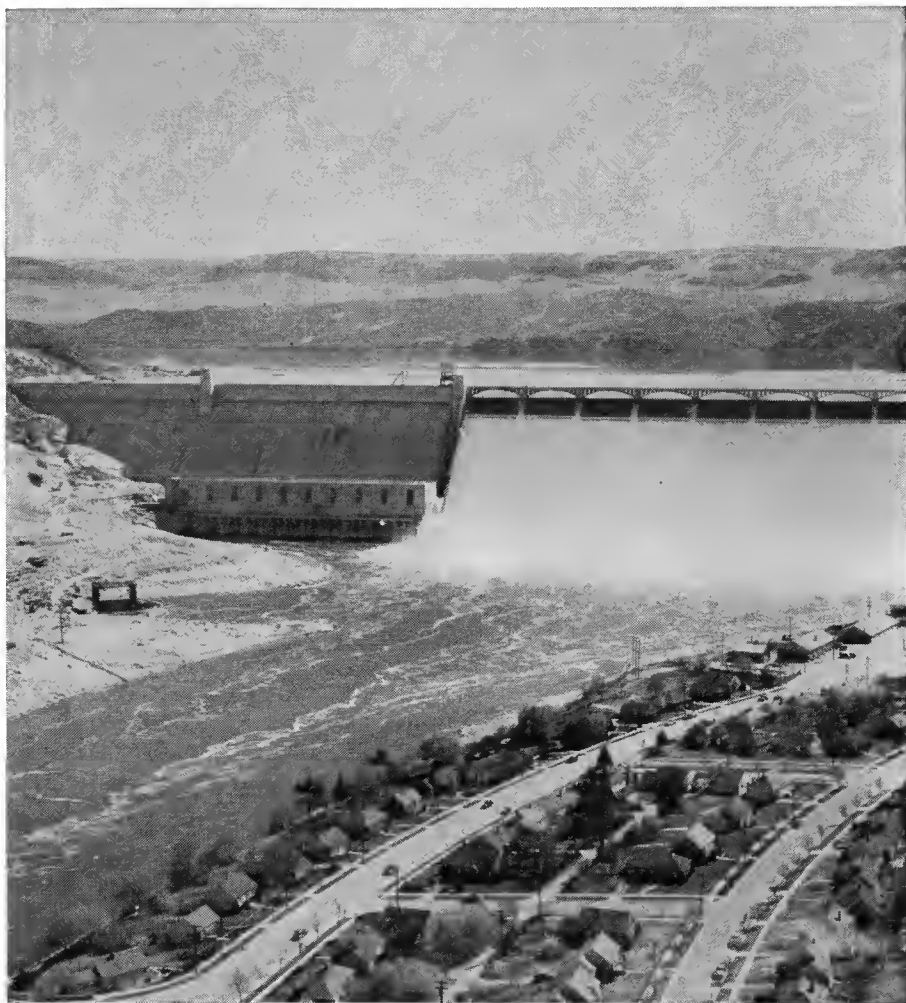
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**BY ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ**

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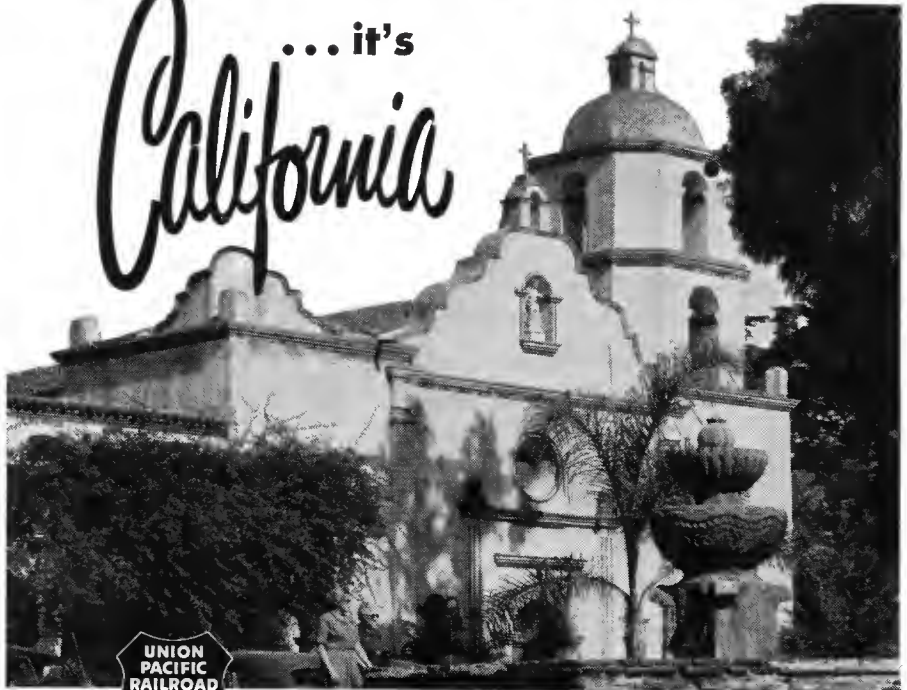
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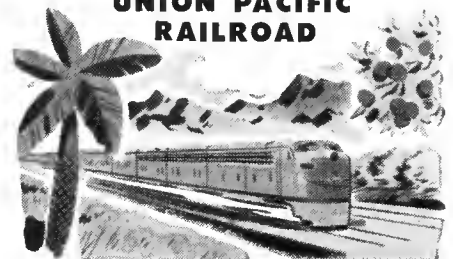
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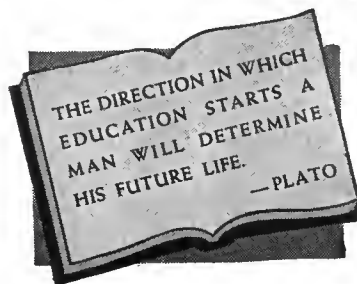
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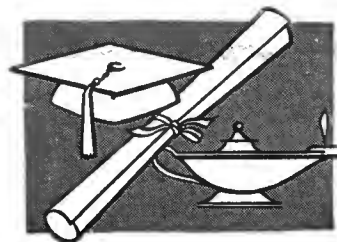






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**THREE GENERATIONS OF SEDLMAYRS** ride one of the show's merry-go-rounds. Carl senior started the business thirty-two years ago and now owns a \$2,500,000 carnival empire. Carl junior helps run it, and will someday pass it on to his children.





THE HUGE, NEON-LIT MIDWAY draws 16,000,000 spectators annually, more than attend all the major-league ball games.

# The World's Biggest Show

It is Royal American, a restless carnival that travels 25,000 miles a year and uses ten acres to display the world's greatest assortment of live entertainment

BY JOHN KOBLER

**B**roadway never heard of it. In Hollywood, mention of it would draw blank stares. Yet the Royal American Shows, a traveling carnival that covers some 25,000 miles a year in the United States and Canada, is probably the world's biggest agglomeration of live entertainment. Physically, if not financially, it surpasses even "The Greatest Show on Earth." The latter travels in seventy-five railroad cars. Royal American uses as many as eighty-seven cars, not to mention some thirty-eight assorted trucks, and when set up, occupies about ten acres, an area large enough to accommodate half a dozen three-ring circuses. As for other carnivals, only three or four come within hailing distance; any one of the rest could be tucked away comfortably inside two or three of Royal

American's barn-sized side-show tents.

Though unknown on the sophisticated levels of show business, to millions inhabiting the great North American farm and cattle belts, Royal American's whirling, roaring, neon-emblazoned midway is as familiar as the seasons. Last year, for example, when it played such mammoth festivals as the Memphis Cotton Carnival, the Mississippi-Alabama Fair and Dairy Show, the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, attendance topped 16,000,000—more than the total attendance at all major-league baseball games—and the weekly gross ran into the hundreds of thousands.

## Bigger and Better Than Ever

Royal American's attractions are the classic ones but with more of them than ever before assembled on one lot—six-

teen side shows, twenty-nine rides (including five Ferris wheels), scores of food and game concessions. The most popular features this season are two hour-long revues, "Harlem in Havana" and "Moulin Rouge." Replete with undraped chorines shimmering with rhinestones and rayon, they are a far cry from the skimpy peep shows of Grandfather's day. The basic ingredients, however, remain: the jokes are still blue, the bumps and grinds still provocative.

In full operation, Royal American is a self-sufficient, mobile city of 1,200, with its own police force and fire department. Its numerous workshops—art studio, smithy, neon-tube factory, printing press—can produce practically every item needed, from posters to costumes.

An exception are wood shavings, which



## The World's Biggest Show

(continued)



**THE KEYSTONE OF THE CARNIVAL** is the tried-and-true "girlie" show, such as this year's popular revue, "Harlem in Havana." Sedlmayr senior still loves to grab the mike, recalls serving as "talker" for Royal American stars Sally Rand and Red Grange.

are purchased from local mills. Royal American is the only carnival that, in the interests of cleanliness, spreads a fresh carpet of wood shavings every week, twenty-four tons of them, costing around a thousand dollars. The practice has given rise to a little anecdote that Royal Americans like to tell. An old reprobate staggered home late one night, drunker than usual and smeared with lipstick. To his enraged wife he alibied: "But, dear, I was only at the carnival. Look, I can prove it." And from a trouser cuff, he fished out one wood shaving.

The carnival's personnel embraces the only traveling Shrine club in the world. Some three hundred members strong, its primary function is to provide entertainment and gifts for the patients of Shriner-sponsored hospitals for crippled

children. As an extension of this idea, any crippled child appearing on the Royal American midway is immediately handed a free pass to every attraction of the carnival.

### Its Acts Are Eagerly Scouted

Like many another circus, carnival, and road show, Royal American maintains Florida winter quarters. In Tampa, from November to April, it experiments with new features, refurbishes the old. During the Florida State Fair and Gasparilla Festival, running for two weeks in February, it stages a trial run. "Carnies" from all over the nation flock to it, some seeking jobs, others looking for innovations they can copy for their own shows.

Most midways consist of individually

owned concessions which pay rental or a percentage of their profits to a kind of carnival landlord for the privilege of using his transport and basic equipment. But everything comprising Royal American, which is worth over \$2,500,000, from candy-floss stands to the merry-go-round, belongs to a single man; all the talent is on salary. This man is a bluff, square-jawed Westerner of sixty-seven, with beetling black eyebrows under silver-white hair, named Carl Sedlmayr. A multimillionaire, he glitters with diamonds. He wears a spray of them for a tie clasp. A ring on his middle finger, right hand, contains one big as a knuckle. In his lapel sparkles a diamond Shriner's emblem. He chews gum incessantly, a habit that furnishes employees a clue to his inner emotions: when angry or



excited, he's outwardly calm but chews at a faster clip.

Although Sedlmayr is constantly surrounded by eager underlings, there are two carnival chores he insists on executing himself. One is that of "talker," or what non-carnies erroneously call "barker." Local fairs usually have some main grandstand event, and when it ends, Sedlmayr grabs up the mike and urges the crowd to hurry, hurry, hurry, to the Royal American side shows. Secondly, he always paces out the lay of the midway himself. He uses no tape measure. "My stride is exactly three feet," he says proudly. "If a showfront calls for, say, a hundred and sixty feet, I can pace it out to within a few inches."

Sedlmayr was born in Falls City, Nebraska, of parents who had emigrated from Munich, Germany. His father, a soft-drink bottler, died when Carl was eleven. Within four years the boy was working in a Falls City drugstore fifteen hours a day, seven days a week, for ten dollars a month. Having learned to fill prescriptions, he wandered to Omaha, figuring the pharmacies there might pay him more. He was wrong.

### He Learned the Hard Way

"One day a man approached him with cases full of cheap fountain pens. 'I manufacture these myself,' he told the boy. 'I'll sell them to you wholesale, and you can put your own retail tag on them. The price is twelve dollars a dozen.'"

Sedlmayr tried it for a while with indifferent success until it dawned on him that if the glib stranger was the manufacturer, he probably wouldn't be peddling the merchandise himself. By inquiring around town, he traced the real manufacturer. The wholesale price of the pens turned out to be twelve dollars a gross! At that price, Sedlmayr fared better. By the time he was twenty-two, he had managed to accumulate a sizable nest egg.

In Kansas City, he tackled as a prospect for a fountain pen the manager of the Campbell Bros. Circus. The latter, impressed by his salesmanship, offered him a berth with the show as boss ticket seller. Sedlmayr held it for five years, then switched to the Cole Bros. Circus. Pretty soon, he developed a little side show of his own. He booked it on a percentage basis with America's first motorized road show, the Coup and Lent Circus.

Not long after, having augmented his investments by a snake show and a sea-plane ride, he hitched up with the Seigris & Silbon carnival. Sedlmayr made money, but the enterprise as a whole did not. The owners went bankrupt, and Sedlmayr bought their equipment, which included fifteen railroad cars. In 1921, the Royal American Shows hit the road for the first time.

Disaster struck almost at once. A fire broke out, consuming seventy per cent

(continued)



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## The World's Biggest Show (continued)



**CLEVER COME-ON BILLINGS** help stimulate admissions, but Sedlmayr bans gambling, exhibits of half-men half-women, other abnormal freaks.

of the equipment. Sedlmayr carried no insurance. So he had to start out again almost from scratch.

He had barely climbed out of that hole when, in Saskatoon, Canada, with the midway full of youngsters, Sedlmayr glanced up from his ticket wagon to see a swirling black mass bearing down on him out of the northern skies. He dashed across the midway, yelling: "Cyclone!" Luckily, the children had experienced cyclones before and knew what to do. When the dust had settled, Sedlmayr saw a sight he has never forgotten—thousands of children sprawled flat on their stomachs in a field adjoining the midway. Nobody was injured. But the damage to the midway cost Sedlmayr \$50,000.

### The Great Train Robbery

The setback that still causes Sedlmayr's jaws to champ faster was the big carnival robbery of 1941. The victim was in this case the Rubin & Cherry Show, which Sedlmayr also owned. What happened explains why he shuns any discussion of profits. The year before, following the Minnesota State Fair in St. Paul, *Billboard*, the bible of the carnival world, had reported Royal American's box office for that one week as the biggest in its history—\$258,000. "Somebody in the ticket wagon talked out of turn," says Sedlmayr. "I'm positive that story is what gave those 'petemen' the idea."

Among the new employees to join the show in 1941 were three characters purporting to be roustabouts. Late one night, as the carnival train tore along

out of St. Paul en route to its next date, the trio crept along to the flatcar carrying the ticket wagon. With a blowtorch, they burned a hole in the bottom, climbed inside, and chiseled open the old-fashioned safe. They decamped with \$100,000. By the time the FBI tracked them down, eighteen months later, they had spent all the money.

Today the Royal American ticket wagon, an all-steel structure, is a veritable Fort Knox on wheels, with armed guards patrolling it around the clock. Half of it is Sedlmayr's office. This section is paneled in Circassian walnut, a wood that cost a king's ransom. On Sedlmayr's desk stand two telephones. One connects him with eight strategic points on the midway; the other can be plugged in anywhere on the North American continent. The compartment also contains an elaborately equipped bar, which Sedlmayr, an abstemious man, enjoys displaying more than dipping into.

From spring to fall, Sedlmayr's home is Car 60 of the long carnival train. It consists of six spacious rooms, and it cost \$15,000 to equip. Mrs. Sedlmayr, whom he met in Salina, Kansas, at the outset of his career, generally accompanies him. Hard behind, in Car 50, is thirty-year-old Carl junior, assistant manager and heir apparent of the vast carnival empire, with his ménage. This may include three small children by an earlier marriage and his second wife, the former Victoria Egle Zacchini, a member of the "Human Cannonball" Zacchinis. He married her a year ago, thus uniting two of the most famous clans in show business. But Victoria has not



allowed marriage to prevent her from being shot out of a cannon. "It's in the blood," she says.

What has kept Sedlmayr in a class by himself as a carnival operator has been a talent for innovation. He has introduced countless novelties, which are now standard in both carnivals and circuses. Royal American was the first on the road, for example, to use neon lights, Caterpillar tractors for hauling heavy equipment into position, and the A-frame, a system of pitching a show tent without a center pole, which blocks the view of the audience.

#### From Red Grange to Sally Rand

Royal American was also the first carnival to feature celebrities. It began with Red Grange, who uttered a few generalities about football, and Mildred Harris, the former Mrs. Charles Chaplin, who re-enacted some of her life and loves. More recently, Bonnie Baker, Gypsy Rose Lee, and Sally Rand, to list only three among many, have all toured with Royal American. In a single week, Sally Rand took in as much as \$100,000.

So diversified have been these Royal American special attractions that complete strangers to the business often get the notion that there must be some profitable spot on the midway for themselves or their relatives. "Man in Pensacola," Sedlmayr relates, "tried to get me to hire his wife. Seems she had a mustache."

There are not many taboos on Sedlmayr's midway, but he will tolerate no gambling games, no abnormal exhibitions such as half-men half-women, and no "geeks," and no "blowoffs." A blowoff is a side show within a side show for which an extra fee is exacted, as when, for example, you pay twenty-five cents to watch Rita Rio dance and another twenty-five to enter the inner tent where she dances with fewer clothes on. "In my shows," says Sedlmayr proudly, "one admission fee covers everything."

Although Sedlmayr has been in the business almost half a century, the midway has lost none of its excitement for him. He is generally the first there and the last to leave. As avidly as any farm boy, he ceaselessly roams it. "Harlem in Havana" is as satisfying to him as any Broadway musical, the freaks are as engrossing as any movie. And when he is hungry, a hot dog and a bottle of pop eaten standing up taste more delectable to him than any full-course dinner in a fancy restaurant.

But for Sedlmayr the high spot of the day comes when, grandstand attraction over, he can take to the air and bawl: "Don't forget, folks, as you leave the grandstand to visit the Royal American Shows, the greatest midway in the whole world..." THE END

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*The old man's millions would be his someday.*

*But already he had a secret legacy*

*he valued more than money*

# LESSON FOR THE DAY

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW ILLUSTRATED BY COBY WHITMORE

**T**wo things.

One. The younger generation. I know nothing about a generation. I knew nothing about my own. I never recognized it as such. I did, however, know a number of individuals. I know now one individual of the "younger generation." He is a very special case. But I have been trying to think of an answer to the question, Who isn't?

Two. Old friends. One specific old friend, Leonora Hilliard. She is a woman with no very admirable qualities, but I have known her all my life and I like her. I am not suggesting that "to know all is to forgive all." No, that psychotic old phrase is for tyrants and martinets, not friends. Leonora has done many unforgivable things. So have I. But we have passed the stages of our youth and age together. We have a common language and a thousand thousand references. We understand each other. And although I realize that in this story I have to tell about her and her son—the younger generation—it is the son who comes off the bright, new hero, still Leonora remains my friend.

To begin.

On a dark New York morning, my telephone rang. The hotel where I live has orders not to call me till I am awake. I was not awake.

"I'm downstairs," Leonora said. "I want to see you."

"I'm not up," I said.

"I'll give you five minutes," she said.

I was still pressing cold water to my drugged eyes when the buzzer on my door sounded. Leonora came in, kissed me, walked over to a chair, flung a shirt off it, and sat down.

"You're not here," I said. "You're in Chicago, happily married to what's-his-name."

"Please," she said. "I'm not here for fun. Get me some coffee."

While I was waiting for room service, I said, "How did you get here?"

"Plane," she said. "I didn't know I was coming until nine last night. I had to fly."

I ordered coffee, and when I had hung up, I said, "Something's the matter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Marc?"

"Marc senior."

"You're going to see him?"

Leonora shook her head impatiently.

"Of course not. I don't even know where he is. That's for the police."

"You're kidding. The police."

"No. I'm not."

I should explain that Leonora Hilliard—that is her maiden name—had first been married to Marc Reynolds, by whom she had the son, now sixteen, and then to what's-his-name in Chicago, David Anderson, a nice man. The marriage to Marc had been, at the least, stormy.

"Why should the police care?"

"When they find him, they'll arrest him."

"You won't let Marc be arrested." I frowned at her.

She turned away. "It's out of my hands. The bank's doing it."

"But why?"

She spread her hands, but still did not look at me. "Because he signed a check for fourteen thousand dollars on young Marc's bank account."

I whistled softly. "Fourteen thousand dollars."

Leonora looked at me now. "He's done it before, but for smaller amounts. A few hundred, and once a thousand, but





**BIG MARC** *was tall and handsome. He was boastful and a liar, though a nice fellow. He had, however, one fatal weakness, not wicked but pathetic.*



this is too much. We've got to stop it, once for all."

I leaned forward. "We?" I said.

"The bank. They called me, naturally."

"And you agreed?"

"Yes, I agreed. Don't talk to me like this. The bank knows more than you do."

"The bank is Ed Parker, honey. We've known him since we were children. I can't stand him." I got up and lighted a cigarette. "Well, anyway. What are you doing here? You certainly didn't come to see me."

Leonora took my cigarette, and I got another. "I came to see young Marc. He's coming in from school at eleven-thirty."

"What are you going to say to him?"

"Really. I have to explain. His name is the same as his father's, and it's going to be all over the papers in a day or so. I can't just let it come as a surprise. I love him too much to see him hurt."

"I'm glad you told me."

"What is the matter with you?"

"My dear," I said, "I understand better now than I ever did before just why your father left all his dough to his grandson and not to you."

Leonora took a long drag on her cigarette. "All right. Why?"

"You must have caught on by now, dear. Because you're not very bright."

Leonora reddened. She was mad, but I didn't care. "I told you not to talk to me like that," she said.

"Don't be silly. I'm the only one left to talk to you like that. You need it."

Then the buzzer rang. It was the waiter bringing the coffee.

"Thank heaven," Leonora said.

If—and I see no reason not to—I use every aid that hindsight can give me, I come to the conclusion that love, or a variety of love, was to blame for the actions of all of them—Leonora, the two Marcs, even Old Man Hilliard. Loneliness is another face of love, a variety, and in each case, I suppose, it began with that. Loneliness is a disease that attacks all of us, but it is one that is particularly virulent in the case of the rich.

Old Man Hilliard—John Buchanan Hilliard—was, as I have implied, rich. He owned the Ohio town from which I came—its only industry, its principal buildings, its electric company, its transportation, and so on—and he had given the town its playthings: its park, its museum, concert hall, and library. He would seem, at a quick look, to be the leading character in one of those second-rate novels that chronicle an industrial family, but when you got to know him, you were faced with an appealing, quick-witted, but somehow tentative little man

who worked as hard as he did because he really had nothing else to do. My father was his only close friend. They had known each other all their lives, and Old Man Hilliard—that was the name the town gave him, he was Jack or Uncle Jack in our house—had for my father the respect people used to give to doctors who were at once humane and competent. In those days, when everyone wasn't his own psychiatrist, a doctor combined mystery with esteem.

Mrs. Hilliard was dead, she had died giving birth to Leonora in some fancy hospital in Cleveland, and for years Uncle Jack was at our house twice a week for dinner. It was inconvenient for my father to leave the telephone. They had a card game they had adapted from the Italian *Sette e Mezzo*; it was played with elegant decks of Renaissance cards, and was, so far as I can remember, a kind of early ancestor of twenty-one. They always played in the cool and antiseptic atmosphere of my father's office.

Mr. Hilliard's only eccentricity was that he did not like his daughter, Leonora. It was nothing violent, he didn't loathe her; just in his own way, he did not care for her at all. With the exception of my family, I don't think people knew: he treated her well and gave her everything she wanted. But, "She's so calculating. She figures everything around herself. She has no give," Uncle Jack would say, frowning to my father. There were, I am sure, other and deeper reasons for his dislike; but the hard fact remains that Leonora grew up without her father's affection. Her own, consequently, was directed toward a series of ever-changing dolls, maids, governesses, animals, and teachers, unsatisfactory and paid for; so it was no surprise when, at eighteen, she married a boy she had met at a dance at Yale.

It was a happy event all around, too. Leonora was floored at being loved; the boy, Marc Reynolds, was obviously delighted; and Uncle Jack was so pleased he was willing to pay anything. "Well," he told my father, "it's all fine. Marc talks so big I'm sure he hasn't a dime, but he makes Leonora happy, and I guess she deserves it. I expected she'd do something worse. . . . It's a load off my mind."

I knew Marc then and for the next fourteen years, and I liked him. He was tall and handsome and insecure and ungifted, he was boastful and a liar, but he was rather a nice fellow. While he was married to Leonora, he had four or five jobs, but I don't think he made anything out of them: he lived carelessly and well on Old Man Hilliard's unlimited money. Marc had, however, one fatal weakness, which was finally to prove his

downfall: he had a desire—no, it was more than that, a mania—for being liked. What childhood traumas moved him I will never know, but he would go to any length to win your friendship. Now, to the casual outsider this is an endearing quality; to Leonora it must have been something else. I am surprised she put up with him for fourteen years.

A year after Marc and Leonora were married, she produced Marc junior. She came home for his birth, and several months afterward, with Marc senior, she went to Hawaii for a vacation, leaving the baby with Grandpa. Thereafter, for all practical purposes, young Marc was never out of his grandfather's sight.

What was it? My father said, "He hasn't cared for a human being since his wife died. You can't stand that. You have to break loose somehow." Loneliness, which had lain unnoticed for twenty years, now stirred and showed its other face, and Old Man Hilliard fell in love with his grandson.

It was really something to see. My father was dragged up the hill at least once a day merely to admire, if nothing more drastic was required. The card games were forcibly transferred from our house to Uncle Jack's, with no excuses tolerated. The old man gave over the rest of his life to young Marc; Leonora and Marc senior could have anything they wanted as long as they left the baby with him. There was nothing abnormal about it. Leonora saw a lot of her child, for she came home pretty often, and sometimes in the winter she would take him to Arizona for a couple of months, but on the whole, young Marc was his grandfather's boy.

Strangely enough, the arrangement worked. Young Marc grew up a confident, brawling, secure child. By the time he was eleven, he was a remarkable boy. You could recognize him as a person. Granted, he had always had a tutor, so his education was far in front of his age, and, too, since he had anything he wanted, his attitude toward possessions was one of responsibility. Now, whether this would be good for all boys, I don't know, but for Marc it was. For the fact was, even then, he identified himself with his grandfather. Possibly he already knew he was to have the money, but he *behaved* as an heir, not as a spoiled brat. I am sure that to this he brought some remarkable natural talents, but old Hilliard certainly did a cunning job in developing them.

It was a good deed, old Uncle Jack's: he spent the last fourteen years of his life, with loving care, teaching his young grandson how to live and behave in the





**LEONORA** *had always searched for love. In Marc, she found it—but briefly. For she, too, had a flaw. In everything, she wanted measure for measure.*



world. Had the old man done as well for his daughter . . .

She, well, had to find her way somewhere else.

When Marc was thirteen, his mother and father were divorced and Leonora married David Anderson, the nice man, who ran an art gallery in Chicago. Anderson was totally unlike Marc senior: a dark, curly-haired fellow with blue eyes, lots of erudition, and a tender manner toward Leonora. He was the sort of man you could describe as a sweet guy, and one I always had a slight difficulty in remembering. But to Leonora he was a haven and a rest after Marc. It's a funny thing, for although I suspect Marc was never really unfaithful to Leonora, he *seemed* to be, which may be worse. His concern with being that fine, lovable fellow had reached such lengths that he hadn't too much time for his wife, and they had had a series of monumental battles. It was too bad. Leonora, of course, was looking for a father to love her, and Marc, Lord knows, was no father image. He, out of I know not what beaten loneliness, needed endless adoration, and Leonora was incapable of either understanding or supplying it. And, too, maybe worse than anything else, he had become more and more reckless with money.

Then, less than a year after all this, old Hilliard died.

I saw young Marc about four months later, when he came, on his first visit to New York, to stay with his father.

Marc senior, and a great comedown this was for him, was staying in the same hotel I was. He had some sort of vague job with an import-export company, but how well he was doing I never knew. I do know how excited he was at the prospect of this two weeks' visit from his son.

On young Marc's first night, I dined with them. He was a nice, well-behaved boy, he did not seem to have quite the usual awkwardness of his age, and he was, quite normally, much excited by being for the first time in New York.

Marc senior was, of course, the perfect person with whom to see the town, he had friends everywhere, he could get into anyplace. I saw them four or five times, and one afternoon I took Marc to the Museum of Natural History to see the collection of rocks and minerals. He had one of his own, and he knew what was what. A tourmaline that weighed a quarter of a ton impressed him mightily.

I said to him, "You like New York?"

He said, "I do, yes. I'm going to school in Connecticut next year, and I can come down. New York has so much *stuff*."

"Your old man knows it all," I said.

"Yes," Marc said. "He has fun."

It was a strange thing, in the ordinary way, for a boy to say of his father. Most children do not think of their father as having fun, and what made it even odder was that Marc spoke with approval. I might even say, envy. I got the quick impression that fun was not the rule in the life Marc knew. And that, as something outside, extra, he approved of it.

But all this may only be hindsight, because of what happened on Marc's last day in New York. I might as well put it down as it went.

About half past one that day, there was a knock on my door—I was working—and when I answered it, I found young Marc. He walked in, right past me, without a word, and when I shut the door and turned, he was sitting on the couch, staring at the floor.

I said, "Well. Something the matter?"

Marc said, "Yes."

"What is it?"

Marc looked at me. "I don't know what to do." He stopped, unable to go on. I thought for one moment he might be going to cry, but I was wrong; I think he was frightened.

"Come on," I said, "tell me."

"So, well," he said, "about eleven o'clock my father went out, and he told me to wait. . . ." He spoke carefully, slowly, as if he were giving evidence, and I think now I know why. This was the first time in his life that young Marc had ever been forced to take thought, to decide and act upon his decision, alone.

"About a half hour ago I got hungry, so I called down to room service and ordered some lunch, a sandwich and a glass of milk and some ice cream."

"What happened?" I said. "No ice cream?"

Marc said, "Don't laugh. In about five minutes, the manager came up to see me."

"Johnson?"

"Yes. The one you introduced me to."

"Well. He's a nice gent."

"Wait. He was okay. Only . . ." Marc stopped.

"Only what?"

"He said he was very sorry but I couldn't charge anything on my father's room. I said why not, I had done it before, and he said he didn't like to say this, but my father's credit had been stopped."

I shook my head. So that was it. I said, "Remember this about poor old Johnson, Marc, he's only a manager. He does what he's told. He's a nice enough guy."

"I know," Marc said, "he asked me to go to lunch with him, but of course I wouldn't. And I asked him . . . I asked

him what my father's bill was. *It's over a thousand dollars.*"

Marc spoke that last sentence with astonishment. Marc, with his millions, had never come up against the cold fact of lack of money before, and a thousand dollars suddenly became a thousand dollars.

"Your father," I said, and then I stopped. There were a lot of things to be said about Marc senior, but none of them could be said to his son.

"I'm going to ask you something," Marc said. "Have you got a thousand dollars?"

"Me?" I said, and I thought quickly. "I guess so."

"Will you lend it to me? I'll pay you back. And I'll write you a letter saying I owe it to you. Do you know what my grandfather did?"

"What do you mean?"

"See, well, he trusted me. And he wanted me to learn about the money. So he provided in his will that no check is good unless the bank signs it and I sign it, too. So I can get money if it's important."

"I trust you, Marc," I said.

He looked away. "Maybe I'm not telling you the real truth. Maybe I can't get the money right away. But I'll try."

"Okay."

"And . . ."

"And what?"

"Will you do something? I don't want my father to know that I know anything about this. I've had such a swell time, and if he knew I'd found out, it wouldn't look as if I had. So will you say the manager called you up and made a stink, and *you* paid? You did pay, really?"

I said, "All right, Marc. And for that I won't charge you any interest."

Marc said, "Will you call up Mr. Johnson now?"

"Yes," I said. "Right now."

That was it. A week later, I got a sharp note from the bank—that is, Ed Parker—saying I had no right to do what I had done, and so on and so on. But a check for a thousand dollars was enclosed. In the same mail was a letter from young Marc, thanking me for making his trip to New York so "nice," and ending with this P.S.: "I've got ways and means, huh?"

Marc, at sixteen, was a grown-up young man. He wore the expensive, conservative clothes fashionable at good schools, his hair was cut right, and his feet were no longer a surprise to him. I knew him well, for on his excursions to New York it was on my sofa that he slept, since his father, for the most part, disappeared.

I don't think Leonora had planned to





**YOUNG MARC** *was a quiet, well-mannered kid, with all the advantages of money. It was astonishing what he knew about Big Marc and Leonora.*



have her talk with Marc in my presence, but suddenly, in the midst of our conversation that morning, the buzzer rang and he was upon us.

He looked worried, and my guess is he thought this unexpected summons had something unpleasant to do with his mother and stepfather, for almost his first words to Leonora were "How's David?" and when she answered, "Fine, perfectly fine," his face cleared.

But almost at once, Leonora went into her story. I suppose she was nervous after what I had said, perhaps she thought she had better get it over with fast, in any case, with almost no preparation, she gave Marc the bald facts. I watched him as she talked, and if I could distinguish any expression on his face, I would say it was one of embarrassment.

Anyway, when she had finished with "Now you do understand, don't you, darling?" Marc seemed to come to attention.

He said, "We can't have that, Mother." Leonora relaxed. "I knew you'd see it," she said.

But Marc said, "What I mean is, we can't have my father arrested."

Leonora said, "Marc, look here. . . ."

Marc stopped her. "You know, that would be quite a big scandal. It would be in all the papers. I don't want my name mixed up like that in a mess. That's one thing Grandfather told me: never get your name in the newspapers."

"Marc, this just can't be avoided."

"Yes, it can. What would it be like around school for me? Having my own father put in jail? Oh, no."

"The bank is doing it."

"Listen," Marc said, "that doesn't matter. It isn't the bank's money, and it isn't your money. It's my money. You wouldn't even be mentioned, and who blames a bank? I'm the one who would get it. Oh, no. I wouldn't go back to that school."

"Listen to me, Marc. This is much more important than what a few school-boys might say. This is forgery, and it cannot go on."

Marc frowned. It was an impatient frown. He knew he was right, yet I could see he felt compelled to explain to his mother what right was.

"Okay," he said, "I suppose I could stand it. I've stood a lot of other cracks about the money. But I just don't want my father put in jail."

"Darling," Leonora said, "it may be the best thing. It may bring him to his senses."

Marc said, "All right. Maybe. But it wouldn't be the best thing for me. I've got to think about myself."

"Baby," Leonora said, "I thought about

you. That's why I came here. To break it to you gently. . . ."

Very patiently, Marc said, "Mother, there's no way to break it gently that I'm going to put my father in jail. I don't want it. You'll have to call up Ed Parker and tell him to stop."

Leonora sat back in her chair. She did not look happy. "I can't, Marc. It's out of our hands."

"What do you mean?"

"He's called in the police."

Marc sat up straight. "Without letting me know?"

"Marc," Leonora said, "Ed's responsible, don't forget. You are, after all, a minor."

"In five years I won't be a minor, and that's something Ed *never* forgets. You know that."

"In any case," Leonora said, "there's nothing to be done."

Marc got up and walked to the window. He wet his lips and frowned. You could see that, painfully, fearfully, he was trying to think. Suddenly, after a minute, he turned back.

He said, "I hope you're wrong, Mother. I ask you again to call Ed and stop this."

Leonora said, "I can't."

Marc bit his lip. "Grandfather told me not to do this except in a case of extreme emergency. But I tell you, if my father goes to jail, I will not sign any more checks. You will get no more money, and neither will Ed."

Leonora took that calmly. "Don't threaten me, Marc. The court would put a stop to that."

This, I think, was a real shock to Marc. I know it made him extraordinarily angry.

"You'd take me to court?"

"If you're going to act like a child, you'll be treated like a child."

Marc nodded his head. "Act like a child. All right, then I'll act like a child in court, too. I'll tell how you take ten thousand a month away from me, how you made me give you two hundred and fifty thousand to back David's gallery. I'll make a real mess. I'll make it clear David married you to get his hands on my dough."

Leonora screamed, "*Marc. You lie.*"

Marc said, "It's not so much fun, is it, when you get near home."

"That's not the truth, Marc, and you know it."

"Sure, I know it's not the truth, but who will believe it? Who will believe I didn't have my father put in jail?"

"It's not—"

"It is the same thing. Only I care more for my father than I do for my stepfather. No. When you start playing around with my money, you've got to take the chance

of getting hurt. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I think Leonora was frightened now.

"Do you understand I'm not kidding about what I'll do in court?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand my father means just as much to me as you do?"

"Marc!"

"He does."

"All right."

"And I don't want him in jail?"

"I understand."

"Then, go call up Ed Parker."

For a moment, Leonora didn't move. Then, not looking at either of us, she got up and started for the bedroom. "I'll try," she said.

When the door was shut, Marc slumped and put both hands over his face. I got up and went over and took hold of his arms. "This is awful," he said.

"It'll be all right," I said.

"The things she made me say . . ."

"You didn't mean them."

"No. I didn't mean them. But she'll never forget them. What a mess."

He rubbed his eyes and then shook his head. Then, after a minute, he said, "My father . . . He must have been in an awful spot to do a thing like that. I wonder where he is?"

I said, "We could get the police to find him, I suppose."

Marc smiled. "Yes. That's good."

But as it turned out, Ed Parker had not been so precipitous as Leonora had thought. He had been waiting, carefully, for young Marc's reaction; the police were never notified.

Marc and I took Leonora out to La Guardia. I can't say relations were back to normal, no, Leonora was resentful and Marc ashamed, but they were polite to each other, which is a beginning.

The trip was uneventful, except for a fuss Leonora got into with a porter at the airport. She thought he asked too much money to carry her one small case from the cab to the waiting room, and she told him so, unmistakably. Neither Marc nor I interfered, although at another time we would have. Leonora's plane, finally, was called, Marc kissed her, and she went out the ramp to it.

Then Marc came back to town with me. It was too late for him to go up to school, so he spent the night on my sofa. But he was worried and sad, and of course we talked.

He said one thing that cheered and amazed me, and I think made me understand Leonora a little better than I ever had before. We might call it the "Lesson for the Day."

"I know it was wrong," he said, and he was puzzled, "what I did. But I think



what my mother was going to do was more wrong. I don't like it that she made me threaten her." He looked straight at me. "What would my grandfather have done?"

I smiled. "He was never quite in your position," I said, "but, if necessary, he could be unscrupulous."

Marc looked at the floor. "Unscrupulous," he said. "That's bad. For me, I mean, because it makes me feel bad. My grandfather gave me a rule. Did you ever hear about that?"

"I never did," I said.

"It's a great rule. He even wrote it out. He said it was the one thing he wanted me to remember all my life."

"What was it?"

Very slowly Marc spoke. "Expect to be cheated."

I must have looked startled, for Marc smiled. "Expect to be cheated," he said, "so when it happens, you won't be surprised or unhappy."

"Uncle Jack said that?" I said, and then I got up and took a few paces around the room. "I suppose he did. Only . . ."

"Only what?" Marc said.

"The word doesn't sound like him. 'Cheated.'"

Marc smiled. "You knew my grandfather. He used the word to shock me, so I'd remember what he meant."

I stopped and faced Marc.

"He wasn't saying," he went on, "that people can't be kind and good and all that. He was saying that people can't always return measure for measure what they get. You know."

"I know."

"The people who do most for you maybe you don't repay. And you've got to remember, when it's vice versa, not to get hurt. And I don't mean just money."

I said, "Leonora and that porter."

"It isn't just money. It's all kinds of things. And if you don't accept the rule, you'll be unhappy. I don't think my mother has ever accepted it."

"Marc," I said, "if you can live by this golden rule, you'll be a surprising man."

Marc said, "Don't you think I can?"

"It will be a struggle."

Marc frowned. "You think so?"

"Maybe not," I said. "New worlds need new platitudes. This is a good one."

After a while we shook hands and went to bed. I would not see him in the morning; to catch his train he would have to get up at seven.

But when the lights were out and we were settling down, he called "Good night" to me, and then added, "It'll be a relief to get back to school." And he laughed at what he'd said. THE END



## BALANCE is important in DIABETES, too...

IN A WAY, the skillful performer on the tight wire and people with diabetes have certain things in common.

The performer depends principally on proper balance and control to accomplish his difficult act. Likewise, diabetics must be equally concerned with balance and control . . . if they are to live nearly normal, active lives.

The three essential factors which diabetics must keep in proper balance are diet, exercise, and insulin.

**1. Diet** is a vital part of the treatment of every diabetic. In many mild cases, especially when diabetes is discovered early, diet alone can control the disease.

**2. Exercise**, or active work, is also important in the treatment of diabetes, because it helps to increase the ability of the body to use sugars and starches.

**3. Insulin** does not cure the disease, but it has often given diabetics a new lease on life. Insulin enables diabetics to utilize food and convert it into energy in a normal way.

New and different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, now

make possible more effective control of diabetes. Many research studies are now under way to learn more about the chemistry of insulin and how it is used by the body. These and other investigations will probably bring an increasingly hopeful outlook for most diabetics.

When diagnosed early, diabetes is easier to control, and serious complications can often be avoided. Fortunately, diabetes can be readily detected by having a urinalysis . . . preferably with your periodic health examination. This usually permits its discovery before the appearance of typical symptoms, such as: *excessive hunger or thirst, frequent urination, loss of weight, or constant fatigue.*

No one should neglect regular medical examinations . . . particularly *overweight people who are past 40 and also those with a family history of diabetes.*

Metropolitan's booklet called "Diabetes" tells how diabetics can usually live long and active lives. It also includes facts about the progress made by medical science in the treatment of diabetes, and information which may be helpful in guarding against this disease.

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"I've been so  
wanting to talk  
with you, Reverend  
Porter. You  
know, I can't get anywhere with that Sunday-school class of mine!"

# COSTUME PARTY

DRAWINGS AND CAPTIONS BY BOB TAYLOR

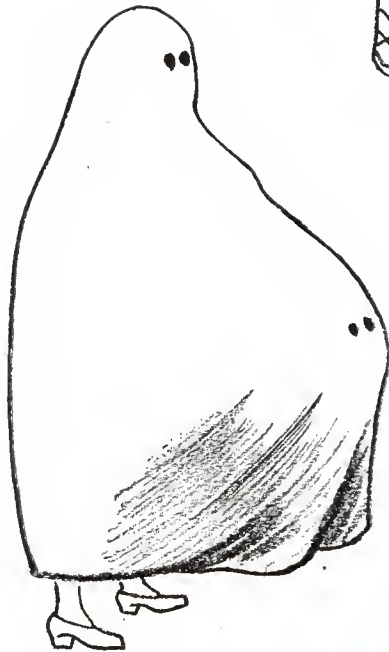


"Don't give up now, dear. In two hours they'll award the prizes."





"I see Agnes is finally  
getting rid of those  
old lace curtains."

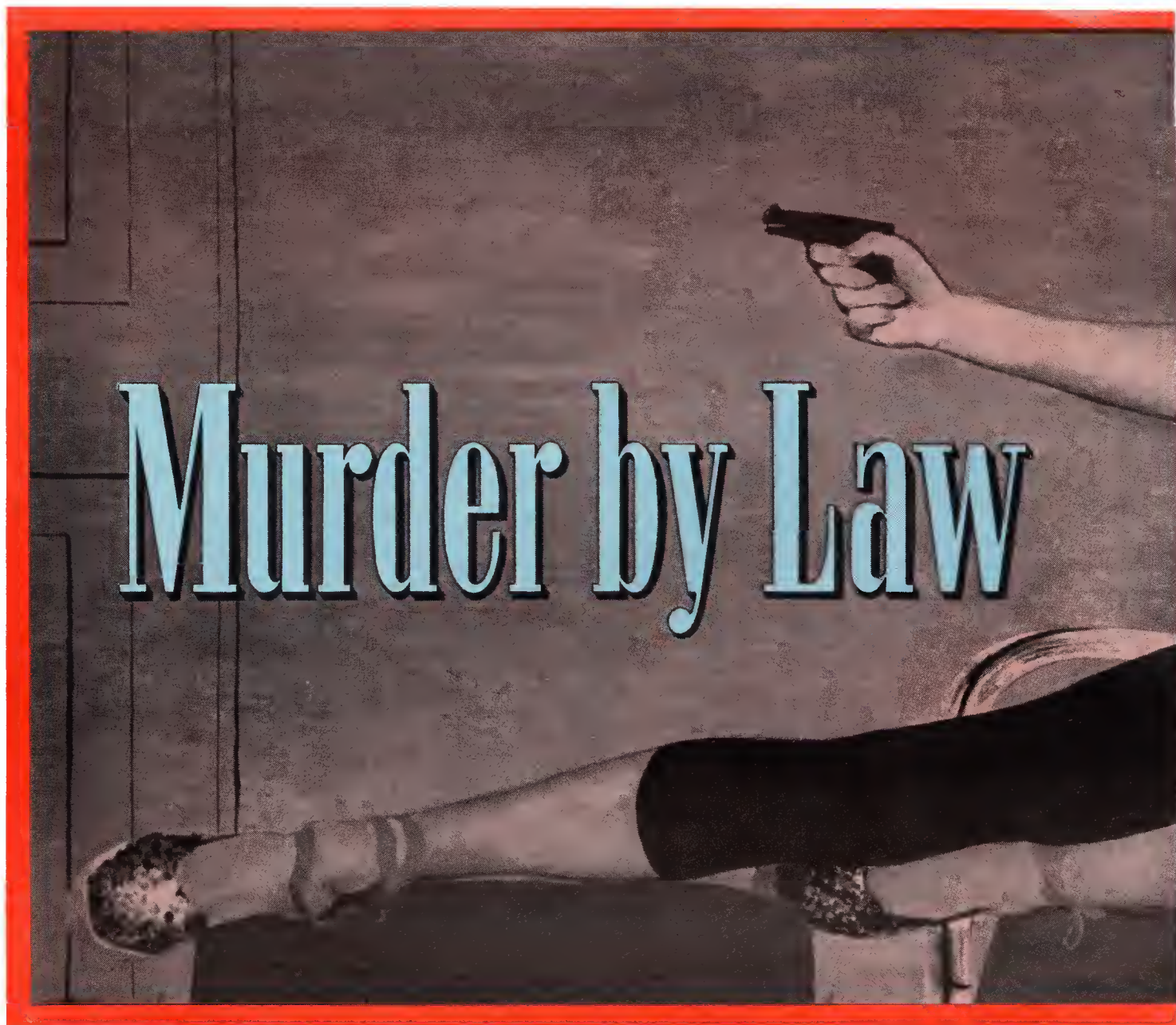


"I wouldn't worry, darling.  
No one will realize  
you didn't know  
it was a costume party."



"For the last time, Fred ...  
It will be just as  
funny if you don't belch."





In this city, cops were killers and corruption made new rules. Only love and death were played the same old way.

BY ROBERT KYLE ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

MacBain caught Caroline's eye, and they both stood up. She was wearing a white lace dress with her shoulders bare, and it occurred to MacBain, not for the first time, that she was going to be an extraordinarily lovely Ph.D. She was MacBain's laboratory assistant in Chemistry 12B, the course he

conducted for unwilling sophomores. His appointment as assistant professor had just come through, and that had been the official pretext for the party. He had had a few drinks, and he felt just fine.

They said good night to their host and hostess, Professor Abrams and his wife. It was a warm June night. Caroline sug-

gested he put the top down, and he saw no reason why he shouldn't.

"Mrs. Abrams and I were talking about you, Professor," Caroline said. "We're both admirers of yours."

MacBain felt he had to correct her. "Assistant professor."

"Oh, Jim. What's the difference?"





She pointed it straight at him—and was still so bewitching he couldn't think.

"A small matter of three thousand dollars a year."

She smiled, and he had the comfortable feeling they were thinking the same thing. At this rate he ought to make full professor in another six years. After that, when Professor Abrams retired, head of the department. And it struck him all at once that Caroline would make a wonderful wife for a department head. He would go further. She would make anyone a wonderful wife.

There was no time like the present. "Caroline . . ."

She leaned on his shoulder. "Umm?"

Ahead of them, a traffic light blinked red. MacBain applied his brakes, and

the convertible drifted up to the crosswalk and stopped. They were in one of the least attractive sections of the city, not the ideal spot for a marriage proposal. A smell of garbage hung in the hot, motionless air. People were sitting on their front steps or leaning out half-open windows. On the corner, in the feverish glare of neon lights from a bar and grill, two men were arguing.

MacBain watched them idly. With a whir and a muffled clank, the light turned yellow, and at just that second there was a terrific explosion. One of the two men, carrying a paper-wrapped parcel, stepped back from the other. Astonishment was written on his face, astonishment and horror. His mouth opened, and he fell.

The other man turned, and MacBain saw the gun. He fired twice more. The body on the sidewalk jerked as the bullets went in. His parcel had broken open, and an array of coldcuts fanned out on the greasy paper.

Raising the gun quickly, the killer swung it in a menacing circle at the people around him.

"Jim," Caroline whispered, clutching his arm. "Let's get out of here. Now."

The light had turned to green, but MacBain's hands were frozen. Any move, any sound, would attract the man's attention and bring the gun around. Like the others, MacBain was waiting, waiting for the killer to break and run,







**“You’re the bait,” she whispered,  
“tied to a stake while the tigers  
watch and wait for sundown”**

for a bolt of lightning to flash down from the sky and smite him, for the police to arrive and take away the gun.

A police car shot across the street against the light, and two uniformed men leaped out. They paid no attention to the man or his gun. One of the men knelt beside the still, prone body. The killer put his gun back inside his coat. The policeman rose, conferred with him briefly, and returned to his squad car.

The other policeman advanced on the crowd. “What do you think this is? Go on home, the fun’s over!”

The crowd shifted uneasily.

“Witzek, Car 34,” the other was saying into his radio. “Signal 57, Signal 57. Ellsworth and 90th. Armed robbery.”

“Armed robbery?” MacBain said. Caroline’s fingers dug into his arm. “Jim!”

“A young punk,” the policeman continued. “Stuck up a delicatessen and ran into Quinn on the way out. Quinn plugged him. So send the meat wagon.”

“Armed robbery?” MacBain said again. He pulled away from Caroline’s hand and got out of the Chevy. He met the policeman as he came out of the squad car.

“Is that what he told you? It’s a lie! They were having an argument, and this man took out his gun and shot him.”

“Let go the arm,” the policeman said.

“It was murder. Ask any of these people. They saw it.”

The radio in the squad car squawked frantically, calling for reinforcements; a siren answered from a different part of the city. The calmness of the policeman’s manner was deceptive. Under the blue cloth, MacBain could feel the tension of the muscles. Still he spoke quietly.

“You don’t know a thing about it, Jack. Let go the arm.”

MacBain raised his voice. “I saw the whole thing, and if you think I’m going to stand by while—”

He was caught in a powerful wash of whisky as the killer swung around. He

was a big man, beefy, with a face that made MacBain think of coldcuts. The nose and cheeks were mottled like salami, the jowls sallow, like liverwurst. He didn’t waste any arguments on MacBain. MacBain dropped the policeman’s arm and stepped back. The skies opened with a peal of thunder, and MacBain saw the sidewalk rushing toward him. That was all he knew till he heard the clanging of a bell.

An ambulance was pulling out from the curb. He looked up into Caroline’s face, suspended upside down above him. She held an empty glass in one hand. He blinked away the water she had just thrown in his face. A man’s voice was speaking. It came from a great distance. MacBain knew it was addressing him, but he didn’t answer. He was fully occupied with what he was doing, lying on a dirty sidewalk with blood running out of the corner of his mouth.

“I asked you a question,” the voice said roughly. “Are you all right or not?”

MacBain swallowed with difficulty. “Splendid,” he said.

“Don’t be funny. Get on your feet and move that Chevy. You’re blocking traffic.”

MacBain raised himself to his elbows and rested. The policeman tried to help him, but MacBain twitched away from his hand. If he was going to get up, he would get up in his own time, without assistance. But he hadn’t decided if he was going to get up.

MacBain smelled whisky, then he saw the second man standing above him. “What happened?” the man said amiably. “Fall down?”

Caroline’s arm was around him, urging him up. He caught at a fireplug, then stood, leaning on Caroline’s arm. His tongue came out and tentatively touched his lips.

“What was your name again?” he said. “Quinn?”

The tolerant expression on Quinn’s face left it abruptly. He took a quick step



## Murder by Law (continued)

forward. Then he laughed. "Now don't make me lose my temper. You interfered with an officer in the execution of his duty. What you got, that's the minimum. Now get out of here before I take you and your lady friend to the precinct."

They looked at each other for a long moment. MacBain intended to know that face when he saw it again. He was badly hurt, and the worst of his injuries wouldn't show up on an X ray. He turned toward his car.

"Get in," Caroline said. "I'll drive."

"No," MacBain said. "I can drive."

His hands were trembling badly, but they were all right when he had fastened them to the wheel. He dropped Caroline at her rooming house, drove home, and doctored himself. Just before he fell asleep, he remembered that when the shots were fired he had been about to ask Caroline to marry him.

He awoke feeling something was wrong. When he moved, he remembered what it was. He ached all over. His lower lip had puffed out. There was a purplish bruise on his forehead the size of a half dollar.

He began to shave, a painful process. He still had soap on his face when the phone rang. It was Caroline.

"Fine," he said. Except for saying hello, it was all he had said this morning, and he didn't do it very well. He cleared his throat and tried again.

"No, I really am. I'm pretty sure I'll live through it. I wasn't too sure about that last night."

"You won't go to a doctor?"

"No reason to. I'm perfectly all right. But I'll have to hurry if I'm going to make my nine o'clock."

"I have to talk to you, Jim."


"Meet me at the Elizabethan, and I'll buy you some orange juice."

The waitress at the coffee shop exclaimed when she saw him. "For heaven's sake! Who hit you, Doctor?"

"Nobody," MacBain said, annoyed. "Just an accident. Nothing serious."

He gave his order and opened the morning paper. On page three, he found a list of the new appointments at the university, and noted unhappily that they gave his first name as John instead of James. After careful search he found the other item buried among the reports of real-estate transactions. It was headed: "Thief Shot in Flats Holdup." He read:

Pike Simpson, twenty-three, will be buried tomorrow at Mount Olive



He looked into the coffin and suddenly knew  
what sort of party he'd invited himself to.



Cemetery as a result of not observing one of the cardinal rules of the hold-up profession—never rob a store in the presence of an off-duty lieutenant of detectives.

Simpson, a burly, flashily dressed youth, entered the delicatessen of Albert Schwartz, located at 1218 Ellsworth Avenue, and produced a gun.

"This is a stick-up!" he announced.

Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Quinn of the Police Commissioner's confidential squad, a veteran of twenty-four years of police service, drew his revolver and ordered the hulking bandit to surrender.

Simpson whirled and fired. Lieutenant Quinn's first bullet struck the would-be thief in the brain, killing him instantly. Lieutenant Quinn's service record includes three medals and five citations for meritorious service, awarded for slaying muggers and holdup men in gun battles.

Simpson, police revealed, had a long record of trouble with the law. Reports linking the youth with recent armed holdups in the Flats could not be confirmed last night. The .38 caliber Italian automatic found in his possession is undergoing examination by ballistics experts.

MacBain was puzzling over this account when Caroline slipped into the booth across from him.

"What do you make of it, Jim?"

"Why, it's all wrong. Where do you begin on something like this? I'll have to get hold of a good lawyer."

"Jim, that's why I wanted to talk to you. I know that lieutenant had no right to hit you. And drunk in the bargain—it was disgraceful. I suppose you could sue him for damages. But think of the trouble. And the publicity, Jim. You know the Board of Trustees doesn't like to see its staff members getting mixed up in public controversies."

"Except on the same side as the Board of Trustees."

"Besides, Jim, you'd been drinking."

"I'd had a couple of drinks. I certainly wasn't drunk."

"I know, but if it turns out to be one of those nasty cases that are tried in the newspapers, they'll get people who were at the party to testify. They'll do everything they can to make you look foolish."

"I wasn't thinking of myself, Caroline. I was thinking of Simpson." She looked blank. "The man who was shot."

"But from what the newspaper says, isn't it obvious—"

"You think there was a robbery?"

"Of course. How could they make up something like that? Even if Quinn wasn't actually inside the store, he could have looked in and seen it happen. And the gun, Jim. They couldn't create an Italian automatic out of thin air."

MacBain's fork hung before his mouth. After a moment, he continued eating while he thought about this new possibility. If there had been a holdup, he could understand why Quinn had knocked him down. It would be a natural precautionary action, almost a reflex. And it was true that for a crucial

"Isn't this the place that was robbed last night? I saw the write-up."

"Oh, you don't want to go by that," Mr. Schwartz said cheerily. "They had it all cockeyed, so don't go looking for any blood on the floor. It wasn't even inside here. It was a regular gun battle out on the sidewalk."

"I know," MacBain said. "And I was wondering why a holdup man would be carrying a package of coldcuts."

Mr. Schwartz's eyes flickered to the marks on MacBain's temple. "You're the one who—"

"That's right. You didn't answer my question."

"Why he had a package of coldcuts? Because another customer was here when

From the darkness of the cellar  
steps, the blonde's voice came.  
"I'm going to shoot you, honey"

instant, the policeman's bulk had concealed Simpson from MacBain. It was perfectly possible he'd tried to draw a gun.

It was amazing. Start off with that premise and everything else fell into place. MacBain finished his breakfast in peace. He had nearly committed a serious blunder which might have wrecked his career. He looked at Caroline gratefully.

But as he paid the check, a doubt struck him. He told Caroline to wait for him, called the university from a pay phone, and asked another section man to take his nine-o'clock class.

"Jim?" Caroline said, when he came out of the booth.

"One little detail," he said. "I just want to check on it."

He looked in the newspaper for the address, and they drove out to the delicatessen on Ellsworth Avenue. Albert Schwartz, the proprietor, was a small man, damp and pale. He was slicing bologna with a long and limber knife. MacBain eyed the contents of the enclosed glass counter, as though uncertain what he wanted to buy.

he came in. He didn't care for an audience. He says give him a pound of mixed, to keep me occupied till this other party goes out. I wrap it up for him, and then he takes out his gun. He didn't get much. I been held up six times in the last year, and I never keep much in the place."

Suddenly he howled in pain and looked at his middle finger. He had been talking quietly, but he had taken a slice off the end of the finger, as if to show how disturbed he was by the killing of a man outside his door. MacBain nodded at Caroline, and they left.

"That explains the coldcuts," Caroline said.

"I suppose it does. Only what made his hand slip?"

"Oh, Jim! Wouldn't you be upset if you'd been held up six times in a year?"

But MacBain wasn't satisfied. There had been something about the little fat man he hadn't liked. But Caroline was right, he supposed. He couldn't climb up on a white horse and gallop into action because he happened to dislike a police



lieutenant and a delicatessen proprietor.

A lab instructor stopped him in the corridor of the Chemistry Building. "Somebody's looking for you, Mac. I told him to wait in Abrams' office. What happened to your face?"

"Nothing much," MacBain said. "Look in on the lecture, Caroline, and see if he needs any help."

A man rose as MacBain came into Professor Abrams' little office. He wore steel-rimmed glasses, a clerical collar, and was bald as a cheese. He stood looking at MacBain, giving off energy. MacBain's flesh prickled.

"MacBain? My name's Jones. I dropped in to see what you intend to do about last night."

"Sit down, won't you? How did you find out who I was?"

"One of my parishioners copied your license number." He took a straight chair, leaving Professor Abrams' swivel chair for MacBain. "That means you don't intend to do anything?"

MacBain made a helpless gesture. "What can I do?"

"Tell what happened. The Simpsons are members of my church, and they're very much worked up. They think Lieutenant Thomas Quinn ought to be electrocuted for murder." He held up his hand. "I oppose the death penalty on moral grounds, and in this case it's hardly possible. But we might succeed in removing Quinn from the police force."

MacBain's tongue came out to touch his injured lip. "That would please me very much."

"The funeral's tomorrow at nine. A delegation might go directly from the funeral to the Police Commissioner. Mr. Rokossovsky is up for reelection this year, and more sensitive than usual to public opinion. I think we might make enough of a stir to force a departmental trial. But we would need your testimony."

MacBain faced Professor Abrams' desk, which, if all went well, he might occupy someday. He said cautiously, "Would that be necessary? There must be others who saw it."

"There are, a number of others. But we wouldn't have much luck getting them to take the stand against a police lieutenant." He gave MacBain a brief, searching look. "Have I been misinformed? Several people told me you called it murder."

"That's what I thought at the time. But it was over so quickly, and then I read the paper this morning and saw I'd jumped to the wrong conclusion."

"You think Pike Simpson was a hold-up man? Come out to the Flats and talk to his neighbors, Dr. MacBain."

"I've just been to the Flats. One thing did bother me—he was carrying a package of coldcuts when he was shot. But I spoke to the owner of the delicatessen, and he gave a reasonable explanation."

"Schwartz," Mr. Jones said grimly. "If Schwartz ever missed a payment to the inspectors, the Health Department would close him up in a minute. I don't know exactly what happened last night. Pike had been drinking beer, I believe, in a corner tavern. I disapprove of the consumption of alcohol. On the other hand, it is not illegal, and the bartender tells me that Pike was merely talkative and cheerful, not drunk. Outside, he bumped into Quinn. They became engaged in an argument. Quinn ended it as you saw."

MacBain looked at him closely. "What about the gun?"

"The *Chronicle* reporter told me that Pike's fingerprints were on it, but whether they were put there before or after he died, I can only speculate. It wouldn't surprise the *Chronicle* reporter if this gun turned out to be one that killed a gas-station attendant in a robbery last month. But Pike returned from Korea only a few days ago."

So Pike Simpson had been a veteran just back from Korea. MacBain had seen enough of those boys at the university to know that some of them returned with a chip on their shoulder. Perhaps it had come to Simpson suddenly, while he was buying the coldcuts, that here was a chance to collect on the debt his fellow countrymen owed him. Anyone who killed a gas-station attendant with that gun would throw it away; and if Simpson had found an unregistered automatic, he wouldn't have bragged about it to his parents or his minister. MacBain knew the police weren't all plaster saints, but would they put a gun in a man's pocket after he was dead, to prove he was a thief? MacBain couldn't swallow that.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, I'll have to think about it. In any case, for personal reasons I don't wish to go into. I don't see how I could go along with your delegation."

Reverend Jones stood up. "I don't blame you. Quinn has considerable influence and backing. He'd be a dangerous enemy."

"That's not it, at all! I've got to be sure of the facts, and right now I'm not sure of anything."

"I understand. I didn't mean that in an unfriendly way. But this ends it, of course. The Simpsons will want to go on with the delegation, but we can't really hope to accomplish anything by it. If you won't testify, no one else will, either. It was just a hunch. I thought perhaps a university professor . . . But if you change your mind, will you call me?"

He wrote a phone number on a piece of paper. MacBain put it in his pocket and started to explain again that it wasn't fear of Quinn that made him hesitate. But it was too complicated, and besides, the Reverend Jones wouldn't be interested, anyway. He had a moment's resentment of this confident clergyman, who was forcing him to a decision he didn't want to make. He had no time to spare, and the idea of going along with a group of strangers and accusing the Police Commissioner of organizing a frame-up to protect a murderer—it wasn't his kind of thing at all.

Going back to his laboratory, he mapped out a program. The first thing he had to do was talk to Caroline. Then he had to locate a lawyer, and after that, go out and talk to people who had known Pike Simpson.

A man was waiting in the hall outside his laboratory, smoking a cigar. It was no one MacBain knew. Inside the door, he turned in surprise, for the stranger had followed him in. He took the cigar out of his mouth, and MacBain recognized him. It was Quinn.

His little eyes were inflamed. A smell of whisky clung to his clothes.

"MacBain, right? Once, okay. A guy's got to learn. But twice, that's stupid. I hear you been around to Schwartz's asking questions."

MacBain fell back a step. "He didn't waste any time getting in touch with you, did he? How's his finger? Still hurt?"

MacBain kept expecting him to stop, but he didn't. At this hour, the laboratories on both sides were empty. It would do him no good to yell for help. He backed slowly down the alleyway between the sinks and the laboratory table, realizing suddenly that this man could do as he pleased. *He was beyond reprisal.* Suddenly MacBain knew that Simpson was exactly what the Reverend Jones had said he was, a neighborhood boy celebrating his safe return from war with a few sociable beers. Quinn had pressed the trigger, and instantly his innocent victim had become a dangerous armed thief.

"I warn you, Quinn. This is the worst thing you could do for yourself."

But Quinn kept pressing forward. He made no threats MacBain could repeat. His gun stayed in the holster over his heart. All he did was push his big belly and chest against MacBain and step on his toes. MacBain tried to keep out from under the heavy shoes, he tried to push past, but Quinn kept him off balance, walking him backward. A small, contemptuous smile played about the policeman's lips. MacBain wanted to smash his fist against that mouth, destroy the smile.



There was a sound at the door. Quinn put his cigar back in his mouth. "I told you last night, MacBain. You want to be smart and just forget all about this little incident."

Turning, he went past Caroline and out the door.

"Wasn't that—" Caroline said. "Jim! Did he—"

MacBain's head was pounding. "Quinn? Just a friendly visit. Excuse me, Caroline. I have to make a phone call."

He felt in his pockets for the number the Reverend Jones had given him.

To the surprise of everyone, Lieutenant Thomas Jefferson Quinn was thrown off the police force. His application for a pension was denied. There was even talk of indicting him for manslaughter, though nothing came of that.

It could not have been done without MacBain. It turned out that Simpson had twice been wounded in action and had received the Silver Star. But no one except MacBain would risk angering Tom Quinn by testifying against him. The *Chronicle* ran a front-page cartoon showing MacBain as St. George in armor, about to sink his sword into a dragon labeled "Brutal Policemen." This was embarrassing to MacBain, and at the same time, strangely gratifying. Quinn should have known better than to step on his toes. A front-page editorial in the *Chronicle* said that what the city needed was a few more courageous citizens like MacBain. As a matter of fact, MacBain had been scared stiff in the witness chair at Quinn's trial. Quinn stared at him from one angle, Rokossovsky, the Police Commissioner, from another. Rokossovsky was one of the men who pushed the buttons that made things happen in the city. He was built like a sack of potatoes, lumpy and close to the ground. A beautifully tailored suit of expensive, lightweight material testified to his standard of living. His eyes were alert and expressive and remained fixed on MacBain through his

testimony, telling him to retire to his laboratory and leave the running of the city to people who knew more about it.

The next morning, leaving his apartment house, MacBain halted in the lobby. Two muscular young men were leaning against his Chevy. He had been expecting a punitive visit from Quinn or one of his men, and his first impulse was to hurry back upstairs and phone the police. With a sickening jolt, he realized that the police might not be too eager to protect him just now: for the first time in his life he and the police were on opposite sides. Then he breathed out in relief. He had recognized one of the young men, a student of his in Chemistry 12B and defensive fullback on the football team.

The boy grinned broadly. "Good morning, Professor. We're your bodyguards."

"Who's responsible for this ridiculous idea?"

"Professor Abrams. But I'm glad to do it, Professor. Maybe you'll return the favor and give me a C minus. I need it to stay eligible."

"Are you trying to bribe me, O'Brien?"

"No, sir!" the boy said quickly. "That would be stupid, wouldn't it?"

Nothing happened. Whether he was put off by the bodyguards or by the fear of bad publicity, Quinn left MacBain alone. After Quinn's trial, six policemen were convicted of taking money from gamblers and dropped from the department. Funny things began happening all over the city, and the *Chronicle* seemed to feel that the forces of good government finally had the organization on the run. A group of civic leaders organized a Fusion Party and called a convention to nominate a reform slate. The Fusion program had a strong appeal for the university people, who for years had been saying that something ought to be done about the crooked politicians and the tie-up between the gamblers and the police. Out of curiosity, MacBain went to the convention along

with Professor Abrams and a few others.

During an intermission, the Reverend Jones found MacBain to give him the astonishing news that the nominating committee wanted him to run for Police Commissioner.

"One minute," Mr. Jones said. "To forestall your objections before you make them. You're a political amateur. That's an asset. We want people with new ideas, with no ties or commitments of any kind. I don't think you quite realize what your name has come to mean to this town. You're the symbol of the uprising of the indignant private citizen. We have to have you on the ticket."

"No," MacBain said. "Absolutely not."

"But it's perfect, Mac!" Professor Abrams said with enthusiasm. "I say you ought to do it! It would be good for the city, and good for the university."

MacBain looked to Caroline for support. Surely she—

"They're right, Jim," she said. "You know what we were saying about the value of a strong protest vote. We won't get it unless we have a slate that's a cross-section of the community. It would interrupt your work, I know, but only for a few months, because of course you won't be elected."

"Can you be sure of that?"

Mr. Jones laughed. "Confidentially, and I wouldn't want this bruited around among the rank and file, we haven't a prayer. But we can raise a lot of dust."

MacBain, still dubious, made his acceptance speech as brief as possible. To his own ears, it was a halting performance, but the *Chronicle* said its refreshing candor and modesty struck a brand-new note in municipal politics.

The steering committee of the new party used MacBain's apartment for most of its meetings, and in a comparatively short time, MacBain was caught up in the campaign. He shook hands with a good many registered voters. He sat on the platform at large and enthusiastic rallies. At times it seemed to him that the city

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was seething with excitement, at other times that nobody really cared. It was hot, one of the longest heat waves in the city's history. The reform candidates were ignored by all the papers but the *Chronicle*. The regular organization acted as though they didn't exist. This silence seemed ominous to MacBain. He still hadn't set eyes on Quinn since the day in police headquarters, and that, he knew, wouldn't last forever.

He had trouble sleeping. Partly it was the heat, and partly nervous strain. One evening late in August, the steering committee ran out of things to say around eleven, which was surprising, since most of them were highly articulate. MacBain straightened up the living room, emptying ashtrays and throwing away papers, and went to bed. He couldn't sleep. He kept thinking of that inglorious afternoon in the laboratory, when Quinn had stepped all over his toes. Even now, two months later, his flesh crawled with humiliation.

He fell at last into a nervous sleep. An hour went by, an hour and a half, and suddenly he came up on his elbows, wide awake. There was someone in the bedroom! He switched on the bedside lamp. He was alone. He'd been dreaming again. He listened to the thump of his heartbeats and the sound of his quick, shallow breathing, and when some of his strength returned he looked at his watch. Four o'clock; another night shot. After a scare like that, he couldn't expect to go back to sleep without help.

He went to the bathroom for the little black box. He hated to take these things. He paused a moment and put the box back. And that, he realized later, was how he managed to live through the day.

MacBain lathered up and began to shave. The face under the lather was a familiar one to MacBain, but he noted some recent changes. There was a small vertical line between the eyebrows that hadn't been there at the start of the summer. His eyes were inflamed and angry-looking, grainy from lack of sleep.

He dressed, made the bed, and raised the Venetian blinds. The world had continued to revolve, and the sun had risen. The early sunlight washed across the pavements. For this brief moment, the city was hushed, expectant, as though something wonderful and surprising were about to happen.

All that happened was that three cars turned the corner and coasted to a stop beneath him. Two were Fords with large red spotlights, the third a long black limousine the size of a hearse. The doors opened, spilling out a group of uniformed men. The building sucked them in.

MacBain's heart thudded. There were nine other apartments in his building, but he never doubted that they had come for him. It was a relief, in a way. At least the waiting was over.

The buzzer in MacBain's kitchen sounded impatiently, commanding him to open the door. If he refused, they would break it down. He swallowed to get rid of the tightness in his throat. He put his hand on the knob—and let it go instantly, as though it had burned him.

His door was equipped with a small window of one-way glass, allowing him to see out without being seen. Five policemen faced the door, their guns drawn. They leaned forward slightly, obviously under terrific tension. And they weren't alone; Rokossovsky stood near the head of the stairs, tense and expectant. And suddenly MacBain understood what was about to happen. When the door opened, he would be shot resisting arrest.

Panic tightened his throat. He had a minute or so, while they waited for him to find his slippers and fumble sleepily to the door. A lot can be accomplished in a minute.

Luckily he was a tidy housekeeper. He went to the bathroom for his shaving brush, which would still be damp. That was all the time he could spare. If they looked carefully, they could find signs that someone had spent the night in the apartment, but the bed was made and they would have no reason to be careful. The buzzer rasped across his exposed nerves, a final warning. He unhooked the screen across the kitchen window, pushing it carefully back in place when he was outside on the fire escape. He hurried two flights to the roof.

He edged his head carefully over the parapet, then drew it back quickly. A policeman was walking across the roof with heavy, crunching footsteps.

He crouched against the bricks. They would be inside his apartment now; he couldn't go back past his kitchen window. He couldn't stay where he was.

He went down one flight, moving quietly. It is difficult, he found, to be quiet on a fire escape. The apartment over his, which had been empty all winter, had recently been rented. He hadn't bothered the new tenants, and he didn't intend to bother them now. There was one safe spot in a city apartment in hot weather, the hall closet. In about thirty seconds, with a little luck, he would be stowed away amid the winter coats and suitcases and overshoes, where he could wait in comfort and security while his new neighbors had breakfast and left the house.

He pushed a pencil through the screen, flicked the hook out of place, and stepped through into the kitchenette, a duplicate

of his own. There was a noise in the bedroom. MacBain froze. The bedroom door opened, and a young woman walked out, taking curlers out of her hair.

She was wearing high-heeled slippers and a striped robe. She saw MacBain, and stopped with a quickly indrawn breath. Her robe caught up with her, and she pulled it together.

He had to say something quickly before she screamed. "Take it easy! I'm not a burglar."

She shook back her hair, which was long and dark. She wasn't the screaming type, he was glad to see. Her eyes were green, the color of deep water, and beneath them were violet shadows of fatigue. At first he had had the impression she was frightened, but that was gone.

"This is somewhat embarrassing. I entertained a guest last night. A lady, as a matter of fact. Just this moment we had an unexpected visitor."

"Her husband?" the girl suggested.

"Yes. With a photographer. I thought I'd better leave by way of the fire escape. So if you'll lend me the use of your hall closet till they go away, I'll be much obliged. Or would you rather hear more about it first? It's a dull story."

"No, it sounds very interesting." She turned toward the bedroom, her legs appearing briefly. "First I'll put on some clothes. Cigarettes on the end table."

She closed the door behind her. If this apartment was exactly like his, the phone was in the bedroom. Moving softly to the door, he put his ear to the crack, and heard the quick, breathless stutter of a dial. He threw the door open indignantly.

"Just what do you think you're—"

He got no further. She was standing by the bed, dialing left-handed. In her other hand, she held an automatic, as small and innocent-seeming as a piece of costume jewelry. It was pointed at MacBain.

"Stand still," she said.

"Let me explain!"

"A little later, huh? Right now, just stand where you are and shut up."

Her hair fell forward; she swept it back angrily. She was having trouble dialing her number and keeping an eye on MacBain at the same time. He let her finish.

As she raised her hand again to push back her hair, he lunged across the bed. He got both hands on her wrist before she could bring the gun around. Twisting, he forced her down beside him. She clubbed him with the phone. He increased the pressure on her wrist, and they slipped slowly to the floor. He was hurting her, and he knew it. He was sorry about it,



but all she had to do to stop it was let go of the gun. She couldn't swing the phone in the narrow space between the bed and the wall so she dropped it and struggled unsuccessfully to dig her fingernails into his eyes. He banged the back of her hand against the framework of the bed till her grip broke and the automatic skidded across the floor.

**T**hey lay quietly for a moment, breathing hard. Then a man's voice spoke above them.

"Hello?"

MacBain's head came up. The phone dangled from the bedside table at the end of its long cord.

"Hello," the voice said again, hoarsely. "Who is it?"

The girl's eyes widened. MacBain clapped his hand across her mouth before she could speak. She struggled, and a low strangled sound came from deep in her throat.

"I get it," the man said. "Don't worry, I heard you laughing. Very funny. Wake a guy up for nothing in the middle of the night. What a sense of humor."

For a moment, MacBain listened to the noises made by the open line. The girl, no longer struggling, lay quietly under his hand. "I know who you are," the voice said. "Tom Quinn. Am I right, Tom?"

After a long moment of waiting silence, the man hung up with a bang. MacBain took his hand away, leaving the marks of his spread fingers on the girl's face. So she ran with Tom Quinn, did she? He was oddly exhilarated by his escape from the police, the fight for the gun, a feeling of danger. With every breath, her breasts rose beneath him. It was hot in the bedroom.

"Let me up," she said sharply. "I mean it, MacBain!"

That was his name, all right. He came to his feet and went for the automatic.

"I didn't know we'd been introduced."

"Don't be silly, MacBain. You're famous." She faced him across the unmade

bed. "Not that I'm dying to find out, but what gave you the quaint idea you wanted to be Police Commissioner?"

"I don't. That's an elective office. The machine in this town hasn't lost an election in thirty years."

She laughed without humor. "You high-and-mighty reformers give me a headache, no kidding, and don't tell me to take an aspirin, because I don't think it would help. Everybody's wicked except you, aren't they? Betting on horse races! Playing cards for keeps! My Lord, isn't it awful? I only wish I could vote in this town so I could vote for Rokossofsky."

"Why can't you vote?" MacBain asked sourly. "Can't you pass the literacy test?"

"Now that you know I'm not a voter, you can stop being charming, Doctor. I can't vote because I'm from out of town. Now tell me. What are you doing climbing in other people's windows? And leave out the jealous husbands, please. You're a high moral type—no jealous husbands for you. Did you forget you were in politics for a minute?"

MacBain reached out and hung up the phone. "I saw you when you were moving in. I thought you were very attractive, and I couldn't get you out of my mind. This morning I decided to make your acquaintance. How does that sound?"

She shook her head. "Try again."

There was a skeptical glint in the green eyes. He could see that she wouldn't believe anything but the truth, and she might not believe that.

"I did have some unexpected visitors," he said. "Not a jealous husband and a photographer, however. Police. Look out the window."

She tilted the slats of the Venetian blind. "Who came in the big one?"

"Rokossofsky."

"The Rock himself? What are you giving me, Professor? He doesn't get up this early in the morning for nothing. What's he want you for?"

"I didn't wait to find out. And I wouldn't have found out if I'd answered

the doorbell. I would have been killed."

"Did you say—"

"I know that sounds incredible, but you didn't see the way they were holding their guns."

All she had to do if she wanted to summon the police was stamp on the floor or scream. She did neither. She was looking at him as though he'd been jigsawed into a hundred pieces and she was trying to fit him back together. It made him uneasy. She was younger than he'd thought at first, too young to vote. Her face was dirty. MacBain's hands had been filthy from the fire escape, and he had used them on her freely.

She gave a twitch of discomfort. "I have to take a shower. You won't go away while I'm gone, will you, Professor?"

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

"I'd rather not answer that. I do my clearest thinking in the shower, so fill me in on a few details. This whole thing was a big surprise?"

"Not entirely. I've been expecting something like it, though more on the lines of a couple of men with baseball bats. And I know who's behind it—your friend Tom Quinn."

"He's no friend of mine. What do you mean, he's behind it?"

"I had a hand in separating him from a very handsome income. I don't know if you've heard—most of the policemen around here manage to put aside ten thousand a year out of an income of thirty-eight hundred. It's a miracle."

"So there are crooked cops in this town," she said wryly. "There goes my last illusion."

**B**elow on the street, a motor roared. The little convoy moved away with sirens shrieking in disappointment.

"That didn't take long," MacBain said. "Thanks for your hospitality."

"Would you care for a piece of advice, Professor?"

"Yes, I'm always happy to get advice."

"Then don't run off. Put some water on

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for coffee. When I get clean, I'll scramble some eggs."

"Thanks," MacBain said, "but I don't believe I altogether trust you. My life is complicated enough as it is, so I won't ask who you are or why you're taking such an interest in me or why you didn't phone the police when you had a chance. It all seems very peculiar. Instinct tells me to say good-bye while I've got all the fillings in my teeth. So good-bye."

She sighed. "My name is Louisa Scott," she said patiently. "I'm from New York. The man I called is my boss, and I wanted to ask him what to do about you. Use your head, Professor. Doesn't instinct tell you they'd leave somebody watching the house?"

"I'm not planning to leave the house. I'm going downstairs and phone a lawyer and see if I can find out the charge against me."

"Hasn't it occurred to you there might be a tap on your phone? Use mine."

MacBain shook his head, watching her. She gave a snort of disgust. "You need more than a lawyer, MacBain. You need a keeper."

She opened the lid of a hinged box on a low table, moved a switch, and two reels began to revolve. She waited till a faint, distant scratching came from the box. She stepped up the volume, and it broke into words.

"What a jerk," a man's voice said. "But I might have known it, a college professor. Nothing in the place but a bottle of ginger ale."

Another voice answered, "Let's play some cassino. I got a pack of cards."

"One lousy bottle of ginger ale! Not even a can of beer."

MacBain snapped it off. "They couldn't have looked very hard. There are some Cokes in the kitchen. Go ahead with your shower. I'll see about breakfast."

The coffee water had begun to stir, and the scrambled eggs were getting firm. The drumming of the shower ceased, and after a moment Louisa Scott came out wearing her candy-striped robe. MacBain followed her to the bedroom.

"You weren't thinking of using that phone again, were you?"

"No, indeed. I hate to eat alone."

"Just the same—would you mind getting dressed in the bathroom?"

"It's all steamed up in there!" Before he could say anything, she held up her hands. "Don't shoot, Doctor. I'm going."

She gathered her things. He might be able to think better when she had on more clothes. Presently she emerged in calf-length slacks and a halter. Everything fitted snugly.

"Eat your eggs, MacBain. Haven't you ever seen a girl before?"

"Not in one of those," he said, staring.

"Well, you're a novelty to me, too, believe me." She sat down across from him. "I'm starved. It isn't every morning I get all that exercise before breakfast."

They ate in silence, their knees touching. She refilled the coffee cups and lit a cigarette. "That's good coffee," she said. "You'll have to run up the fire escape more often."

"I'll be delighted. Just leave the screen unhooked."

"You know who you remind me of?" she said, studying him. "You remind me of Bill Holden."

"Who's he?"

"Wasted compliment. Don't you ever go to the movies? Okay, Professor. In words of one syllable, because I never went to college, how come you got mixed up with that bunch of nuts. You look fairly normal."

"What bunch of nuts?"

She tapped her cigarette irritably. "Those clergymen and social workers and bleeding hearts who think the people want honest government. The people want to be swindled, Professor! Don't you know that much? And my Lord—anybody who thinks they can beat the smoothest collection of precinct captains in the United States with a lot of hot air about decency and—"

"We do not expect to beat them," MacBain said. "With no opposition at all, the machine would go hog-wild. But I have something under way that's going to take another eight months of hard work, and if I'd thought I had the ghost of a chance—"

She made a small, controlled gesture. "There's always a chance. Once a voter gets inside that machine with the curtain drawn he's been known to do some screwy things."

"You don't really think—"

"No. I really don't. But if there's one chance in a hundred, they'll take care of it. You've been going around calling the cops every name in the book. What do you expect the cops to do, make you an honorary commissioner? This isn't just Quinn. It's the whole bunch. You've put the spotlight on them, and they have to go easy for a while. That costs them money. They've been little gentlemen so far, but it isn't natural for them. Of course, they can't touch the Reverend Jones, and they won't fool with the labor people, because the unions have quite a membership in the important wards. You're the goat, Professor. Your admirers are all under voting age. You're all by yourself, tied to a stake, with the tigers watching from the bushes, waiting for the sun to go down."

"I went into this with my eyes open. I know the risks."

"You figured they might hire a couple of boys to beat you up? That's just what they wouldn't do. This close to election, it would boomerang." She put out her cigarette. "You're supposed to be such a big brain. What do you make of this setup I've got here?"

"Isn't it obvious? You've been listening to everything we say at steering-committee meetings. You've probably been hoping to overhear something to discredit me, and through me the rest of the ticket. That doesn't worry me. People have been digging into my private life for weeks. They haven't found anything, because there's nothing to find."

She closed her eyes. Before she could make any more remarks about his innocence and naïveté, MacBain said. "Has it ever occurred to you there might be something a little disgusting about your kind of work?"

Her eyes opened. "If we'd turned it down, they'd have hired somebody else."

"Are you only concerned with the living room, or is there an extension for the bedroom?"

She flushed slightly. "There's an extension. It hasn't been too useful."

"How dull for you."

She stood up, the lines around her mouth deeply etched. She appealed to an unseen audience. "Listen to the guy, will you? Preaching me a sermon about the work I do! It's a living, and it's no worse than nine-tenths— If there's anything that makes my hair fall out, it's a hypocrite. What about that business on the bed? If I hadn't handled you right, the dictograph would have made fascinating listening, and you know it! What would the Reverend Jones have said? You'd have been scratched, Buster! I thought I'd try to help you, but never again." Her eyes narrowed. "Now what?"

He was attempting to untie a short length of clothesline above the stove. "I won't have much chance if you call the police, so I'm going to tie you up."

"You try it," she said, "and you'll have a fight on your hands."

She felt around on the table behind her, not taking her eyes off him, and then came up with the bread knife, a big, clumsy weapon with a scalloped blade. MacBain laughed and gave up the effort to untie the line.

"I took away your gun, and I should be able to take away a bread knife. But once we were down on the floor . . . Just give me time to get off the block."

She looked at him in astonishment, and burst into tears. She must have been on the verge all along, for the tears came



with a rush. He offered her a napkin and patted her shoulder.

"Don't cry," he said. "Stop it."

"Life's really lousy, isn't it?"

"I guess so," he said uncomfortably. "Sometimes."

She pulled away and gave her nose an indignant blow. "If only you weren't so damn dumb!" She sawed down the rope and held it out. "Tie me up!"

MacBain laughed.

"Then don't!" She flung the rope at him in a tangle, striking him in the chest. "How are you going to keep them from recognizing you, grow a beard?"

"All they have is that campaign picture. It doesn't look much like me."

"What in heaven's name do you think you're going to do?"

"Find out why they want me. Then I might take it up with Quinn."

She tried to speak calmly. "What good will that do?"

"Perhaps none. But Quinn and I have a score to settle. The details aren't important—well, he stepped on my feet, as a matter of fact. He didn't shoot me or fracture my skull; he just stepped on my feet. The thing that galls me about it is that he was holding a lighted cigar the whole time. He didn't even have to use both hands. He had a gun, but he wouldn't have dared to use it. He had me buffaloed, that's all. It won't happen again."

"Now I understand," she said with sudden comprehension. "So that's how you got involved in this mess—because a cop stepped on your toes."

"Yes, in a way. Because that proved it, you see. I was looking for any excuse to get out of testifying against Quinn. But this showed that he and the delicatessen owner had cooked up the story between them. I couldn't fool myself any longer."

"Stay away from him, MacBain! You want to pay him back, but do you think he'll fight you with eight-ounce gloves and a referee? He won't fight that way."

"What do you think I should do?"

"Take your name off the ticket. Get out of town till the first Wednesday after the first Monday in November."

"You know I can't do that."

She came closer. "Let's talk about it."

She did something to her eyes. Her hand came around his neck and touched him lightly, so lightly he hardly felt it. Then she kissed him. His mind went spinning helplessly out of control. What did an hour or two matter?

The wail of a siren rose above the city. It was merely a patrol car on some unimportant errand, but it brought MacBain to heel. What mattered was that she wanted him to stay and he didn't know why. And he wouldn't find out by staying.

He broke free. Her eyes changed back, and were cold and hostile again.

"Go on then, if you're going."

"What are they after me for?" he said. "You know, don't you?"

"No. There are quite a few things about this I don't understand at all. And I don't really care."

He wiped some of her lipstick off his mouth. "Perhaps I'll see you again."

"I hope not," she said.

He went out, latching the door silently behind him.

He left by the roof. The policeman who had been posted there was gone. He picked a drugstore where he wasn't known, shut himself in a booth, and dialed a number. Caroline answered.

"Jim," she said quickly. "Two men are here asking for you. I think they're detectives. What on earth has happened?"

"That's what I want to find out. Did they say anything?"

"Just that they want to talk to you. Jim, I'm scared."

"You're in good company," MacBain said. "So am I. Talk to them, and see if they'll tell you anything."

He broke the connection and phoned Jonathan Brooks, county chairman of the Fusion Party. Mr. Brooks was a real-

estate lawyer, but he was the only lawyer MacBain knew.

"Mac!" Mr. Brooks exclaimed. "I always knew that City Hall bunch was low, but I didn't think they were as low as this. They won't get away with it, not for a minute."

"I'm glad to hear that. I was beginning to worry."

"Just sit tight and leave everything to us. I suppose you'll want to know when we can get you out. Be patient, Mac. They've handed us a ready-made issue, and the longer they hold you the better."

"They haven't got me yet, Jonathan."

A silence followed. "I heard they'd sworn out the warrant, and I assumed—Mac, you know what we decided. This phone is undoubtedly tapped."

"Just a minute, Jonathan. What do they—"

With the sureness of long courtroom experience, the lawyer raised his voice a notch and rode him down. "Surrender at once. The one safe place for you is jail. Get in a taxi and go straight to police headquarters in City Hall Square. I'll be there waiting. Do as I say, and we'll bring you through in one piece."

"Wait! What was the charge in the warrant? Jonathan—"

But all he got by jiggling the receiver was a dial tone. He called the number again, but Mr. Brooks had already left. MacBain stared helplessly at the face of the dial. It told him nothing. A pudgy man carrying a sample case peered in through the glass door, wanting his turn at the phone, and MacBain stood up. There was nothing to do now but call Quinn.

Quinn hadn't gotten those decorations and promotions for his mental powers, and MacBain ought to be able to tie him in knots. He would identify himself as a political reporter on one of the newspapers that backed the regular organization, then ask Quinn to tell him about the MacBain case. It might work.

He went to the counter for change. The



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cashier pressed the no-sale button, and the cash drawer opened with a clang. Suddenly the hairs rose on the back of MacBain's neck. Two policemen had come in the store. They went back to the phone booth, and one of them kicked the door open. "MacBain?"

"Wha—"

The little salesman wasn't given time to complete a word. The policeman hauled him to his feet and hit him in the stomach. He folded forward. The second policeman caught him before he could fall, and they dragged him to the street.

Throughout the brief, savage violence, MacBain had stood frozen. As the policeman passed him on the way out, life came back to his muscles. He followed them out, frowning, a busy man with too much on his mind to concern himself about what a couple of policemen were doing. For the first time, he thought seriously of taking Louisa's advice. It might be extremely pleasant to walk down a street in some entirely different city.

He waved at a passing taxi, which stopped for him.

"Municipal airport," he told the driver.

But of course that was the last place for him to go. He tried to imagine what he'd be doing if he were Rokossovsky. Posting men at the airports, the railway and bus terminals, would be simple routine. For a moment he thought wistfully about how peaceful it would be in a small, quiet cell. He could lie on his bunk, thinking about laboratory problems while Mr. Brooks made arrangements to get him out.

He leaned forward. "Make that police headquarters, instead, driver."

At once a sympathetic pain flared where the policeman's fist had made contact with the helpless little man in the phone booth. Mr. Brooks, when he advised MacBain to surrender, hadn't seen the little tableau on his landing, the five drawn guns.

"Here on the corner is fine," he said.

He had seen a movie theatre with a girl in the ticket booth. There, in the cool darkness, he could hide until his mind began to function.

At this hour the theatre was almost empty. It was cool and dark, but it was also noisy. He sat through the pictures twice before he could ignore the actors' problems and concentrate on his own. He lunched on candy bars in the lobby, and toward the end of the afternoon, he made three phone calls from the men's lounge.

Caroline's number didn't answer. He dialed another. With a pleasurable quickening of the pulse, he waited for Louisa to come into the bedroom, pick up the phone, and exclaim with surprise at hear-

ing that MacBain was alive and well.

But a man's voice answered, the same hoarse voice MacBain had heard when Louisa was holding him off with her automatic. MacBain said nothing, letting the man listen to the uninteresting sound of air entering and leaving his lungs.

As soon as Louisa's employer had slammed the phone down, MacBain called Quinn's number.

"Captain Stand speaking," a voice said, speaking against a confused babble of background noises. The Quinns appeared to be giving a cocktail party.

"Is Tom there?" MacBain asked.

"Shut up," the man said to someone nearby. "Pipe down. Who is this?"

"Clayton Bradbury of the *Star*."

This was the name of a hatchet man who had written a series of libelous articles about MacBain. Quinn, he had deduced, would have no secrets from this man.

"Bradbury, is it?" Captain Stand said. "Bradbury, I thought you had more sense."

"Isn't Tom there?"

"Sure he's here. My Lord! You newspaper punks are all alike."

"Then put him on, please," MacBain said. "I'm in a hurry."

"Bradbury, I don't think I'll let you talk to Tom. No, sir, I don't believe I will. And I want to tell you the type I think you are. I think you're the type would sell his grandmother for a dollar bill, and I may have to come down and slap your ears together."

MacBain's stock of patience, which had been dwindling rapidly, approached the critical point and passed it. "I'll be waiting," he said. "But you'd better bring a few friends."

"What's that you said, Bradbury?"

"Preferably armed. You cops are beginning to think you rule the earth. If you aren't here in half an hour, I'm coming out to get you. Is that clear, or should I repeat it for you in more elementary English?"

MacBain hung up on an astonished silence. He hoped this Captain Stand was large and violent; it was a rare occasion when one of Clayton Bradbury's victims could do something to Clayton Bradbury in return. But what on earth was going on at Quinn's?

At eight-thirty, feeling as though he'd spent the day in the back room of a precinct station, he left the theatre and hailed a cab. He had a dull headache, brought on by lack of food and too much exposure to culture and air-conditioning. But it was nothing that couldn't be cured by a few straight answers to a few straight questions.

He had known that Quinn did pretty

well on his city salary, but still the size of his suburban establishment was a surprise. Most houses that large had been sold to private schools or religious orders. The front door stood wide open. The party seemed to have picked up momentum since he had called. For an instant, as his taxi departed up the long, curving drive, he hesitated. Some of Quinn's guests were sure to be policemen. But after drinking steadily since late afternoon, their guard would be down. No one knew what he looked like except Quinn himself, and a cocktail party at Quinn's was the one place in the city where they wouldn't expect to meet MacBain.

He ignored the open door and went looking for a less obvious way to join the party. He entered a large, dirty kitchen. Seeing a partially consumed turkey on the table, he halted abruptly, reminded that he'd had nothing to eat since breakfast except candy bars. He found a bottle of milk in the refrigerator and carved himself a drumstick. He took a large bite and was chewing on it contentedly when a blonde in a tight black dress walked in, carrying a glass and a bottle of whisky.

"Pitch right in," she said approvingly.

"Umm," MacBain said.

"Give us a hand with this, will you?"

She was trying to get an ice tray out of the refrigerator. MacBain went to help. They both pulled together. It came loose abruptly, and they both went down in a painful, lurching fall. MacBain got the worst of it.

"Oops," she said, a little late. "Any harm done?"

MacBain felt the base of his spine. Nothing seemed to be broken. She was more or less on his lap. She looked at him searchingly.

"Hey, how did you get in here?"

When his heart started again, going faster to make up for lost time, he said lamely. "I came with some people."

"Do you realize you're practically the only man in the house who isn't old enough to be drawing Social Security? How come I never seen you around? Saw you around, pardon my grammar."

MacBain wet his lips. "I'm from Kansas City. I just got in this afternoon."

That seemed to satisfy her. She took the ice tray to the sink, turning in a moment with an ice cube in each hand. "Freshen up your drink?"

He spoke quickly before she could comment on his glass of milk. "Doctor's orders. They don't let me take any liquor unless I drink some milk along with it."

"Just once in my life I'd like to meet a man who doesn't have something wrong with his stomach."



She picked a glass out of the sink and gave it a quick rinse. After dropping the ice cubes in it and filling it with Scotch, she gave it to MacBain.

"That turkey looks good. Cut me a slice of white meat."

She assembled a large and elaborate sandwich, but then it looked so beautiful she couldn't bear to eat it. She sat down, kicked off her tight shoes, and took a long pull at her drink.

"Drink up, honey," she said. "I went to all that trouble."

MacBain knew the importance of keeping a clear head, but he saw he had to drink it. The whisky blazed a path down his throat and started a fire in his stomach. He hastily swallowed some milk to put out the fire before it could spread.

The woman sighed. "Lord," she said. "There are some days I wish I was dead."

MacBain continued to work away at his drumstick.

"Well, hell," she said, "let's have another drink."

MacBain looked at his watch. "I ought to be looking for the people I came with."

"It's early yet," she said, taking his glass. "Stay and talk to me. Everybody's pie-eyed out there."

She handed the glass back with the ice cubes tinkling near the top. Then she took to massaging one of her bare feet. "I used to have to soak these dogs an hour a night in Epsom salts. would you believe it? And now I guess I have to go back on the stage. I hate to think about it. What's your name, honey?"

"Jim."

"All you people see is the glamour of it. But it's a rat race, Jim, every night but Sunday, and I wish I didn't have to go through it again. I thought I'd looked my last baby spot in the eye when Tom walked into my life."

MacBain had just taken a mouthful of turkey. It went down the wrong way. After he stopped sputtering, he took some Scotch and said, "Tom Quinn?"

"Didn't you know I'm the hostess?"

"No, as a matter of fact—" He gulped.

"That bunch of baboons," she said.

"You'd think when they bring somebody they'd have the courtesy to introduce them. They're Tom's friends. I'm thankful to say, not mine." She sighed again.

"A lot of people thought it was funny when I married him, he was so much older. But the way he tossed dough around! Everything tax-exempt! I noticed you looking at my jewelry." She ran her fingers over her glittering necklace. "But this is all I've got in the world. One necklace and a couple of rings."

"I should think Tom could buy you anything you wanted."

"Oh, he made me some very nice presents. I don't deny it. But then this summer he sneaked off and hooked them all. I suppose I shouldn't be talking like this when I hardly know you, but I thought the only thing could explain it was a dame. He had this couple of rooms at the St. Albans, and I busted in on him. And there he was with a girl. I hit the ceiling, so he had to tell me. There was this deal he was working on, and after election we'd be in the chips, bigger than ever."

"What deal?"

She waved a hand carelessly. "Politics, honey. When I think of the money involved, I hate to talk about it. Why don't we kill the bottle?"

MacBain pushed his glass across the table and said carefully, "I've heard people mention the name MacBain. Does that ring any bell with you?"

"Does that— Why, he's the guy who spoiled it all. All of a sudden, bing! Out on his ear. They wouldn't even give Tom a pension. We had to let the servants go. Can you imagine a house like this without servants? Oh, there was a committee, one thing and another, but without this professor it would've blown over. For a while I felt like laying for the guy myself with a piece of pipe. But it's a funny thing. I don't give a damn about him anymore."

"He got Tom fired and Tom didn't do anything about it?"

"Now how would that look, just before election? They told Tom to leave him alone. They had something else in mind for the guy. They were going to fix his wagon good."

MacBain finished his drink and asked casually. "How, do you know?"

"Oh, let's stop talking about it. That's all they've been jabbering about all day. MacBain. MacBain. The poor stupid jerk. I hope he's a thousand miles from here right now."

"You don't have any general idea—"

"I said let's stop talking about it. The whole thing makes me sick. Well, I guess I better be getting back."

She forced her feet into the shoes and stood up. The sudden change in altitude made her dizzy. MacBain caught her.

"Thanks, Jim. And I appreciate the sympathy. I had to talk to somebody or go nuts. You're going to be around?"

"I think so, till after election."

"Call me sometime. It gets lonely in this big house. And don't let what I said bother you. I've been in worse jams."

She took his face in both hands and kissed him.

"I'm overdue in town," MacBain said. "I'll look in on Tom before I go, if I can find him."

"Upstairs," she said. "Just follow the crowd. It's Tom's big day."

MacBain pushed open a padded door. The whisky and the turkey had done him a lot of good. He had lost all lingering traces of fear. He was generally considered one of the brightest young men at the university. Sometimes he had doubts about that himself, but not tonight. They would see who stepped on whose toes. He could handle a few stupid policemen. He could outthink them, outmaneuver them, outfight them. If worst came to worst, he could outrun them.

There was a great deal of noise, but soon it became part of the environment and MacBain no longer heard it. A group

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of people ahead of him were listening attentively while a white-haired man, holding an uncorked bottle of gin, told about his experiences in France during World War I. He looked a little like campaign photographs of the mayor; possibly a brother, for the city's chief executive was too dignified to drink gin from the bottle. He would use a glass.

"Excuse me," MacBain said, pushing through.

His progress up the stairs and along the second-floor hall was slow and erratic. Quinn's guests all insisted on shaking his hand and welcoming him to their city. He slipped away from a fat man who was trying to tell him about his mother.

"I'm looking for Tom. He's up here, isn't he?"

"He sure as hell was the last time I saw him. End of the hall."

MacBain made his way through the crowd and opened the last door on the right. A half dozen men were sitting around, on the bed and in chairs, but Quinn was not one of them. He established that at the same second he realized he was looking directly into the eyes of Rokossovsky.

That made three times he had looked into those eyes. This time there was a slight glaze across their surface, put there either by thought or by whisky from a tall glass cupped in his huge hands.

"Sorry," MacBain said, and put the door between them.

He crossed the hall and opened the other door. This was a darkened bedroom. Quinn had probably had a drink too many and his friends had put him to bed to sleep it off. MacBain breathed out in relief. He could settle accounts with Quinn some other day, and could leave at once, before the image of his face completed its slow journey to Rokossovsky's brain.

A candle winked from a corner. A voice was speaking in a low, monotonous murmur. And all at once MacBain understood what kind of party he'd invited himself to.

He crossed the room. An old woman in black was kneeling at the foot of the coffin. MacBain stood beside her, looking down into the serene and waxen countenance of the late Thomas Quinn.

The lids had been lowered over the bloodshot eyes. A faint flush stood on the cheekbones, like the bloom on wax fruit. A satin cushion concealed the spot where a bullet had smashed its way out of the skull. It had entered, less conspicuously, between the eyes, and there MacBain saw a small bluish circle, like a caste mark.

The door opened behind him. He fell to his knees, and for a second he was actually praying—not for Quinn's soul but for his own skin. His breath came out in a silent whistle which blew out the candle. He dropped to the floor and rolled beneath the coffin.

"Mother Quinn?" Rokossovsky said from the doorway.

"Now look what you've done," the old woman complained. "You've doused the candle."

"I'll turn on the light."

"No, that you will not, Rokossovsky. I don't care to have a hot light glaring down in my boy's eyes. Light the candle again."

Rokossovsky struck a match and started forward. "Where's the guy who just came in here?"

"Who would that be?"

"The guy, the guy! He came in ahead of me. I didn't get too good a look at him, but I'll tell you who he looked like—the professor who murdered Tom."

MacBain's heart contracted. So that was the reason for the circle of drawn guns outside his door!

"After doing murder," the old woman said, "he'd come to the wake?"

Rokossovsky was so close to MacBain now that MacBain could have bitten him on the ankle. "You know that's just what he might do. Say he got to wondering—did he do it or did he dream it? He'd come to find out."

"The murderer was no man but Tom himself. They say he was found with the gun in his hand. You think to make it easy for me, but God sees the truth. We wanted to give him an education and make him a priest, God help us, but he walked a wicked road and murdered himself at the end of it. Go on with you now."

"The medical examiner doubts it was suicide," Rokossovsky said. "A college professor would be smart enough to wipe the fingerprints off the gun. All the circumstances—"

"Has the devil got into you? Look around. Do you see any murderers here but yourself and my son?"

The polished shoes outlined a difficult dance step on the rug. "Nobody came in here before I did? Honest to God?"

"Leave us alone," she said more gently. "Did Tom Quinn lead the life of a saint, that he won't be needing my prayers?"

When the door had closed behind Rokossovsky, she resumed her whisper. MacBain settled down for a long wait. The bare boards of the floor were very hard.

"Come out now," the old woman said.

MacBain lay still, thinking it must be part of her prayer. She repeated, "Come

on out. I don't care to have you lying there listening."

He crawled out. "I hope you know a lie when you hear one. I didn't know he was dead till I saw him in his coffin."

She moved her head, and shadows came and went across her seamed face. "I still have a few of the wits God gave me. Nobody had to do it for him. He did it for himself."

"I'm sorry," MacBain said. "I didn't do it, but maybe they'll find that somebody else—"

She gave him a harsh look, pulled the scarf over her head, and rocking slightly in time to her heartbeats, went back to her prayer. At the door, MacBain looked back at the mourning figure, trying to think of something comforting to say. But he had troubles of his own. There were only a couple of hundred policemen in the house, all of them drunk, and if they found out who he was . . .

The thing to do was try for the back stairs. He breathed deeply and walked out.

He had taken only two steps when a big blue-jowled man let out a joyful cry and grabbed him. MacBain twisted and squirmed, but there was no doubt about it this time. He was caught. Struggling would only make it worse. Triumphant voices bellowed around him. An agonizing half minute passed, and then he saw that these men weren't congratulating each other on capturing a dangerous enemy. They were singing, and wanted MacBain to join them. The song was a tribute to the Mississippi River.

MacBain's good, clear baritone joined reluctantly in their close harmony. It was the most difficult experience of a tortured day. He was anxious to get it over, but whenever they achieved an interesting effect, they insisted on holding onto it as long as possible.

The door across the hall opened, and Rokossovsky stuck his head out. "Knock it off! You can't hear yourself think around here!"

Once again MacBain and Rokossovsky looked at each other. The singers had MacBain in an iron grip. His mouth was open, his brows knotted, as he gave the final note everything he had. He held it longer than the others, being in better physical condition, but finally he had to let it go. Rokossovsky's face clouded. For a moment, as his companions discussed their next number, their hold relaxed. He slipped out of their arms in an instant and was at the top of the stairs by the time Rokossovsky started after him.

This stairway was steep and poorly lighted. He plunged down it recklessly and burst through the door at the bottom, where he caromed against the blonde Mrs. Quinn.



"Where's the fire, Jim?" she asked.

He whirled around to face her, then heard a thundering crash as someone fell on the stairs. He seized the nearest door-knob, gave Mrs. Quinn a ghastly, artificial smile, opened the door, and stepped through. It was the stairway to the cellar. He waited, breathing heavily, hoping she would blame his irrational conduct on too much Scotch. He heard Rokossovsky's voice.

"Did you see him, Marie? It's him—MacBain!"

"Who?"

"MacBain, MacBain, and don't tell me you didn't, because he was right ahead of me on the stairs. Which way'd he go?"

MacBain strained to hear her answer. "What's he look like?"

"Oh, hell—six feet or so, pretty good build. Butch haircut. Lipstick all over his face."

She gave a tinkling laugh. "What a description, Rock. You'd better knock off the bottle, honey, because there wasn't anybody ahead of you on the stairs."

"Who you trying to kid? This time I know I saw him!"

"I've been standing right here for fifteen minutes. You were up all last night, and it's been a long, tough day. And all that booze. Give me the gun, honey. Don't wave it around like that—you'll hurt somebody. Go and lie down, and I'll bring you a cup of coffee."

"What am I, going bats, Marie? I've been thinking about the jerk so much I see his puss everyplace I look."

Mrs. Quinn made soothing sounds as they moved away. MacBain snapped on the light. As soon as he had planned his route, he turned it off; he couldn't take a chance on being seen climbing through a lighted window. He went downstairs and groped around the furnace toward a dim oblong, high on the wall. He unfastened the window, pulling it inward, and hooked it to a rafter. A screen was nailed across the opening from outside:

MacBain hammered it out with his fist.

A light flashed from the top of the stairs. He swung around. The eye of a flashlight bobbed down the stairs and cast about in the dark, searching for him.

"MacBain?" Marie Quinn said in a whisper. "Don't fool around, damn you. I know you're down here."

He moved silently around the furnace, mentally plotting the dozen steps that would take him to the stairs. His foot struck a poker with a clank, and the flashlight pounced on him. He stood where he was. One yell from Lieutenant Quinn's widow, and the house would come crashing down about his ears.

"So you're the professor," she said, and leaning forward, slapped him in the face with the gun. "And don't cry about it. I don't like the way you conned me up there in the kitchen. I'm going to turn the light off now because I don't want any cops sticking their noses in. Now listen. Are you listening?"

"Intently."

"Have you got the money with you?"

MacBain felt his cheekbone where she had hit him and tried to concentrate on what she was saying. "What money?"

"The fifty grand Tom had on him when you killed him."

MacBain's mind began to clear. He slid his foot along the floor till it touched the poker. "I thought you said he was so broke he was pawning your jewelry."

"He was broke. He didn't leave me a cent, and that's why I want that fifty. I'm entitled to it. He called me the moment it came in. And when they found him an hour later, he had exactly two bucks in his pocket."

MacBain bent down in the darkness and came back up with the poker. "You think I killed him for the money?"

"Did I say that? You heard about the frame he was fixing up for you. You shot him for good and sufficient reason. Then you found the dough and took it. And now I want it."

"That's a lot of money to be carrying around."

"But you'd be carrying it. I've got it all figured out. You can't frame a college professor without something in writing. Maybe pictures. You didn't find what you were looking for in the hotel, so you came out here tonight. That took guts, MacBain, and I'm sorry to be holding a gun on you, but that's how it is. You'd bring the dough in case you had to spend it, and you might even have to go to fifty if this stuff's as hot as I think it is. Now, here's the deal. Hand over the dough, and you can stay here in the basement. Tomorrow you can use my car to get out of town. It's got a Police Department star on it, so nobody will stop you. Things will cool off in a couple of months, and you can come back before college opens. But if you don't have the dough or you don't want to give it to me, I'm going to shoot you honey. I'll aim at your arm, but I've never fired a gun before in my life, and I might hit you someplace else. Okay?"

She turned on the flashlight again. "MacBain?"

He had drifted silently to the left. He brought the poker down hard on her wrist. She cried out, and the flashlight crashed nose-down on the cement. In another second he was beneath the window.

"MacBain! Every cop in the place will be down here the first shot I fire!"

He threw the poker across the cellar. She fired at the sound, and MacBain drove his head and shoulders through the window. She fired again. The bullet broke the window above him, showering him with shattered glass.

"You dumbhead!" she screamed. "I would've settled for half!"

The shrubbery hid him as he moved along the wall. People were shouting, but they'd been shouting all evening. A woman screamed. It could have been a scream of laughter.

A line of parked cars extended along the driveway. He picked one that had



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the key in the ignition. A siren began to howl as he turned onto the main road to town. He pressed the accelerator down to the floor and hit seventy before he realized it was his own siren. He felt desperately along the dashboard, trying to find some way of turning it off, but without success. He drove back to the city with the siren screaming, speeding through stop lights. He ditched it in a side street a few blocks from where he lived. The siren was still squawking faintly as he walked away.

He went into a cigar store and dialed Louisa's number. Several seconds passed after he said hello.

"Where are you calling from?" she said. "The morgue?"

"Not quite. A blonde took a couple of shots at me but missed. I need some information. Are you alone?"

There was another brief pause. "All right, MacBain. Come on up. I hate to admit it, but I'm curious. And I just heard a siren, so watch yourself."

"That was me. I borrowed a squad car."

Louisa groaned. "Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"I'm quite sure I don't. I'm counting on you to tell me."

He followed a woman into a building a few doors from his own, waited till the stair well was empty, and left by the roof. The door on his roof was locked from the inside, so he went down the fire escape. Louisa, wearing her striped robe, opened the bedroom door just as MacBain stepped out of the kitchen. Her hand flew to her mouth.

"You jumped only a few inches this morning," he said. "You're getting nervous."

"Take a look at yourself in the mirror. You'd frighten Dracula."

"I don't know why I should look any different," he said, going to the bathroom. "Outside of sitting through a double feature four times and having to hide under Quinn's coffin, nothing much has happened to me. Of course, I was chased downstairs by Rokossovsky and slapped in the face with a pistol. But otherwise it's been a fairly uneventful day."

Then he saw himself in the mirror. Good Lord! he thought. Underneath the dried blood and the dirt there was something new, a look that hadn't been there that morning. It couldn't be rubbed off with soap and water.

Louisa had a drink when he came out. Newspapers with headlines about the Quinn shooting were strewn about.

"You really hid under Quinn's coffin?"

"I really did. I'll tell you what kind of shoes our Police Commissioner is wearing today. Brown shoes with pointed toes

and a high polish. They glisten nicely in candlelight."

"I told you to stay away from Quinn. I used every argument I could think of."

"You didn't tell me he was dead."

"I hadn't seen the papers. I didn't know."

MacBain took a swallow of his drink, and began to read about the death of Quinn. He read carefully, because, as a result of the drinks he had had at the wake, the smaller type had a tendency to move from one column to another. At twenty minutes after midnight, the shot that presumably killed Quinn was reported by several guests at the Hotel St. Albans. He was found dead in a suite registered in the name of Lamar C. Peters of Detroit. He had been shot through the head with his own gun, which lay on the floor beside his right hand. His own fingerprints were on the gun. There was a blank sheet of letter paper and an uncapped fountain pen on the desk, overflowing ashtrays about the room, used highball glasses, an empty suitcase, and an almost empty bottle of whisky. And that was all. His forehead was cut; the police supposed he had struck it against the desk as he fell. An autopsy showed a heavy concentration of alcohol mixed with the blood in his veins.

There were two large pictures on the front page of the first afternoon paper MacBain picked up. One was of Quinn's widow. The second picture was of himself. The caption above it said, "Prof Sought," and the story recounted his run-in with Quinn over the shooting of Pike Simpson. He had apparently fled the city. No one at Fusion headquarters or the university could help the police. It sounded bad, even to MacBain.

The *Chronicle*, the one paper unfriendly to the administration, ignored MacBain and concentrated on Lamar C. Peters. The man hunt was on. No one by that name was listed in the Detroit city directory or phone book. A reporter had talked to one of the elevator boys at the St. Albans, who remembered taking a man he thought was an important bookmaker to Quinn's floor soon after eleven and bringing him back some fifteen minutes later. Another *Chronicle* reporter called on Harry Dramis, a bookmaker supposed to be on excellent terms with the regular organization. The reporter was escorted to the sidewalk by two young men with suspicious bulges inside their coats.

MacBain put the paper aside. "Who's this Lamar C. Peters?"

"Nobody," Louisa said. "It's a name they use. They need a place where the bookies can pay their taxes, so they took a suite at the St. Albans under a phony name."

MacBain thought for a moment. "Then that's where Quinn got the money—from Dramis, as a campaign contribution."

She waved away a cloud of cigarette smoke. "What money?"

"The fifty thousand dollars I stole from Quinn after I killed him. Mrs. Quinn was quite indignant and wanted it back. I didn't have it with me, so I couldn't oblige."

He stretched; the drink was relaxing. "I'm sleepy. Are those policemen still downstairs drinking my ginger ale?"

"I guess so. I haven't been listening. MacBain, what were you doing at twelve-twenty last night?"

"Sleeping. At least, I was trying to."

"Alone? Don't answer that. I have a pretty good picture of this girl of yours, and I very much doubt—"

MacBain sat erect. "Are you referring to Caroline?"

"I think that's her name. Charming, no doubt. Brainy. Up on the latest gossip about the atom bomb. But any help in a case like this? I don't think so."

"Well, after all, there must be any number of people who can't prove where they were at that time of night. Besides, why should I shoot Quinn?"

"Because he'd found out something about you, something unpleasant that would ruin your reputation and get you fired from your job the way you got him fired from his. And don't ask me what that was. It wasn't my department. But Quinn was an old-time cop. Anything he cooked up would sound authentic."

She was lighting a new cigarette from the butt of her old one when the phone rang in the bedroom. She started and dropped both cigarettes, then hastily picked them up before they could set fire to anything.

MacBain followed her to the bedroom.

"Outside and close the door, MacBain," she said. "This is my call."

When the phone rang again, he picked it up and handed it to her. After a moment, she shrugged and said hello. It was the same hoarse voice MacBain had already heard twice that day. He liked it even less this time.

"I guess I won't get over tonight, Lou. What a day! Why don't that screwball come in and save us some trouble?"

Louise was looking at MacBain; her eyes were unfriendly. "I don't like the way they're trying to hang this on the professor, Ben. I mean that."

"Forget it. The guy's cooked. You'd have done him a favor if you'd plugged him this morning. How come you let him get your gun?"

"I didn't expect him to jump me."



Maybe I didn't feel like putting up too much of a fight."

"What is this, baby? You cooling off?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Ben!"

"Because that's okay with me. I always made that plain. But a college professor! Frankly, it amazes me. But I can see you go for the guy."

"I didn't say I liked him. I said he wasn't as dumb as I'd thought."

"I know what you said, and I don't want to hear any more about it."

"All right, then."

"All right! Anything turn up?"

"Not a thing."

"I've been talking to the Rock. He just came in from the wake, and that's some brawl, from what I hear. He's going around saying he saw MacBain pay his respects to the corpse. And I'm the guy claims this professor is nuts!"

"Ben, why not pull out? Before it blows up on us."

"I couldn't do it, Lou. I'm the outsider in this thing if anything goes sour. I live at the hotel, and that's the first thing a cop thinks in a hotel killing, who lives at the hotel? And I didn't tell you this, baby, but Tom and me had a little rumble yesterday, in front of witnesses. About nothing. So it wouldn't look right to leave. But I hope they get the hooks in the professor before it gets too big to handle."

He hesitated. "Honey, nothing happened with him this morning, did it?"

"What do you mean?"

"It don't stand to reason, but say when he was trying to get the gun—now don't get sore, but you've been acting funny all day."

"You don't know him, Ben. He's only interested in what he can see under a microscope."

"He's human, ain't he?"

"I don't know."

"Still love me, baby?"

Louisa flushed. "Yes," she said in a low voice.

"Go ahead and say it, or I'm coming

down and beat it out of you," he insisted.

She turned her back on MacBain. "I love you. Now we'd better get some sleep."

She kept her back turned after hanging up. Hearing her tell the man at the other end of the phone that she loved him, MacBain was filled with a sudden jealousy. But it was absurd. This girl was an enemy. She represented everything he had taken up arms against. What she did with her life was no concern of his. If he ever got out of this mess, he was going to marry Caroline, make full professor by keeping his shoes shined and his nose clean, and end up inviting younger members of the faculty in for tea.

Her shoulders were shaking, and he followed her into the living room. His queer feeling of jealousy now seemed childish and petulant, and he put his arms around her and told her a number of things, some of which he no longer believed himself. He couldn't deny that the world was apparently populated by scoundrels who were interested only in money and didn't care how they got hold of it. But that wasn't the way the world actually was. There were decent people in it. She'd been keeping the wrong kind of company. By slow degrees she stopped crying. Twisting, she brought her feet up on the sofa and lay curled against him. He turned over her left hand. There on the usual finger was a diamond only slightly less spectacular than Mrs. Quinn's.

"Like it?" she said.

"It's rather large."

"It sure is. I generally don't wear it on a job. I put it on tonight because I was feeling so lousy."

"How do you feel now?"

"Still lousy," she said contentedly.

After a time she sat up and removed the last traces of tears. MacBain was having trouble keeping up with this girl. She examined her face in a little mirror. It looked fine to MacBain,

but she was displeased with what she saw. She closed the compact with a snap.

"I don't know how you live on so little sleep, MacBain. If I had to keep up with you much longer, I'd really look like the wrath of God."

"There's nothing wrong with the way you look."

"Well, you're sweet, and you can sleep on my sofa if you want to. And then tomorrow morning early, I want you to go down to police headquarters with your hands in the air."

MacBain was surprised. "The last I heard, you were telling me to leave town."

"I've been thinking about it. If they picked you up at the station, they could nail your head over the fireplace, because that's how a jury figures. And it's too dangerous. When I think of you walking around loose all day, I get goose-pimples. I don't think you realize the spot you're in. You're a cop-killer. Every cop in town is looking for you with a round in his chamber."

"How do I surrender without getting shot?"

"We'll call up the papers and have them send photographers. Call a meeting of your committee. Get the Reverend Jones to put on his Sunday outfit. Make a parade out of it. Once they lock you up, you're on your own. But there's been such a stink about the cops lately. I think you have a chance if you don't act too tough."

"I'm glad you think there's a chance. Then what?"

There were a few drops of diluted whisky left in her glass. After she had disposed of them, she said, "Then I'll alibi you."

"You'll what?"

"I'll say that last night after your meeting broke up, you came upstairs and we spent the rest of the night together."

MacBain looked at her closely. "What's Ben going to say to that?"

"He won't like it, and I wouldn't be

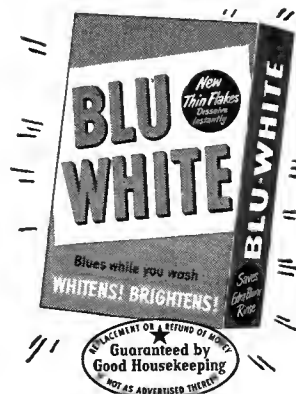


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surprised at all if it washed us up. I'm sorry you had to hear that conversation, because it's out of date, and I would have told him so if I hadn't wanted to keep him from charging down here. I don't want to go into all the gruesome details. But a girl has to draw the line somewhere, and I draw the line at Marie Quinn."

He had thought he was giving her his full attention, but now his head snapped forward. "You mean Ben and—"

"Did you think you were the only man who ever came back from the Quinns' wearing Marie's lipstick?"

MacBain put that one aside to examine later. "You'll get your name in the papers. You'll make some enemies. And I brought this on myself. I'm naïve, conceited, pompous, hypocritical. I won't repeat everything else you've called me, but I don't think you can really like me much."

"I do, too, like you! I can't make you out most of the time, is all. I admit I wouldn't want the Rock to be really mad at me, but what he's after is to win the election. If you didn't shoot Quinn because you were spending the night with me, you'd lose the churchgoing vote. That's been the big idea all along. Stop trying to argue me out of it, MacBain! It's the only thing you can do."

"What makes you so sure I didn't actually kill him? If I'd known what he was up to—"

"You'd have formed another committee," she said wearily. "You aren't the type to take a gun away from a tough cop and shoot him with it. You're very nice, and when you aren't being exasperating I like you. But you just aren't the type."

She pushed back her hair. "Look, MacBain, if you've got to know what's on my mind, it's this. I don't care for your friends. There's something about an upper-crust dame taking a basket of food down to the slums that goes against my grain, and I don't expect you to see what I mean. You people don't know the first thing about running a city, but still you're sure you can run it better than anybody else. Why? Don't ask me! The only thing is, with all the odds in our favor, I don't see why we have to fight quite so dirty. I don't think you'll win, but frankly I'm beginning to think it wouldn't be such a bad thing if you did. It might teach you a lesson! The boys would steal you blind in a week!"

"But you won't help us?"

"Certainly not. What difference does it make to me whether people bet on the horses at a race track or in a cigar store? They lose their money either way,

but at least they get some fun out of it, and that's more than can be said for anything done by the high muckers of the Fusion Party. But a while ago I made myself a promise. Nothing was going to happen to you people except losing the election. Are you satisfied now? Will you do it?"

"No," MacBain said.

She stared at him. "No! What do you mean, no, after I talked myself blue in the face? Why won't you? On my account? I don't have any reputation in this town to worry about."

"It isn't your reputation. It's mine."

"Say that again."

"You're not just any pretty girl who happens to live in my apartment house, Louisa. You work for a private detective who was hired by Rokossofsky to spy on the Fusion Party and destroy it, if possible. For weeks we've been wondering how they knew about our plans almost as soon as we made them. It began to seem that some member of the committee must be betraying us. Now if it is publicly announced that the moment a meeting adjourns I rush upstairs—"

"You'll live it down. But you won't get a chance to live anything down if you're dead."

"It's something I wouldn't care to live down."

"Well, that's my idea, and it won't work unless you cooperate. Now what's your idea?"

He put out a cigarette that was smoldering in the ashtray. "You should have seen Rokossofsky tonight. He looked on the verge of flying to pieces. He must be getting desperate. My friends will never believe I murdered Quinn. The *Chronicle* will put its whole staff to work on it. No matter how airtight he thinks it is, there's always the chance of a slip so long as I'm alive. Somewhere in the city is the person who really did this murder. I don't think money or politics was at the root of it. I think it was personal, revolving around the glamorous Mrs. Quinn."

"Ben didn't do it, if that's what you're getting at."

"Perhaps not. But things are working, and I'd like to let them work. If I could stay out of sight for a few days—"

"Well, you can't stay here. Ben's in and out all the time."

"I'm aware of that. And it would be risky to get in touch with any of the people I know. But two houses down the street, there's a sign up advertising a vacancy. I couldn't walk in and rent it. But you could, Louisa. You could take me in a bag of groceries, unlock the door to the roof, and carry a message to the city editor of the *Chronicle*."

"MacBain, it's too dangerous! You

just don't know—they've got this town sewed up. The superintendents in all these buildings give tips to the police. And what do you know about that city editor? One whisper to the cops, and you're dead. Why won't you do what I ask you?"

"I've told you why."

She studied her cigarette for a moment, then went to the bedroom and came back with a pair of sheets.

"Bedtime," she said.

"I take it the answer is no?"

"That's clever of you, MacBain. I made you an offer, and if you don't feel like taking it, you can go to hell."

"But—"

"And I'm too tired to argue. Good night, MacBain."

MacBain slept, wearing the sheet like a shroud. The sun rose. Louisa came out of her room, in blue pajamas and smiling faintly at the contorted position he had worked himself into during the night. The sofa was too short for him. One hand trailed on the floor; his neck appeared to be broken.

He woke with a yell, reached out and pulled her down. For one confused moment, he wasn't sure if he was trying to throw her off or trying to keep her from getting away. When he remembered where he was, he lay quiet, his forehead beaded with sweat.

"Is that the way you generally wake people up?" he said.

"You're the one who grabbed me. Now let me go."

"I'm not holding you. We seem to be— Lift up a little, and we'll get that sheet—"

She was free now, but she stayed in his arms. His heart had started beating wildly at the fright she gave him, and now it refused to slow down.

"MacBain, honestly," she said, "I decided last night that no matter what happened, we weren't going to end up in the same bed. So let's just consider this an accident."

He thought he knew her well enough by now to kiss her good morning. "What are we having for breakfast?"

"I don't know. Are you tired of eggs? MacBain. Please. You've got me so mixed up already that— Why won't you turn yourself in? I don't know why I feel so responsible for you, but somebody's got to— MacBain."

She held him for an instant more and broke away. She said shakily, "If you're still at large tonight, sleep somewhere else, will you?"

"Oh, well, tonight. That's a long way off."

"I'm serious. Stay off my fire escape. Park on Caroline's sofa."



He laughed, untangled himself, and went to take a shower. Suddenly, for no reason at all, he began to sing. The song, naturally, was "Old Man River."

She looked at him suspiciously when he came out. "Did I hear you singing?"

"Yes, did you like it? The boys at the wake last night thought I had a very pleasant baritone."

For the second morning in a row, they had breakfast together. It occurred to MacBain in the middle of his third cup of coffee that this was a very agreeable institution, one he would like to continue. But he had other things to dispose of first.

"I'd better wash the dishes," Louisa said, "I'd have a hard time explaining to Ben why I needed two coffee cups. You'll have to go now, MacBain."

He stood up. Now he had to leave by the roof and somehow get to a telephone without being seen. There was one person at the university he thought it would be safe to call. But he hated to leave this sanctuary. He felt like a rubber band that has been stretched too often; there was no resilience left in him.

"It's nine o'clock," she said, "so will you get the hell out of here?"

He turned. He had his hand on the doorknob when she cried, "Damn it, MacBain! Come back here. I just can't let you— Which way's that house with the vacancy?"

"East."

"Get these dishes washed while I'm gone, and don't answer the doorbell. I'll knock three times."

She came up on her toes and kissed him. But as her heels hit the ground, she gave an exclamation of disgust and hit him over the heart with her clenched fist. "I wish I'd never laid eyes on you!"

That blow had hurt; she had meant it to. But for some reason it gave MacBain the same unexpectedly joyful feeling he had had in the shower. He might manage to live through this, after all!

After he had washed the dishes, he remembered Louisa's little automatic. He slipped it into his pocket. It made a difference. He wasn't just a target in a shooting gallery any longer.

He heard three careful taps at the door. Looking through the little peephole, the gun in his hand, he saw Louisa. He put the gun away and unbolted the door.

"Did you—"

A man slipped in from the hall before he could finish, moving fast, and took his right arm from behind, one hand under the armpit, the other clamped hard on his wrist.

"Captain Vanicky," Louisa said. "Dr. MacBain."

MacBain looked at her, and she met his look boldly and without wavering.

"Come along, MacBain," the policeman said. "We're going downtown."

"So it seems."

He reached across his body with his left hand and picked the automatic out of his pocket. He brought it down to his side, intending to shoot the policeman in the leg. The policeman swung MacBain's arm up and out, and there was a terrible wrenching pain in his shoulder.

"MacBain!" Louisa cried.

As the policeman pivoted, MacBain twisted sideways, fighting to extend the gun. His forehead struck the doorframe. Fireworks whirled and dazzled against his eyelids. He plunged down a dark, echoing, bottomless shaft, and dimly, after a time, he heard a bell ringing.

He knew it was an ambulance bell. For an instant, he thought he was lying on a sidewalk after being knocked down by Quinn. Perhaps he was being given a second chance, to see if he would act more sensibly this time. Then he perceived that he was moving. The world swung around him in great sickening arcs. He was inside the ambulance, so instead of being James MacBain, he must be Pike Simpson, who had just been shot

for arguing with a drunken policeman.

The ambulance stopped, and he was wheeled into a building. Two men in white clothes put him on a table. There was a soft whirl near his head, and one of the men wrenched at his arm. Pain seized him. The next few minutes were awful, then the mask came down and he sucked at the anesthetic.

For a while he dreamed. Then the dream slipped away, and he found himself in a bed between coarse cotton sheets, his right arm in a cast. He turned his head. Two men he had never seen before were in the room with him. The one nearest the bed was a pock-marked fellow with a broken nose. The other, bigger and younger, leaned back against the wall in a straight chair, working on his nails with a pocketknife. There was a small window above his head with bars across it. Through it MacBain could see a triangle of sky. The walls of the room were lined with a kind of material used in broadcasting studios, which seemed odd to MacBain.

"How'd you get his gun, Mac?" the pock-marked man asked softly.

MacBain brought his eyes back to the battered face. "What gun?"

"Quinn's gun. That's about the only thing we don't know. You made a date to meet him at the St. Albans. Now, how'd you get his gun? It was a hot night and he took his stuff off and threw it on the bed, isn't that how it happened? Why should Tom Quinn be scared of you?"

"Where are we, do you mind telling me?"

"Men's House of Detention. You're going to get used to that view, kid. You're going to be here a while."

The other man leaned forward. "This is a smart boy, Stash. An I.Q. of 148, more than the both of us combined, and if you don't believe it, look in his folder. He knows he has to do some talking, so why should he wait till we've been working on him three or four days? Let's give

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the guy a smoke. We won't tell the Rock we did it."

MacBain took the cigarette Stash reluctantly held out to him and accepted a light from the other man. Then he looked at the brand name and flicked the cigarette across the room.

"It's not my brand."

"It was your idea, Ben," Stash said after a moment. "I say knock some sense into him."

MacBain raised his head. "Ben? Where are you from, Ben, New York?"

The man frowned. He was blond, with blond eyebrows and lashes. His face was smug; handsome, fair, and smug; and suddenly MacBain was too mad to be careful. "I have a message for you from Mrs. Quinn, Ben. She says there's nothing to worry about. What does that mean? But aren't you a little out of your territory here? I think that before long you're going to wish you were back among friends."

He had more to say, but before he could say it, Ben reached out and hit him.

Stash said warningly, "Watch it, Ben."

"That didn't hurt," Ben said. "Did it, Professor? The old brain still ticking? That's a delicate piece of machinery, and if anything happened to it I'd never forgive myself."

The delicate piece of machinery told MacBain to be quiet, so he neither spoke nor moved. His head had been knocked sideways on the pillow. He wished he could straighten it, but that would have to wait.

The door opened and Rokossovsky came in. The lines and hollows of his face were deeper than when MacBain had seen him last.

"Conscious, are you? How're you feeling, better?"

MacBain didn't answer. He felt weak and sick, and there was a painful throbbing in his hand, but he didn't suppose it would interest Rokossovsky.

"I hope so," Rokossovsky said, "because I want to ask you some questions. Crank him up, Ben."

Ben worked a crank, and MacBain's head rose slowly.

"As a matter of fact," Rokossovsky said, "I guess you feel pretty lousy. I'd like to wait, but I can't because the papers are after me. Quinn used to work for me. There's a big bookie involved. He didn't have anything to do with it, but unless I can clean it up in a hurry, it's going to hurt my campaign. The case against you is pretty solid, MacBain. We know you killed him, and we want a statement from you."

"What makes you so sure I killed him?"

"Everybody in town knows there was

bad blood between you. And the night he was killed, he had in his possession some documentary material which I think you would hate to see published. Never mind what it was; cooperate with us and it won't ever be mentioned. When his body was found, this material was missing, so we thought of you right away. Now I'm going to bring in a couple of people and let them look at you. We want to be certain we aren't making a mistake. When you see what we've got, I think you'll decide to make it easy on yourself and take a plea."

He opened the door and signaled. A young man came in. He had oiled hair and the sallow face of a person who works at night. He glanced at MacBain with little interest.

"Do you recognize this man?" Rokossovsky said.

"Sure. That's Mr. Peters. Lamar C. Peters of Detroit."

MacBain's stomach turned over.

"How long had he been a guest at your hotel?" Rokossovsky said.

"Off and on. Whenever he was in town. Unless we had a call for the rooms, we kept them for him."

"And Lieutenant Quinn was found dead in his suite?"

"That's right, sir."

"Did you see Quinn that night, before he was killed?"

"Yes, sir. Sometime around midnight he stopped at the desk and asked for the number of Mr. Peters' room. He identified himself as a police officer. He was sort of red in the face, probably been drinking. When we heard the shot, I connected it with Quinn, and as soon as we notified the police, we went straight to Mr. Peters' room."

"What was your impression of the room?"

"It wasn't quite right, sir. Like there'd been a fight in it, and somebody'd tried to straighten it up in a hurry. Quinn's clothes were messed up. And the bed—there was something about the bed that's hard to describe."

"I'll hire a lawyer," MacBain said. "It shouldn't be hard to find out what they have on you. Was Mr. Rokossovsky in the hotel that night?"

"Of course I was," Rokossovsky said quickly. "It's campaign headquarters. Why shouldn't I be there?"

The young man didn't show any interest. "Is that all?"

Rokossovsky nodded. Ben took him out and came back with Marie Quinn.

She was still in mourning for her murdered husband. She no longer seemed quite as lovely and exciting as MacBain had thought her at the wake, when

whisky and danger had combined to make everything seem sharper, more distinct, and a little larger than life.

She gave him a friendly smile. "What I can't understand, Lambie-Pie, is why you did it. I know what Tom was like when he was drinking. I know he was crazy with jealousy. But couldn't you handle him any other way? Now they'll send you to jail, and it's all such a waste. And it's my fault. If I'd been a little more careful—I could kill myself when I think—"

"Well, don't kill yourself," MacBain said. "You know that money we were talking about?"

"What money?" Rokossovsky said.

"That's what everybody asks. The person it came from won't be talking about it, because if he did, the Treasury Department would want to find out where he got it. Quinn's dead, he won't talk about it. And whoever has it now won't talk about it, either, because it would tie him up with the murder. But there's one thing sure. It's where only one person can get his hands on it. Do you follow me, Mrs. Quinn?"

"What's he yapping about, baby?" Rokossovsky said.

"He sounds a little punchy to me," she said. "Maybe you've been working too hard."

But she widened her eyes slightly, looking at MacBain, to let him know she would think about it. Unfortunately, he didn't have the \$25,000 she seemed to feel was necessary, and he didn't know where he could raise it. College professors never saw that kind of money.

"Anyway," Rokossovsky said, "when you used the name Lambie-Pie, that would be an affectionate nickname for Lamar? Lamar C. Peters?"

"Yeah—that's his name, isn't it?"

"That's what we want to establish. Wait next door, Marie. We're going to talk to Mr. Peters a little while longer, and then I want to do some more work on that statement of yours, honey."

Ben opened the door for her to leave, and MacBain caught the look that passed between them.

Rokossovsky rubbed his hands together. "MacBain—Peters—which would you prefer to be called? Ben, let me have Marie's preliminary statement, if you please."

Ben took several sheets of heavy foolscap from a manila folder.

"I won't bore you by reading all this," Rokossovsky said. "The first part, where she tells how she met you, isn't very exciting. Tom Quinn was on the carpet for that Simpson shooting. She was waiting around, worrying about what they would



do to him, and she made the acquaintance of a smooth character who told her his name was Lamar Peters. I believe it can be shown that you and several leaders of the so-called Fusion Party were in police headquarters on the date she gives. Peters asked her to have a drink with him. She was so upset about Tom that she accepted. They had a drink together, a number of drinks. Now you aren't going to claim this didn't happen, are you, MacBain?"

"I won't admit a thing about Marie Quinn," MacBain said. "except that she's a very talented young lady. Am I right, Ben?"

"Aah," Ben said in disgust.

"I can guess the rest of her story," MacBain said. "After Quinn lost his job, he became harder than ever to live with. She drifted into an affair with Lamar Peters, without knowing who he really was till she saw his picture in the paper as a candidate for Police Commissioner. How did her husband find out?"

"She doesn't know. He may have hired a detective. He was seen around town with a private investigator from New York, and we may want this man to testify."

"I see," MacBain said. "So when he learned the truth, he flew into a jealous rage and went to the St. Albans to call on Peters. And then this courageous man from Detroit took away his gun and shot him with it. A love triangle, involving a cop, a blonde, and a reformer. The papers will like it. I like it myself. It's flattering. But what makes you think you can convict me on it?"

"Maybe we can't, but we're sure going to try. Now I'll read you something. Marie didn't want to put this part in, but we persuaded her that it was her duty as a citizen not to leave out anything. She and Peters had some crazy parties at the St. Albans. This is Marie talking."

He began to read, and the course of MacBain's blood reversed direction. My

Lord, he thought, his lips forming the words. After a time, Rokossovsky made a face, as though he found it too distasteful, and broke off.

"Most of that can't be printed in a family newspaper, but this little document is going to have an extensive private circulation."

"My friends will never believe it," MacBain said.

"It's so damned awful they'll have to believe it! Nobody could make up anything that bad! Say we don't convict you of murder, you'll have to leave town just the same. But sign a statement for me, and I'll tear up this affidavit and have her make a new one without this section. The worst we can hit you with is manslaughter, and on a self-defense plea, you might beat that. How about it, MacBain?"

A uniformed policeman put his head in the door. "Lou wants to talk to you, Chief. She says it can't wait."

"All right. Tell her to come in."

Louisa was wearing a white suit with something red at the throat. She looked very pale.

"You might as well know before you knock a confession out of him, Rock. MacBain didn't kill anybody. He was with me all night."

Rokossovsky jerked, and the foolscap pages dropped to the floor.

"He came straight upstairs after the meeting," Louisa said. "He couldn't possibly have killed Quinn."

For a moment there was silence in the room. "No wonder he wasn't at home," Rokossovsky said. "We should have tried one flight up."

Ben rose slowly. "How long has that been going on?"

Louisa looked at him with contempt. "Two weeks."

"And we've been in town a month. You're slowing up, Lou."

He put his hand lovingly to the back of her head and slapped her, bringing his hand back and slapping her other cheek

with the knuckles. Stash and Rokossovsky grabbed him. The smug, self-satisfied expression had left his face. The spotlight was off MacBain. He swung out of bed and looked for a weapon. There was a low stool beside the bed. The room whirled as he bent down. Lunging upward with the stool, he slammed it home below Ben's knee. He drew it back and tried again, aiming higher, but lost his balance and fell on his broken arm.

When he raised his head, he found he was alone. He tried to open the door. It was locked. He hammered his fist against the soundproof panels, but no one came.

The sudden effort had completely drained him of strength. He fell across the bed. He may have slept for a time, but at the sound of a key in the lock, he was awake in an instant.

The whole crowd was back, except Louisa, and they had brought someone with them. He had a seedy look, and his eyes skulked away, avoiding MacBain's.

During the interval, Rokossovsky had unraveled further. He was breathing heavily, as though he had run up a steep flight of stairs.

"Now we're going to have a little chat, MacBain, and then you're going to sign that statement. I was quite surprised at what Lou had to say. For a while, I even thought we might have to let you go, and you know how I'd hate to do that. But the doc here, the medical examiner, he went over his data and found he'd made a little mistake. Tell him, Doc."

The doctor cleared his throat. "A wrong interpretation of the degree of rigor. Quinn was killed a little earlier than we'd thought. Around six in the evening."

Rokossovsky wiped his forehead. "So we don't have to let you go after all. Okay, Doc. Stay on call."

Without looking at MacBain, the doctor left.

"What about the people who heard a



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shot at twelve-twenty?" MacBain said.

"It wasn't a shot," Rokossovsky said, annoyed. "Maybe a truck backfiring. Now, unless you can dig up somebody else to go your alibi, we're back where we were. Do you want us to draft the statement for you? You can look it over and correct it before you sign it."

"I don't intend to sign anything."

Rokossovsky's teeth came together with a click. "Get this, MacBain. I have thirteen hundred men in the department, and I can throw them at you two at a time. I've got to have that statement."

"I realize that," MacBain said. "None of the rest is any good without it. I'd like to hear the doctor tell his story from the witness stand. A wrong interpretation of the degree of rigor! I know—his story's for the newspapers, where he won't be cross-examined on it. And I don't think Marie or that night clerk would repeat their testimony under oath. If they slipped on one detail, they'd be in trouble. So I don't expect to be tried. At least not in a courtroom—I'll be tried in a voting booth. If I sign anything, you can hold me until election and control the publicity."

Rokossovsky rubbed his soggy handkerchief across his forehead again. "You really don't think you're going to sign?"

"I'm not sure. I don't know how much I can stand. But the longer I hold out, the weaker it will look. Isn't that true? And I wouldn't leave Ben here, if I were you. He might remember the alibi Louisa gave me and lose his self-control. A dead body in this room would be difficult to explain."

"Never mind about me," Ben growled. "No doll can two-time me and get away with it. I'm through with the tramp."

"No, he's got a point there," Rokossovsky said. "And I need you downstairs. Can you handle it, Stash?"

"Yes, sir," the other detective said respectfully.

"I'll give you an hour to get the ball rolling. But whatever you do, don't kill him."

He motioned to Ben and strode out. Stash smiled at MacBain. "Alone at last," he said in his high, thin voice. He moved the key to the inside of the door and locked it, and began to roll up his sleeves. MacBain tried to adjust the dials in his head and tune him out. It was coming now, as soon as Stash got tired of the sound of his own voice.

"I used to be a pretty good club fighter in the old days," Stash was saying. "Everybody said I was going places, only I got a glass jaw. But I always had quite a rep as a smart man in the ring. And you know why?" He did a jaunty little dance

and jabbed a left at an imaginary opponent. "Before I climbed through the ropes. I studied a man's weaknesses. Say he had an old cut over one eye. I'd open that up and keep hammering away till he couldn't see out of that side of his head. Now, you're a problem, Mac. I ain't supposed to put any marks on you. So I can't beat you up. Still, it's got to be quick. Tomorrow won't do. We've got to make the afternoon papers. So I been asking myself, what's the best way? And I had this terrific idea. I'm glad you got rid of Ben, because I'm going to get a promotion out of it."

He looked down at MacBain. "Wait till you hear it. I'm going to unwrap that arm of yours and break it again for you. You come in with a broken arm, you go out with a broken arm. What people don't know, it's been broke twice. After I break it, we just wait, and any time you want to get it set, say so, and we'll call the stenographer. What do you think of that for an idea?"

MacBain was unmoved. A threat like that, delivered in falsetto, could hardly be taken seriously. Then the detective leaned down and reached for his sling, and with sudden horror, MacBain knew he was actually going to do it. MacBain flung up his arm, the moment's terror giving him a strength he didn't know he possessed, and the cast collided with the fragile jaw.

The pupils of Stash's eyes rolled up and disappeared, and he tumbled forward heavily. Their faces came together. With a shudder of revulsion, MacBain threw him off.

A bare three minutes had passed since Stash had locked the door. He had to get out of this room before Stash's eyes came back from inside his head. There was only one thing he could do: get to Rokossovsky and agree to sign. He could straighten it out with his conscience later.

He turned the key in the lock. The little metallic sound released something inside, and he began to think. Stash, face down on the floor, still hadn't stirred. The seconds ticked away, but MacBain forced himself to think it through carefully. It was his only chance.

Stooping, he rolled the detective on his back. Marie's affidavit still lay on the floor where Rokossovsky had dropped it. MacBain tore the foul thing across, holding it down with the cast. But then his churning mind stopped him from tearing it across again. Suddenly a plan emerged from his whirling thoughts. He thrust the torn pieces in his sling.

It was risky to carry a gun, but anything he did now would be risky. He couldn't allow anyone to stop him before he got to Rokossovsky. He pulled at the

gun in Stash's holster, but it resisted his hasty tugs. He jerked it impatiently, and it leaped out into his hand.

And then he heard the shot. The echoes beat back and forth between the wall. For one paralyzing moment, MacBain thought he had killed the man. The bullet had ripped through the shirt and left a faint trail of blood across the chest beneath it before burying itself in the floor; but the chest still rose and fell against the intricate harness of the shoulder holster. MacBain got to his feet, the echoes dying around him, and put the gun in his sling.

The door opened smoothly on well-oiled hinges. The corridor outside was empty. At one end, on the other side of a steel gate, an old man was sitting, reading a magazine.

MacBain locked the door and dropped the key in his bathrobe pocket. He tried the room at the left. A Negro with his leg in a traction cast was lying in bed, smoking a cigarette.

"Sorry," MacBain said.

The room to the right was the same size, but there was a desk, a typewriter, and several chairs. Marie Quinn was sitting in one of them, holding a handkerchief to her cheek. Her black dress was torn at the neck.

Louisa was at the desk typing. She swung around. There was a long scratch across her face, but MacBain hardly noticed it. All he saw was that she had on a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

"You wear glasses!"

"Of course, I wear glasses. What are you doing out of bed?"

"Looking for Marie. Have you girls been having an argument?"

"A small one," Louisa said briefly. "She lost."

Mrs. Quinn took the handkerchief from her face and looked at it. "I don't think it's fair. The least she could have done was take off her ring. Well, I'm taking back my affidavit, Professor."

"That's nice. How much will it cost?"

"Not a cent. I don't give a damn if you believe me or not, but I didn't want to do it in the first place. He sat up with me the whole night talking me into it. He said you'd done it to get hold of the stuff Tom had on you, and they could prove it by this guy in the hotel. But he wanted to keep the political part out of it, so it wouldn't backfire before election. He wanted it personal, and finally I thought what the hell. But I wasn't too sold on it, and if Lou'd held her swing till I had a chance to explain, we wouldn't have had any trouble."

"What were you typing?" MacBain asked Louisa.



"A new statement for Marie to sign."

MacBain pulled it out of the typewriter. "That's not enough. Not nearly enough." He fitted the torn pieces of her original affidavit together and laid them on the desk. "I want three carbons. Copy it word for word, but wherever you see my name, change it to Rokossovsky."

Louisa looked at the affidavit, then up at MacBain. "Rokossovsky? How do you expect that to help you?"

"Perhaps it won't. But let's try it."

She cranked several sheets into the typewriter, and the rapid clacking of the typewriter keys sounded in the small, bare office. A little later, she laughed aloud.

"MacBain, you're a genius."

MacBain looked over her shoulder at the distasteful words forming under the keys. Marie came over and watched with him.

"So *that's* who Lamar C. Peters is. I must say, I'm not surprised."

"Will you sign it?"

She shrugged. "I don't know why I should, but I like that haircut of yours, Professor. I'll do it for love."

She ran her hand over MacBain's crewcut. Louisa looked up sharply.

"Take your hands off him!"

She wrenched the pages out of the machine and held them out for Marie to sign.

"I'll take one," MacBain said. "You keep one, Louisa, and get the other over to the *Chronicle*. I think you should get out of town, Mrs. Quinn, the sooner the better."

"Don't worry, Professor, I'm practically in Bermuda."

MacBain took Stash's gun out of his sling. "The big question now is, How am I going to get through that gate?"

"MacBain!" Louisa said. "You damn fool, whose gun is that?"

"It's mine now. Don't get excited. All I want is to have a brief little talk with Rokossovsky."

Marie laughed. "Excuse me, kids. I'll

be running along." She got up to leave.

"Wait a minute, Marie," Louisa said. "MacBain, where'd you get that gun?"

"Well, you know Stash. I knocked him unconscious and took it away from him."

"The hell you did. Where'd you get it?"

"I'll tell you when I have more time. I could threaten to shoot that policeman if he didn't unlock the gate. I suppose, but it might be dangerous."

"You're damn right it might be dangerous. Get back in bed, MacBain. Give me that gun. The *Chronicle* will print this statement, or the parts of it they *can* print, and you can let the Rock try to talk his way out of it."

"A frame-up's a frame-up, Louisa. Rokossovsky has done a lot of things, but he didn't kill Quinn. I've figured out that much. I don't think Marie would let him touch her with a ten-foot pole."

"Brother, how right you are," Mrs. Quinn said. "Anyway, the Rock's a family man."

"I don't want him electrocuted for murder," MacBain said. "All I ask is for him to resign and leave me alone."

"Resign?" Louisa said.

Marie laughed. "This professor is a man of principle. And you can have him, Lou, haircut and all."

"Okay, MacBain," Louisa said. "I guess I have to do it your way. Keep an eye on him, Marie."

Left alone with Marie, MacBain couldn't think of a thing to say. She gave him one amused glance, then paid him no attention. She wet her handkerchief with her tongue, tried to get some of the blood off her face. All she managed to do was open the cut again.

Louisa came back with a rolling stretcher. "Hop on."

MacBain lay down, keeping the gun in his left hand. She covered him to the chin with a sheet and rolled him down the corridor. Marie went ahead to open the gate. The guard had disappeared.

"What did you do to him?" MacBain said.

"I paid him twenty dollars to go to the bathroom."

The stretcher rolled down a long ramp and across an enclosed bridge, where Marie left them. Some moments later, MacBain sat up. The stretcher had stopped outside a door with "Police Commissioner" printed on the frosted glass.

"I suppose you want to handle this by yourself?" Louisa said.

"I think so. But get hold of some lawyers and newspapermen." He touched her cheek lightly. "There's only one thing I wish."

"What's that?"

"That you hadn't been lying when you gave me that alibi."

She tried hard to smile.

Rokossovsky's secretary was glad to see her. "Ben's been looking for you, Lou. He's in with the boss."

Louisa turned to MacBain. "You go on in. I have some things to do first."

MacBain nodded. He quickly opened Rokossovsky's door and stepped inside, shutting it with his foot. He showed them Stash's gun.

"Gentlemen," he said. "Stay right where you are, please."

Rokossovsky got to his feet with such violence that his chair went over. "Where's Stash?"

MacBain didn't answer. Going behind the desk, he nuzzled his gun in the small hollow at the base of Rokossovsky's skull. "Sit down. Tell your secretary we're not to be disturbed."

Rokossovsky threw the switch on the desk telephone, and when his secretary came on, he gave her the message. He straightened, leaving the switch open. MacBain shoved the gun barrel forward, and Rokossovsky grunted and broke the connection. MacBain reached around him and felt him carefully. He was unarmed.

"Now I want you to take Ben's gun and put it in the wastebasket. And keep in



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mind that I'm nervous and irritable and not normally left-handed."

Ben was sitting on a leather sofa, completely relaxed. He let Rokossovsky take his gun.

"I really want to know," Rokossovsky said. "What happened to Stash?"

Ben leaned forward and sniffed the muzzle of MacBain's gun. "It's been fired."

For a moment there was silence. If they wanted to think he had killed Stash, that was perfectly all right with MacBain.

"Fine," Rokossovsky said. "I was beginning to think we couldn't hang Quinn around your neck after all. But one dead cop is as good as another. You won't wriggle out of this."

"That depends. If we lose the election, you're right. But a friendly judge and district attorney would make a big difference. You can see how important the election looks to me right now. They won't step up the voltage if I kill two more, so I advise you to do exactly as I say."

He was talking to Rokossovsky. In a quick forward lunge, Ben went for the wastebasket. MacBain took one quick step and kicked him in the head. He lay where he fell.

"Use that letterhead on the desk," he said, moving the gun around to bear on Rokossovsky. "Effective immediately—start writing, please."

Rokossovsky looked into the small round hole at the end of the revolver, and pulled the letterhead toward him.

"Effective immediately, I resign as Police Commissioner. Perhaps it is time to put my critics to the test. They will find it is not so easy as they may think to enforce law and order in this city." Paragraph. "I take this opportunity to categorically deny that I have profited from my position in any financial way. I welcome a truly impartial investigation of my affairs. I have had luck with investments. I challenge anyone to prove otherwise." Now sign it."

Ben sat up, massaging his ear. He looked at MacBain with new respect.

"Get back on the sofa," MacBain told him. "Now put that in an envelope and address it to the editor of the *Chronicle*. I want it to go out by special messenger."

Rokossovsky rang for his secretary. She hesitated after he told her what to do with the letter, glancing at MacBain, a strange apparition in the red hospital bathrobe.

"The *Chronicle*?"

MacBain turned casually so the elbow of his broken arm, as well as the gun inside the sling, was aimed directly at Rokossovsky.

"Go on, Jean," Rokossovsky said. "It's urgent."

"Did you get hold of Lou?" Ben asked casually.

"She came in with this gentleman, but she had to go back for something. Do you want the sergeant to look for her?"

"No, it isn't important." He waited till the girl was out of the room, and chuckled. "So she came in with this gentleman. I didn't think my boy Stash would stand there with his thumb in his mouth and let you grab his gun. An old pug like Stash? A guy with one arm? But Lou could have got it."

"The door was locked on the inside," MacBain said.

"But he'd open it for Lou. She'd say she had a message. Then she'd give him a smile, bat her eyes—"

"You think it was Lou sprung the professor?" Rokossovsky said.

"It looks like it. Stash has quite a reputation for the way he gets confessions. She couldn't stand the idea of what he was doing to lover-boy."

"We don't need her on it, Ben," Rokossovsky said. "We've got MacBain."

"You aren't thinking. Everybody knows there's a minimum of two cops in the room except when the rough stuff's going on. So it's self-defense. But if Lou was in on it, it's conspiracy. It don't matter a bit which one of them pulled the trigger—they both of them burn."

Rokossovsky looked at him curiously. "That's Lou you're talking about, Ben."

The box on the desk rasped for attention. The girl's voice said briskly, "Sorry to break in, sir, but Captain Vanicky is here and he says it's important."

"Not now," Rokossovsky said.

"Ask her if the letter has gone out," MacBain said.

The box picked up the question, and the girl answered doubtfully, "Yes, sir, it has."

Rokossovsky threw the switch. "What's the point of this resignation, MacBain? You extorted it from me at gunpoint. That paper won't go to press for another two hours, and by then you'll be back under lock and key."

MacBain took out Marie Quinn's new affidavit and dropped it on the desk. Rokossovsky pulled it close enough to see the signature.

"We won't be needing this now."

"Read it, why don't you?"

Rokossovsky looked at another part of the page, and his own name jumped out and hit him. He stood up. Scowling, he read it all, then tore it carefully into small pieces and dropped them on the floor. His lower lip was trembling.

Ben laughed. "Let me in on it, Rock."

"Surely you noticed it was a carbon," MacBain said. "The original will be made

public if you take back your resignation. I imagine you could buy a retraction if you could catch Marie, but people would still believe the statement. You can't ride this out, Rokossovsky. It's too good. It's as good now as when you thought it up to use against me. You said yourself that people would have to believe it. I may be modest, but I think it's even more believable with your name in place of mine, don't you?"

"Where did you get it?"

"What does that matter?"

And then he had his inspiration. It struck him between the eyes like a bolt of lightning, and for a moment the way before him was lighted up in brilliant detail.

"It was in the folder Ben left in my room. Where else could I have got it? It looks like Ben has been betting this both ways."

Rokossovsky swung around.

Ben waved his hand. "What's he talking about?"

"Why, you double-crossing grifter!" Rokossovsky said. "You think I don't know you killed Quinn? He found out about you and Marie, and the only way you could keep him from killing you was to kill him first. And you had this in reserve, so if anybody got too close you could pin it on me!"

Ben jumped to his feet. "Use your head, Rock! It's a frame! It sticks out all over!"

"I'll say it's a frame," Rokossovsky swung around, facing Ben, his face heavy with rage. "What's my family going to think? You never thought about that, did you?"

"Rock! For heaven's sake, the professor framed this, not me!"

Ben retreated before Rokossovsky, and MacBain suddenly realized that without a pistol in his holster there was very little left to this handsome detective. Ben appealed to MacBain. "You did it, didn't you? You and Lou!"

He stumpled, and Rokossovsky caught him, Ben flailed out with his fists, but he had waited too long. He was off balance, and Rokossovsky clutched him by the neck, forcing him backward. They went down together and rolled. A terrible sound tore from Ben's throat. MacBain seized Rokossovsky's shoulder. "Let go of him! Do you hear me?"

But Rokossovsky was panting with fury, oblivious of MacBain. MacBain reversed his gun and hammered it against the unprotected skull. The barrel slipped from his hand. He retrieved it, pointed at the floor, and fired.

Rokossovsky looked up at him, dazed.



MacBain motioned with the gun, then looked at Ben. He was dead, his neck broken.

When MacBain stood up, the veil had passed from Rokossovsky's eyes. "Look, MacBain," he said quickly. "You cover for me. I cover for you. He went nuts. Jealousy—the girl, Lou. He killed Stash the way he killed Quinn, with Stash's own gun. Then he came for me, and I had to kill him."

He seized MacBain's arm, and now MacBain could see the fear crawling inside his head like a colony of ants.

"No," MacBain said.

"Listen to me! He takes the fall for Quinn! We're both in the clear!"

The door opened. A small huddle of uniformed men was across the room. MacBain recognized the captain who had arrested him and broken his arm.

"We heard a shot, Chief," Captain Vanicky said.

Rokossovsky stepped back and mopped his forehead. "Well, there he is, boys. Put the cuffs on him. He murdered Stash, and he just murdered Ben. I saw him with my own eyes."

Vanicky bent over and looked at the marks on Ben's throat, then straightened.

"I don't see how he could have, Chief," he said quietly. "He's only got that one hand."

People drifted in and out of the office. Their faces were familiar; MacBain had seen them at Quinn's wake. The medical examiner pronounced Ben dead, then hung around trying to get a line on which way the dog would jump. From time to time he glanced nervously at MacBain, waiting in a state of growing restlessness on the sofa. Several policemen sat down beside him briefly and asked him to tell them what had happened, but he wasn't saying anything till he talked to a lawyer.

They took him back to the room in the hospital. No one offered to break his arm to make him talk. The police seemed suddenly leery of MacBain.

Three days later Jonathan Brooks, of the Fusion Party, came to the hospital to see him.

"Mac, the most astonishing things are taking place. I think we're going to win!"

"That's good," MacBain said without enthusiasm. "When am I getting out of here?"

"Now, don't be in a rush, Mac. They've got a tiger by the tail. They've gone into complete and absolute panic. If you could manage to be in jail on election day, I don't see how we could lose."

"But that's six weeks off!"

"I know," the lawyer said with regret. "They're bound to come to their senses sooner or later."

"What's happened to the case against me?"

"It's gone up in smoke. And I want you to know that none of us believed their silly story for a minute. Professor James MacBain involved in a sordid liaison with another man's wife! It's fantastic."

"Then the medical examiner changed his story again? I thought he was looking worried. Now, if Louisa is still willing to give me an alibi—"

"Louisa? Is that the Quinn woman's first name? She's out of the picture altogether. My spies tell me she's left town to avoid an action for perjury. Be a model prisoner, Mac. We'll be delighted to see your face at our meetings again, but do nothing to hasten the day. Caroline's been standing in for you. Fine girl."

MacBain nodded glumly. He had one other visitor. When a guard said his sister had come to see him, he felt a rush of elation. But it wasn't Louisa. It was Caroline.

She seemed embarrassed. "I had to say I was your sister before they'd let me in, Jim. How are you?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. This is an awful place for conversation, but I thought I'd better tell you myself before you got out and

heard it from somebody else. The fact is, Jonathan and I—he's been such a tower of strength the last few days that—"

She stopped, confused. MacBain felt a heavy burden lifting off his shoulders. "Why, Caroline! I'm delighted. And I don't want you to feel bad about anything, because while you and Jonathan were getting acquainted, I haven't been idle. I met a girl—"

"Not that blonde!" she exclaimed.

"Heavens, no. A brunette. About this tall. Very attractive in a halter."

"Well, I thought I ought to explain. All of a sudden I had the feeling that I didn't really know you. You didn't shoot that policeman, did you, Jim?"

"No. Did you think I did?"

"Of course not."

She looked at him, and MacBain saw with pleasure that she hadn't been sure.

They came for him late in the afternoon on the seventh day. Captain Vanicky took him to the charge room and returned his clothes.

"You've finally decided I didn't kill Quinn?" MacBain said.

"He committed suicide. Everything points to it—the bullet's angle of entry, the powder burns. You're a free man."

MacBain stayed in the doorway. "Don't you think you ought to apologize?"

"For what?"

"For breaking my arm."

"No, I don't," Captain Vanicky said. "You shouldn't have tried to pull a gun on me. That was a damn fool trick. Good-by, Professor. Stay out of trouble from now on."

At this in-between hour, City Hall Square was deserted except for the pigeons. Louisa, who had been sitting on a stone bench at the bottom of the steps, threw away her cigarette and started up. MacBain thought they would surely kiss when they met, but she stopped below him, apparently wondering if they even knew each other. Her hair was up, and she had the look of a young girl who

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had just put it up for the first time. "Hello, MacBain." She gave him a brief kiss then, barely grazing the corner of his mouth.

"Is that all I get after a week in jail?" "Well."

She came up on her toes and pressed against him. It was a little clumsy because of his cast, but no other objection occurred to him. She took him to a restaurant on the roof of the St. Albans. The maître d'hôtel found them a table out on the terrace, where they could look down on the city and watch the lights come on. A stiff breeze was blowing off the lake. It was possible that the heat wave was finally about to break. While they had their drinks, the pale-blue light on the horizon faded and the darkness came up. Seen from this height, the city seemed like quite a pleasant place.

MacBain began to unwind. This was a dangerous process, and before it could go too far he said, "My lawyer was telling me he thought we had a chance. What do you think?"

"I think you'll poll forty per cent of the vote and elect five or six councilmen. If you hold together, in another four years—Of course there's been a lot of publicity about James MacBain, and sometimes one candidate runs ahead of the ticket."

"Good Lord! You don't thin—"

She laughed. "No, I don't. But things are happening. The boys have stopped booking bets till after election. The cops are acting as though they realize all of a sudden that they're public servants and can be fired if they don't behave. And you know Captain Vanicky. He's an honest cop. Don't look at me, that way, MacBain—he really is. When you were being so pigheaded about giving yourself up, why do you think I picked him to make the pinch? As a matter of fact, the organization's running him for Police Commissioner instead of Rokossovsky. You gave them a scare. Maybe they think they can control Vanicky once he's in. Maybe they can, but I wouldn't bet any money on it."

She finished her drink. "I'm not in on policy meetings anymore. What's the story on Quinn?"

"Suicide. Rokossovsky's pleading guilty to manslaughter, so he's going to jail. There's only one thing that still bothers me—that fifty thousand dollars."

She moved slightly. "Nobody saw it, MacBain. Maybe it doesn't really exist."

"Oh, it exists, all right. I even know who has it, or the bulk of it—the person who killed Quinn."

The waiter put down their plates, then went away.

"You have it, Louisa," MacBain said gently. "Don't you?"

She was looking down at the city. "How long have you known?"

"For quite a while. Since that alibi you gave me. At first I thought there was only one way to explain it—that you found me irresistible. But I've always done my best to look facts in the eye."

"I could have resisted you with one hand tied behind my back and a hangover, MacBain. I thought you were interesting, though. I wanted you around so I could find out what made you tick."

"I went further than that," MacBain said. "From the beginning. And then it occurred to me that there were two people covered by your alibi. If anyone saw a woman near Quinn's room and the police began to wonder, they wouldn't think of you because we were spending the night together. And then somebody said something. Ben, as a matter of fact. He said you must have helped me get away from Stash, because only a girl could have taken his gun. And the same would apply to Quinn. I went back over everything. Rokossovsky thought Ben had killed Quinn, so Rokossovsky hadn't done it himself. I knew that Ben hadn't, because that first morning, when you phoned him, he thought it was Quinn. Quinn had already been dead for six hours."

"You ought to be working for Scotland Yard."

"And then the material that Quinn had faked against me, which was missing from the hotel room. You took it, didn't you? Nobody else would have bothered. But the thing that convinced me was Marie. Surely you didn't expect me to believe that she would change her story and run afoul of a dangerous man like Rokossovsky, merely because somebody hit her a few times. Rokossovsky persuaded her to make the statement against me by promising her a cut of the fifty thousand dollars. She offered to help me escape for twenty-five. How much did you give her?"

"Fifteen," Louisa said, "and I had to bang her head on the floor before she'd take it. She wanted it all." She waited a moment. "Do you know why I put my hair up tonight?"

"No, why?"

"I found three gray hairs in my head this morning."

"But that's ridiculous, at your age."

"I'll say it's ridiculous. And I know when I got them, too—that first day when I was trying to talk you out of looking for Quinn. I couldn't tell you he was dead. I wasn't supposed to know it yet. I tried to call Ben to see if they'd settle for that kind of scandal—you and me—instead of the one Quinn was planning.

That one was awful. Caroline was involved in it."

"Caroline! My Lord! What people."

"What do you mean, people? But no one was really satisfied with it. When Quinn was killed, Rokossovsky acted fast. He talked to Marie that same night. He was going to shoot you, and with you out of the way, no clever lawyer would get a chance to cross-examine Marie or the night clerk. Good-by Fusion Party, hello Rokossovsky. I—"

She stopped, staring at him. MacBain, though anxious to hear about the money, was desperately hungry. He sneaked one bite, then another, and finally began to eat in earnest.

"I know," he said. "Here I've accused the girl I'm in love with of killing a man, and I go ahead and gorge myself on fried chicken. But you don't know what the food was like in that jail."

Louisa moved the food about on her plate but didn't bother it otherwise. "Did I hear you say you're in love with me?"

"Yes," he said, his mouth full. "I think I love you very much."

"What are you going to do with me, turn me over to the police?"

MacBain was so startled he dropped a piece of chicken. "Certainly not. What gave you such a preposterous idea? I know how it happened with Quinn, and if it weren't for the money—"

"How do you think it happened?"

"Well, what would you do after one of our meetings? You'd take the tape to Quinn so he could dispose of whatever needed immediate attention. He'd been drinking and wasn't interested in talking politics. You shot him in defense of your honor. It's an absurd, old-fashioned phrase, but it's the one a defense lawyer would use in court. If the money could be kept out of it, there isn't one chance in ten thousand you'd be indicted. The only thing I've wondered about, Louisa—wouldn't a bullet in the knee have done as well?"

"I was in no position to shoot him in the knee. And that's all I want to say on the subject." She colored slightly. "Well, you asked me!" In a moment she went on. "Sure he was drunk. He was drunk most of the time, but I can handle drunks. I didn't graduate from the convent last week. There was more to it. That afternoon he'd heard about Ben and Marie. But he didn't want to shoot Ben. When I showed up with the tape, he thought it was his duty—I don't know, as a man—to—" She said something MacBain couldn't catch; it sounded like, "Awful."

He touched her hand. "How about the money?"



"Well, there it was. I knew Dramis wouldn't talk about it. It never occurred to me that Marie knew it was there. Why should I leave it for the cops? If I had to do it over again, I'd still take it."

**H**e didn't comment until he had eaten some more chicken. Then he said, "Jail's a wonderful place to think. I did quite a lot of thinking about you and me. After a while something might begin to develop with us, something real and important. But don't you see? The money would always be between us. It's the wrong kind of money."

"What kind is it? It's the same kind you get for being a professor, only in bigger bills."

"But someday I'd begin to wonder. Isn't it possible you realized you could get the money only by killing him? That if you merely hit him with a bottle—"

"I didn't even know any money was there till I was going through his suitcase to get that stuff about you."

MacBain shrugged. "Nobody's going to take it from you, Louisa. It's yours."

"I'm glad you realize that. I'm going to keep it, too."

He went back to his chicken.

"You've been wrapped in cotton batting all your life!" she said. "What do you think I want it for? A mink coat and a Cadillac? No, MacBain. I'll put it in the sock and only draw on it in an emergency. If everybody had that much dough in the sock, the world would be a lot happier."

He put down a drumstick and licked his fingers. She slammed her wadded napkin on the table. "What do you think I should do with it? Who'd get it if I turned it in? Give it to Harry Dramis? Marie? Is that what you want?"

"How about the people Dramis stole it from? The university's trying to raise money for a cancer laboratory, and not having much success. I don't say you ought to use it for that. It's just an example."

"Well, if you think—" She stood up. "I've told you time and again that you're dumb. MacBain, and I'll tell you again. You're so dumb it hurts! Good-by. I won't say it's been fun, because it hasn't. It's been hell. You can climb back into your microscope."

She turned with a flare of her skirt. There was a terrible finality about the click of her heels on the flagstone terrace. MacBain made no effort to call her back. As lovely as she was, as unpredictable, as baffling, there was a barrier between them, and there always would be. She was a member of another species. She'd have led him a merry dance, that girl.

He finished his dinner, then finished hers. He ordered a brandy with his coffee. There was a shifting, uneasy feeling in his stomach. He had eaten too much, he was sorry to say. Suddenly he knew exactly how he would end. There are one or two on every campus, professors in well-cut tweeds and untidy haircuts, popular with all the girls. Sometimes they achieve a warm, reciprocal relationship with an exceptional girl, the professor condescending and charming, the girl worshiping. He would never have married Caroline. In another year, when she had taken her degree, her place would have been filled by another graduate student, equally intelligent and nicely put together, just as good company, but three years younger. My Lord, he thought. And only a week before, he'd knocked out a man with a plaster cast, and kicked another in the head while he was diving for a gun!

Louisa slipped silently into the place across the table.

"You're so *wrong*, MacBain! Just wait. Wait till the next depression."

There was a stack of papers beside her on the cornice. The breeze driving in off the lake snapped one up, then another, and sent them fluttering over the city.

Tears streamed down her face. "Hundred-dollar bills. Aren't they lovely?"

MacBain rose, aghast. That wasn't

what he'd had in mind at all. He stabbed at the dwindling pile, but it slithered away. The whole sky seemed to be filled with the bills, like a cloud of hovering green-and-white moths.

"You want it to go back to the people it came from, do you?" she said. "Horse players don't die of cancer, MacBain! They die of heart failure. I called the radio station and talked to the man who announces the race results. He's putting it on the air."

The pile was gone now. MacBain looked down at her. She was still a stranger to him. He might never understand her. But he knew now that they would never do anything together that they would look back on with regret.

"He thought it was a gag at first," she said. "but I convinced him. It'll make a beautiful riot, don't you think? The cops will be out, but they won't be able to pin a thing on me. I didn't give the guy my name. The way the wind's blowing, those bills will be all over downtown. Relax, MacBain. Don't look so worried."

"I'm not worried. I'm appalled."

**L**ouisa smiled slightly. "It's only money, dear. Sweet, wonderful money. And don't think this commits you to anything, for heaven's sake. Let's just see what happens. Know what I'd like to do tonight? Let's go on a boat ride."

MacBain was considerably shaken, but on the whole he decided that he liked the sensation. A boat ride might be just the thing. A moon would be out later, and he understood that there were places on those boats where you could kiss your girl without being bothered.

One of the hundred-dollar bills had stuck to his fingers. He signaled a waiter.

"Take it out of this," he said, "and keep the change."

THE END

*This story is a condensation of a book to be published by Dell First Editions under the title of The Crooked City.*

*Beauty is  
my business.*

Baby model JOAN RUGER  
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• This little sweetheart, Joan Ruger, is a model at just 8 months. Her mother guards Joan's beautiful skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Joan's daily baths.



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# SWEETHEART

*The Soap that  
AGREES with Your Skin*





**Back in Ohio,** *their mother sewed and listened to her daughters practice harmonies that were to bring success in New York.*





Godfrey spotted them on "Talent Scouts," made them "Little Godfreys."

# Godfrey's Merry McGuires

*In just four months, three pretty, unspoiled girls jumped from obscurity in Ohio to national fame on one of TV's top shows*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARTIN

**T**he McGuire Sisters made their debut as a vocal trio in 1934. Christine was six; Phyllis, four; and Dottie, three. "I don't know how good we were," says Phyllis, their spokesman, "but we certainly loved to sing, and I guess we showed it even then."

The same infectious gaiety achieved for them nearly twenty years later what seems to be one of the rare spontaneous success stories in show business, when the trio's sweet, sexy, wholesomeness caught Arthur Godfrey's eye on the "Talent Scouts" show. He promptly invited them to appear on his morning show. Then on

January 21, 1953, they got the best New Year's present in TV—permanent assignment among "Godfrey's Friends." The entire process from obscurity to nation-wide fame took four months and four days.

Bewildered and unspoiled, the country girls are still not cozy in the presence of rapid repartee, so they say little when engaged in chitchat with Godfrey. Audiences respond warmly to this naïveté; an innocent hint, over the air, of a personal problem and the fans laden them with cakes, hair restorers, appliances, or jewelry—and basketfuls of advice.

Back in Miamisburg, Ohio, the pres-

ent home of the family, the lives of Mr. and Mrs. McGuire have also undergone some eruptive changes. Round the open hearth of the steel mill where he works, Asa McGuire is subjected to a new—and as yet unfamiliar—attention. And in the First Church of God, where Lillie McGuire is an ordained pastor, the requests for her services at weddings, funerals, and assorted ministerial functions are rendering her almost—but not quite—too busy to sit back and enjoy a mother's pristine right to bask in the blessings the Good Lord has visited upon her daughters.





**Dottie, Phyllis, and Christine** started singing in church choirs as infants, and still don choir robes when they go home to Miamisburg, Ohio. Mrs. McGuire is pastor of the town's First Church of God.

*In Ohio, they kept rehearsing—  
and dreaming a lot about success*



**In high school**, Dottie and Phyllis dated a lot, and started singing with local bands, while Christine played piano. Their first break—singing again as a trio—was a USO tour of Army camps in 1950.



**They practiced in the**





**woods** near home, and broke into TV on Dayton's WLW. Then they decided to split up and start working as singles.

(continued) 125



## Merry McGuires

(continued)



**Luckily, they decided** to stay together, and in September, 1952, they hit New York with a modest purse and high hopes.



*They found the city big, bustling but friendly*



**They didn't know a soul** in New York, but in their address book they had a few TV names. First thing, they went to "Talent Scouts," passed an audition, and were asked to come back in four weeks to sing for Godfrey.



**The girls walked all over town** "like typical hayseeds," and when their feet got hot and tired, they muscled into an open fire hydrant to cool them off. While putting in time before the Godfrey tryout, they auditioned for the Kate Smith show and won an eight-week engagement.  
(continued)





**They became permanent members** of the Godfrey crew in January of this year, and were an immediate hit. Television, radio, personal appearances, and recordings bring the sisters an estimated \$125,000 a year.



**During a rehearsal break,** the girls get into an old-fashioned roughhouse party with crooner Julius La Rosa and announcer Tony Marvin. They still consider themselves novices, and get special care from the cast's show-business veterans.





**Recording sessions at Coral studios** are jammed into their grueling schedule—usually nights or weekends. The girls have not had a big smash record out of the four they have made, and feel they won't have arrived until they get one.

*A tight schedule  
keeps them busy  
six full days  
a week—and in  
good spirits*



**They take ballet and tap** as part of the Godfrey self-improvement plan, and wryly confess they need exercise to control their svelte five-foot-eight 125-pound figures.

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*Big successes in the big  
city, they never forget  
“we’re just country girls”*



**Christine, a bride of one year,** lives with her husband, John H. Teeter, director of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

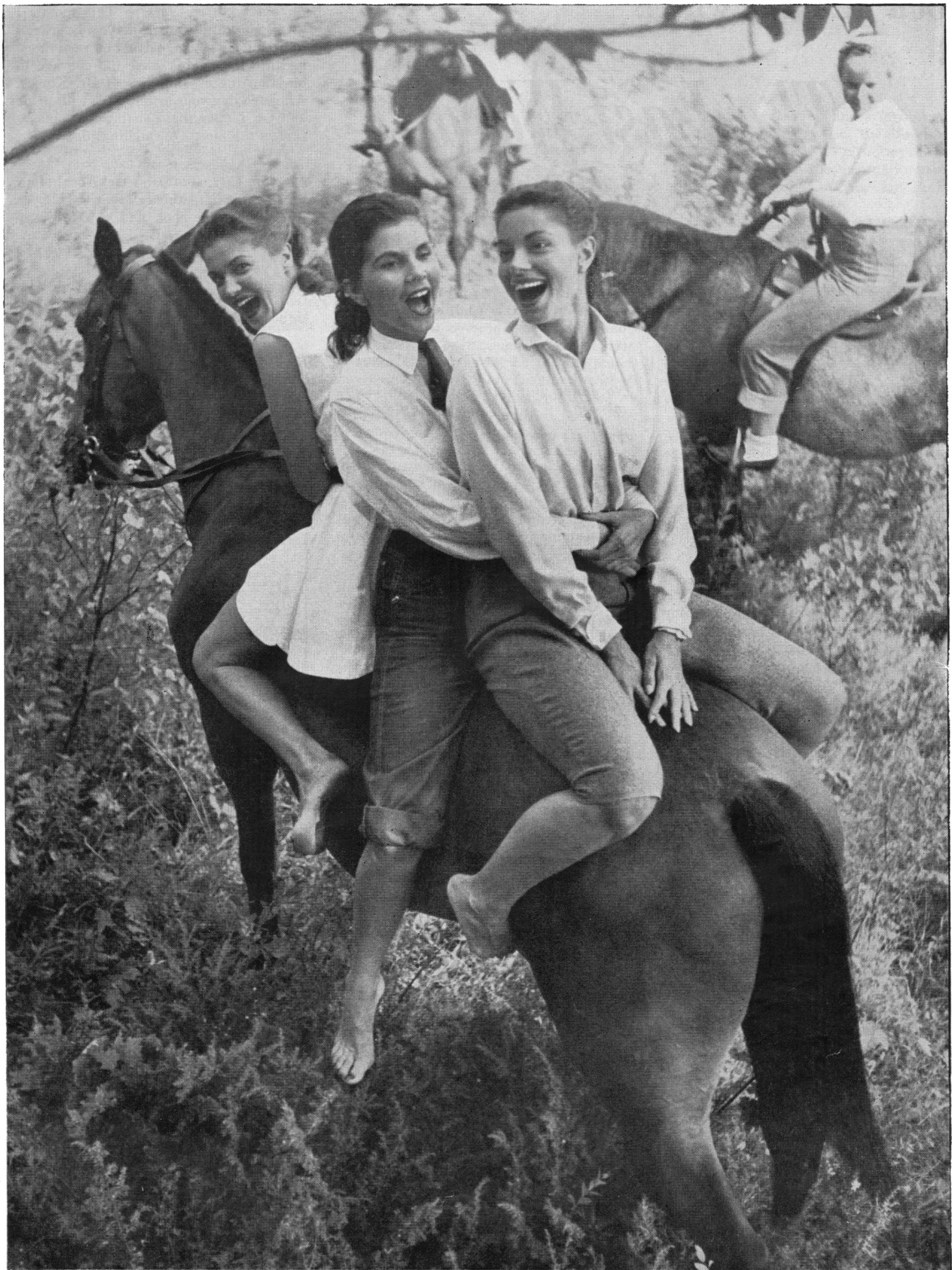


**Phyllis takes her turn** fixing Dorothy's hair. Each has done this for the other since childhood.



**Phyllis and Dottie** share a four-room apartment, often eat on their garden terrace in good weather.





**On their rare free weekends, the McGuire Sisters like to gather at the Teeters' farm and act like country kids.**



# The Last Word

## WHO WAS THAT LADY?

Chillicothe, Ohio: On page 24 of your September issue, you fail to identify the



— Mr. and Mrs. Don McNeill

lady with Don McNeill. On a recent show, Don said he knew who the lady was even if you didn't. I think I know, too. It's Mrs. McNeill, isn't it? —MRS. J. S.

It certainly is. —The Editors

## BILL COLLECTORS

Pauls Valley, Oklahoma: We strongly disapprove of the article "Before the Bill

Collector Shows Up" [September]. "Dead beats" and spendthrifts have a natural gift for putting off their payments without your giving them encouragement and instruction. We own our home and live on a modest salary, and a bill collector hasn't had to call yet—or even write us a letter. It can be done.

—GERALDINE STUFFLEBEAN

No doubt. But think of the fun you're missing! —The Editors

## THE KINSEY REPORT

New York, New York: I must write of the blow you have struck at families with daughters. Your article on the Kinsey report [September] was a definite encouragement for premarital relations and infidelity.

—WILLARD A. PLEUTHNER

We are afraid reader Pleuthner did not read the article, nor did the many others who accused us of such things, for our article attacked the report for the very reasons Mr. Pleuthner attacks us.

—The Editors

Jefferson Barracks, Missouri: Congratulations to COSMOPOLITAN. You are the only magazine with enough insight to see behind the so-called facts.

—MRS. A. H. SHERRILL, R.N.

Englewood, New Jersey: This month I threw most of my magazines away instead of letting my teen-age daughter read them, because they didn't have the courage to question the assumptions of Dr. Kinsey. After reading your article, it is with pride and satisfaction that I shall put the magazine in the most eye-catching place.

—A MOTHER

Junction City, Kansas: I lack vocabulary to tell you what I think of that Dr. Kinsey for writing the book and you for publishing such material.

—MRS. LESTER CONNETT

Mount Morris, New York: Congratulations on your intelligent, judicious critique by Amram Scheinfeld.

—CHESTER J. FORTUNA, M.D.  
MARIE FORTUNA

Toronto, Canada: While reading your Kinsey article I had misgivings, but your last paragraph, on what Kinsey's report overlooks [motherhood and love], stirred me back to reality. Thank you.

—MRS. G. N. NESS

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## Looking into December

Giovanni Guareschi, author of the delightful best seller *Don Camillo and His Flock*, has a new book on life in Italy. Next month we bring you a quartet of stories from it. If you like pizza, spaghetti, and Santa Claus, you will like these.



Gale Storm, star of "My Little Margie," uses special magic to turn the story of a motherless girl into a hilarious and highly rated television show. COSMOPOLITAN unmasks this wonder girl.

Henry Kane has written another of his superb mysteries. This one—about double indemnity and death—is designed to warm you on a cold night.

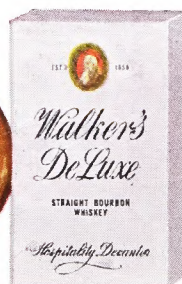


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the police Murder Squad—and to THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

**Y**OU'VE heard about innocent people facing the electric chair. Here's how easily it could happen to YOU!

Just put yourself in Al Patterson's shoes. You're an average guy, devoted to your wife and 3-year-old daughter. But you can't help noticing that gorgeous blonde who keeps staring at you every day, across the lunch counter in your building. Then she begins to wait for you in the lobby every morning. Crowds close to you in the elevator.

For a month you don't give her a tumble. But you're only human—and curious—so finally you ask her to lunch. She tells you her name is Lily Hanson. Claims she's madly in love with you. You tell her you're married—and want to stay that way. *But that doesn't stop her.* She starts phoning your office. You tell the phone girl not to put her calls

through. Then she starts calling your home, talking to your wife—*lying about you!*

You can't make your wife believe the truth. You start quarreling. Then one night you have a really violent row. Looks like Lily will wreck your home. So you dash out—murder in your heart—to put a stop to this thing... *tonight!*

You go up to Lily's apartment, for the first time. You ring. No answer. You try the door. Suddenly something crashes over your head. You black out. *Next thing you know, YOU'RE STARING AT LILY'S MURDERED BODY!*

You're stunned! You try to keep cool; start wiping away your fingerprints. Then you get another shock—*your clothes are splattered with BLOOD!* You hear footsteps outside the door. *YOU'RE TRAPPED!*

In minutes the police will swarm all over. They'll grill you, your friends, your phone girl, your wife. They'll blow up your "affair" with Lily into a juicy murder scandal. They'll hand the D. A. a *sure-fire case!*

Your brain reels as you gaze at Lily's body. You **KNOW** you didn't murder her. But how can you **PROVE** it—to your wife, jury... or **ELECTRIC CHAIR?**

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"COME QUICK!" said the voice on the phone,

Mason rushes over—finds the girl the police want for **MURDER**. "That man in room 851," she sobs. "Wants to KILL me!" Then the police burst in! "You're both wanted for **MURDER!**"

**4. The Case of the ANGRY MOURNER**  
A surprise witness **SWEARS** he saw Belle Adrian, Mason's client, at the scene of the murder. Belle's compact was found near the corpse. And the murder weapon—is Belle's

**OWN GUN!**

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The D. A. flings a package in front of the doomed woman. Then Mason comes up with a *surprise package* of his own!

**6. The Case of the ONE-EYED WITNESS**

Perry Mason picked up the phone. A woman said: "Tell Carlin to get another partner. *Matter of life and death!*" Then Mason finds **TWO** corpses!

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